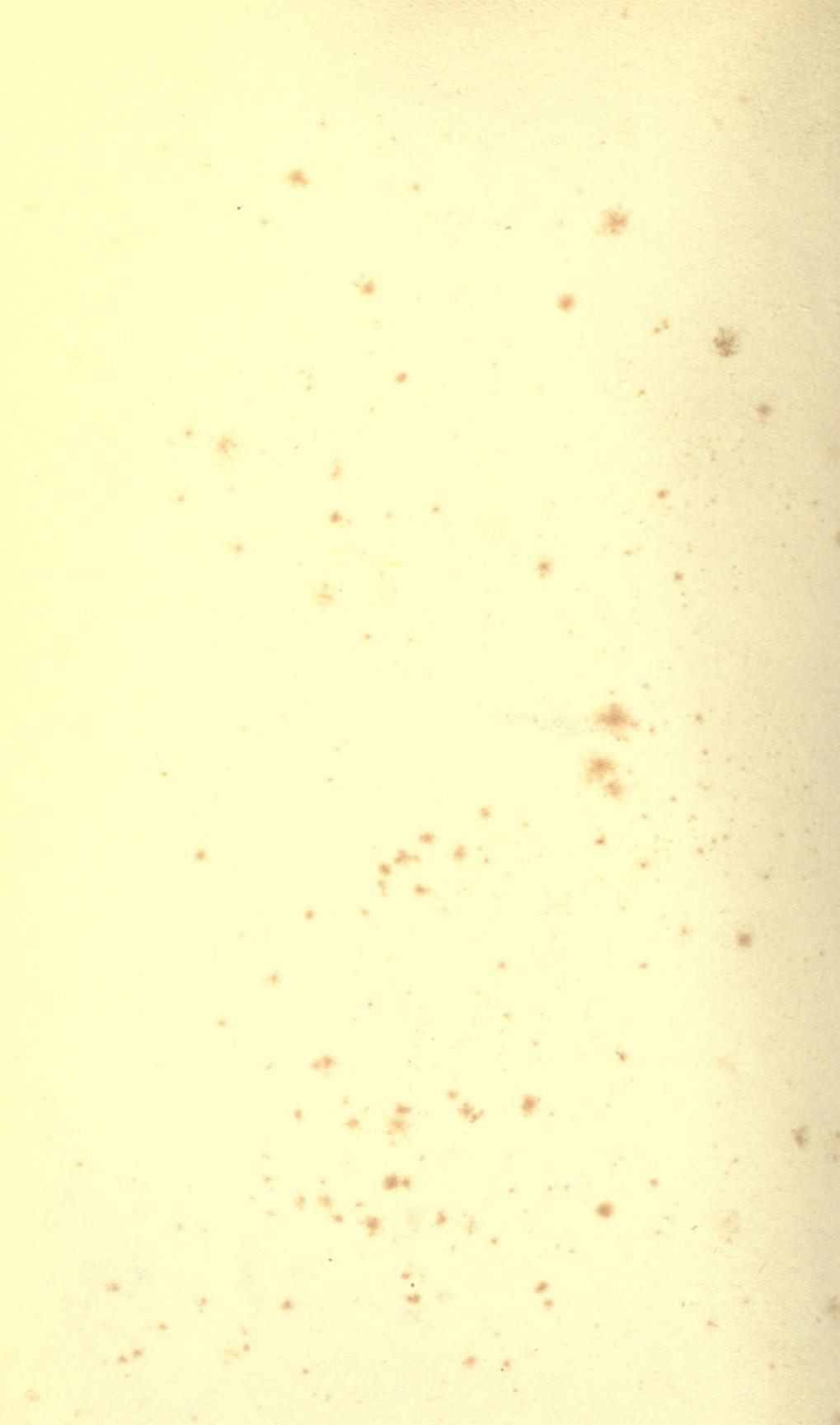
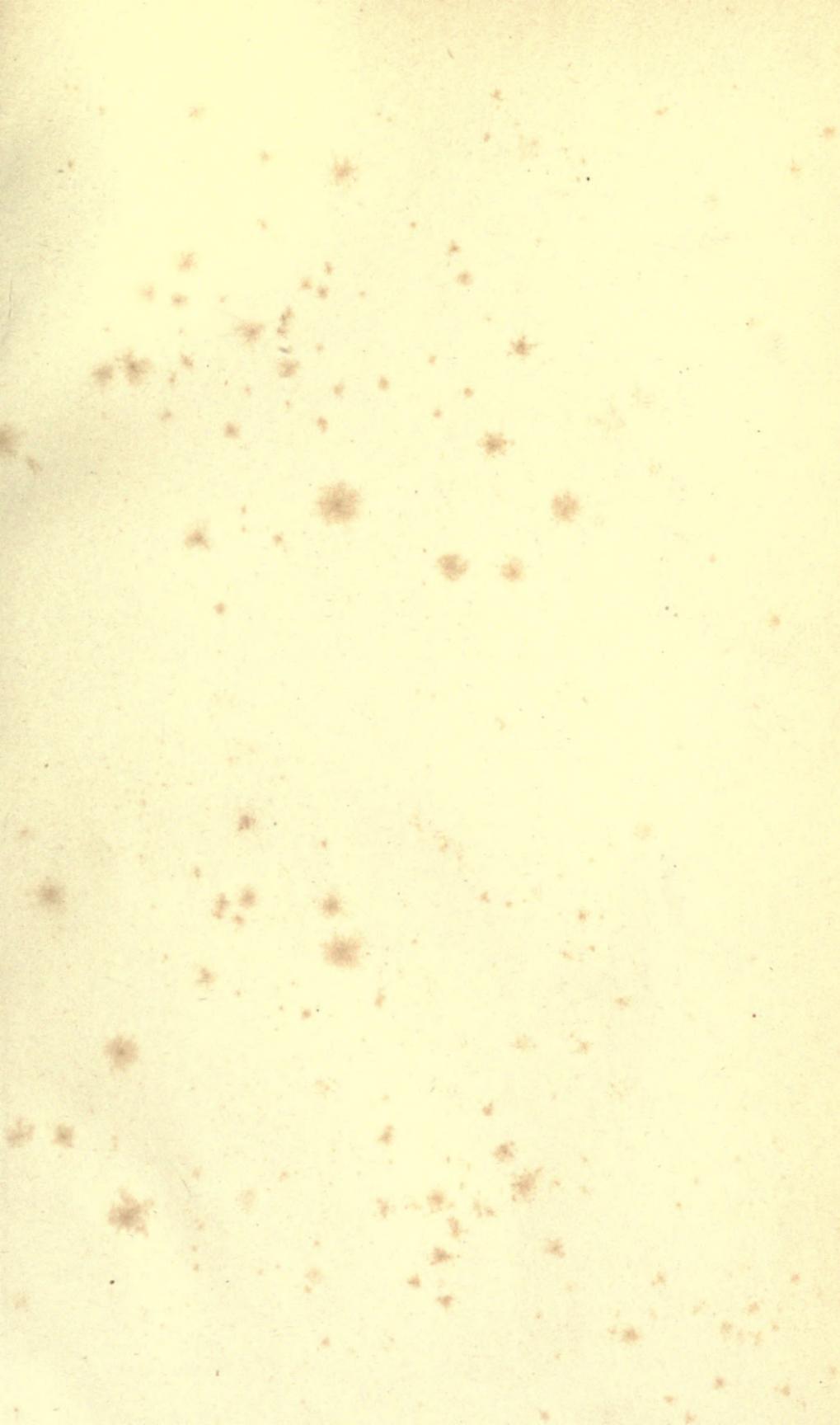




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C. K. OGDEN





REGGIO

EUGENIO

RECOLLECTIONS OF PARIS

VOL. II

RECOLLECTIONS OF PARIS

BY

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"THE SIEGE OF PARIS," "THE MARRIAGES OF THE BONAPARTES," "THE LETTERS
AND DESPATCHES OF THE FIRST NAPOLEON," "THE HISTORY OF THE
BASTILLE," "THE MARRIAGES OF THE BOURBONS."

IN TWO VOLUMES

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RECOLLECTIONS OF PARIS

I

ARMISTICE

IT was with a feeling of stupor that Paris learned M. Jules Favre had gone to Versailles to treat with Count Bismarck. It could no longer be a question of "not a stone of our fortresses, not an inch of our territory." France had been brought to her knees. *Vae victis!* After several trips between Paris and Versailles, matters were arranged. Had peace been concluded when M. Thiers went to negotiate at the end of October, France would have been let off with a war indemnity of £120,000,000, and the loss of the German portions only of Alsace and Lorraine. She would have retained Metz. Now she was called upon to make much heavier sacrifices, and had to submit. Count Bismarck at first said that he would treat with the Emperor only, but he did not persist. He demanded a war indemnity of £200,000,000, which did not include

the large sums levied on certain towns. He wanted Paris to pay £40,000,000, but M. Jules Favre induced him to lower his demand to £8,000,000. The troops in Paris were to lay down their arms, with the exception of 12,000, which, with the police and gendarmerie, were to maintain order. All the forts were to be surrendered, and Paris was to be partially occupied. The whole of Alsace and Lorraine were to be ceded to Germany.

As regards Alsace, annexed to France in the reign of Louis XV., I may mention that until the war broke out, and there was a question of losing that province, it was the custom in Paris to turn the Alsatians into ridicule, and I remember being present at a play, in the early part of 1870, given at the Palais Royal, the chief fun of which turned on the German accent of an Alsatian and an Alsatienne. On their side the Alsatians, though they furnished a large number of troops, especially cavalry, to the French army, did not consider themselves thoroughly French. Not that they looked upon themselves as Germans. They were Alsatians, who would talk of taking a trip to France when they travelled west.

It was settled that an Assembly should be elected to meet at Bordeaux on February 15th, for the signature of peace. The seat of Government had been removed to Bordeaux on December 11th. When the terms of the armistice were communicated to Gambetta and

his colleagues, Gambetta, who wished to continue the struggle, raised objections, and for a while civil war appeared imminent. When the armistice was accepted, Gambetta issued a decree that no Bonapartists, or members of families who had reigned in France, were to be admitted to stand for the Assembly. Upon this M. Jules Simon and two other gentlemen were despatched to Bordeaux to reason with Gambetta, and induce him to lay down the Dictatorship. Count Bismarck would not hear of the exclusion of the Bonapartists. Bordeaux and other cities of the south held to Gambetta, and matters looked so black that three members of the Government of Paris, Arago, Pelletan, and Garnier Pages, were sent to the aid of Jules Simon. It was with a sigh of relief that Paris learned on February 8th, the day the elections were to commence, that Gambetta had resigned. On the same day Generals Chanzy and Faidherbe arrived in Paris.

The elections passed off very quietly here, and we shortly afterwards learned that Parliament had met at Bordeaux, that M. Grèvy had been elected President of the Chamber, and afterwards M. Thiers chief of the Executive Government. Louis Philippe is reported to have said that he never retired for the night without expecting to find his restless little Minister between his sheets. Well, here we have M. Thiers not occupying the bed of the Citizen King, who died twenty-two

years ago, but the same position that he held from 1830 to 1848.

Count Bismarck was much affected when M. Jules Favre revealed the state of famine to which Paris was reduced, and he at once placed at his disposal all the flour which the German army could spare—sufficient to feed the population for a day and a half. He also afforded the French every facility for re-victualling the capital. On February 3rd an immense convoy of provisions, offered by the city of London to the city of Paris, arrived, to be speedily followed by others, and offices were opened in each of the twenty wards, where food was distributed gratis on the presentation of a ticket from the mayor of the quarter. I shall never forget the astonishment of the first poor old woman I saw served with cheese, bacon, and tea, who on asking what there was to pay was told "Nothing." The papers were loud in their praises of British generosity. I have kept several extracts. One journal wrote—"Mr. George Moore, one of the most respected men in Old England, wished to superintend himself the result of this generous and brotherly work. . . . Never was charity more worthily exercised. . . . We were present to-day at the distribution of provisions of all sorts; preserved milk, biscuit, bacon, fresh mutton, tinned meats, cheese. . . . The English remembered that France for a long time loyally contributed to the extension of their trade and commerce. . . . The

Committee of London expends over £10,000 a week. . . . The people of Paris will never forget this cordial affection." Another paper—"When the English do things they do them well. They wished to be polite to their brothers of Paris, and they have spared nothing. . . . We hope that we shall never have to repay this debt under such cruel and painful circumstances as it has been contracted." A third—"The corporation of booksellers of London has sent to the 683 booksellers of Paris and their 2000 clerks provisions of all kinds on board a ship freighted *ad hoc.* . . ." A fourth—"The English gifts have arrived, as announced in the *Journal Officiel*, in several trains. Three arrived, on the 5th, 7th, and 8th, and a fourth is expected." A fifth—"The Lord Mayor up to the 7th had received £53,000.¹ York has subscribed £300. . ." A lady burst into tears when she told me how some English dealers in artificial flowers had sent agents over to Paris to find out and relieve the girls who had worked for their houses. And a deal of charity was done in this way. Then Lord Vernon's Committee sent over large quantities of seed to the French farmers, who had nothing wherewith to sow their fields, my friend, C. B. Pitman, undertaking the distribution. It was proposed at one moment to strike a medal in honour of the Mansion House fund, but this idea was not carried out.

¹ The total amount was over £150,000.

As soon as the armistice was signed, several of the English correspondents managed to get to Versailles. The first thing that Labouchere did on arriving there was to plunge his head into a pail of milk, and he was with difficulty weaned. My old school-fellow, Frank Lawley, devoured several pats of butter without choking himself, while John Augustus O'Shea was so overcome at the sight of all the viands he beheld on entering the Hôtel du Réservoir that he fainted away. Whether he was recalled to existence by some of his national beverage or a slice of beef has never been solved. All three correspondents above mentioned, also Thomas Gibson Bowles, as the House of Commons knows, still survive, none the worse for their starving. Charles Austin has cloistered himself at Oxford. Bower, Dallas, and Lewis Wingfield have joined the majority. I cannot say if the latter found the model for that statue of anguish which he contemplated. When he conceived that idea, could he have heard the anecdote of that tragedy queen, Rachel, attending the death-bed of an old servant, and forgetting her grief in the artistic interest inspired by the sight? It was this anecdote which suggested to E. de Goncourt *La Faustin*.

On their return from Versailles together, Labouchere and Lawley brought me a quarter of mutton. And what a treat it was for our small household and dear neighbours! And an Italian lady brought us a large loaf of white bread, and we feasted and were merry,

and measured our girths, and promised ourselves that we would soon get into condition again, for we were lamentably pulled down. I remember hearing a good story in London long ago about Assassin Smith, so called for having decapitated a cat; a son of Sydney Smith. He was very horsy, and always dressed like a groom. One day he was told off to sit next a bishop at dinner, and implored to adapt his conversation to the holy calling of his neighbour. He was usually taciturn, and remained silent for some time, but at last turning round he asked the astonished prelate if he knew how long it took to get Nebuchadnezzar into condition after he had come in from grass? How long shall we be before we recover from the effects of the vile bread with which we have been more than half poisoned?

After the signing of the armistice, and while the Parliament of Bordeaux was deliberating on the terms of peace submitted to its decision, M. Thiers, considering it possible that hostilities might be renewed, thought fit to ask General Chanzy to draw up a report on the situation. The General at once complied, setting forth the resources of France immediately at—"222,000 foot; 20,000 horse; 33,900 artillery; 1332 field-pieces, with 242 rounds for each gun; 4000 waggons, &c." And in the shape of raw material capable of rapid organization—"350,000 men in the territorial divisions and

depôts at home and in Algiers, with 132,000 recruits of the class of 1871, with guns, ammunition, horses, &c. &c." Then there was a population of 25,000,000 souls upon which to draw that had been left untouched. In the opinion of the General, who, with Faidherbe and many other officers, was in favour of continuing the struggle, France had fallen through want of reliance on herself. Chanzy himself, when the armistice put a stop to fighting, was at the head of 150,000 infantry, 6000 cavalry, and 54 batteries, and was engaged in licking a large force of Mobiles into shape. However, on February 26, the preliminaries of peace were signed, and the war was virtually over.

When Paris, like another Rip van Winkle, awoke and rubbed its eyes, it found that, during its slumber of nearly five months, Italy had seized the opportunity of entering Rome, while Russia had violated the treaty of Paris. I have already mentioned the astonishment expressed by a French diplomate that we had not also profited by the occasion and seized upon Egypt. This abstention on our part did not satisfy France. Many Frenchmen blamed us for not having helped them: had they not saved our army at Inkerman? It was all in vain to point out that England was sorry for their misfortunes, but had no cause for declaring war against Germany, and that had she done so Russia would have thrown her weight into the other scale. The Czar had congratulated Prussia on all her victories. However,

France, as our cousins across the Atlantic said, "had the skin off," and was too sore to be just. She had lost blood, treasure, prestige, and territory.

It is calculated here that the money cost of the war will amount to £400,000,000. The war indemnity demanded is £200,000,000, and double that sum will be required to pay off other matters, to replenish arsenals, re-arm troops, erect new forts, and in fact place the country once more in a state of defence.

The year before the war, the French National Debt, inferior to that of England, amounted to only £542,800,000, and now it stands at about £1,200,500,000; the greatest burden ever borne by any nation. Our National Debt never exceeded £840,000,000.

At the beginning of this century a milliard (£40,000,000) was looked upon as quite a fabulous amount of money. When after the Restoration of the Bourbons the vote of a milliard was proposed in order to indemnify the French nobles whose property had been confiscated during the Revolution, General Foy, the great military and Liberal orator, in opposing the grant in the Chamber exclaimed—"A milliard! why you don't know what a milliard means! A milliard of minutes have not elapsed since the birth of our Saviour!" I have never verified this, but it was said that the General was correct in his calculation. It was in the reign of Louis Philippe, if I am not mistaken,

that the budget touched a milliard for the first time; and when the Chamber expressed its stupefaction it was told to "salute the milliard, for you will never see it again," meaning that it would see more, and this has proved true. French expenditure has gone on increasing. In 1870, it was close on £90,000,000. Now it is considerably over £100,000,000. John Lemoinne once wrote that France was rich enough to pay for her glory, but in 1871 she had to pay for defeat, which was a bitter pill.¹ Napoleon I., after his big wars, which cost us £600,000,000, left no debt behind; he had made war self-supporting with his plunder, or, as he termed it, *les recettes extérieures*. As with Napoleon I. so with Frederick the Great, minus the plunder; he too saddled his country with no debt.

An interesting fact, by the way, was mentioned here at this period, to wit, that when the war of 1870 broke out Prussia had not finished paying off the war contribution levied on her by the first Napoleon after Jena. Lanfrey, in his history of the first Napoleon,

¹ The wealth of France, in spite of her wars, her revolutions, and insurrections, is astonishing, as was shown in 1890 in a debate on the Savings Banks in the Chamber of Deputies. It was then stated that the sum deposited in those establishments amounted in round figures to £140,000,000. I questioned a French financier on the subject, and he assured me that he quite believed the statement in question, seeing the extraordinary amount of money deposited in the Savings Bank of his native town, which was anything but rich.

severely condemned the harsh manner in which Prussia was treated in 1806.

As regards the present war indemnity, Paul Leroy Beaulieu, in a long article contributed to the *Débats*, makes the following interesting observations—"We know what sacrifices are imposed upon us by this increase of £400,000,000 to our public debt, and the development of our military expenditure. But our German neighbours are ignorant of all the resources which French thrift and French work can furnish."

I have already referred in a note to the large sum of money deposited in the Savings Banks. In addition to them there is the French *bas de laine* or stocking, which is also a mine of wealth untold, for the French peasant as a rule is a suspicious being, and likes hiding away his capital. Under the old *régime* this was absolutely necessary, and the custom has descended from father to son. During the siege it was remarked that a large number of coins, some dating as far back as Louis XIV., got into circulation. These came from the stockings of the farmers round Paris, driven into the city on the approach of the German army, and who brought their hoards with them—talents which had long been buried.

To return to M. Paul Leroy Beaulieu. He adds—"When the German Empire demanded £200,000,000, this was not strictly speaking an *indemnity*, for the sum we have been obliged to pay is three times as

large as the sum expended during the war by the German States. It is a war penalty or punishment."

Paris is restless and dull, although persons who have passed through the siege can hardly complain. There is little traffic in the streets for want of horses, and little business doing. Children, we are told, are to be brought up to hate the Prussians, as the Spaniards brought up their children to hate the French after the Peninsular War. And yet, inconceivable as it may seem, surmises have been expressed here as to the number of fair-haired conscripts who will be draughted into the army in twenty years' time. It must, therefore, be supposed that many French women were unable to resist the advances of the invaders. On the other hand, I learn that a certain number of German Werthers, whose advances were repulsed, have committed suicide, and it may become necessary to establish a Lover's Leap like the one at Leucate, so pleasantly described by Addison in the *Spectator*.

On February 20, the Palais Royal theatre gave *Les Diables Roses*, and the same day M. Thiers came in with Jules Favre and Ernest Picard. Five days later Gambetta made a transitory appearance, and there was a manifestation in honour of the Revolution of 1848, which bodes no good.

Within the last few days I have met several persons who fled from here on the approach of the Germans. Some of our pastors have returned. I did not think

that they should have deserted us. They declare that Lord Lyons advised them to go, saying that their flocks would follow them. I was rather astonished to meet a French officer, or ex-officer, who had been attached to the staff of Sir Hugh Rose in the Crimea, and to learn from him that during the war he had spent his time in London. He had no intention of fighting for such scamps, he said. I knew him to be a devoted Orleanist, but then the Duke de Chartres served under the name of Robert le Fort, and gained the Legion of Honour for his gallantry. The Prince de Joinville, too, served for a while, and would have served all through the war had he not been forced to leave the country. The Duke d'Aumale offered to serve General de Charette, also, and the Papal Zouaves fought and bled, not for "those scamps" but for France.

I met an eminent sculptor, too—he did those splendid horses at the top of the new Opera—and on asking him where he had been during the siege, learned that he had retired to a place in Normandy. "Had you the Prussians there?" I inquired. "Yes, thank God, and not those infernal Mobiles," was the answer. I believe that both Mobiles and *francs-tireurs* behaved in a way which was far from exemplary.

Much indignation has been expressed against a number of corn- and cattle-dealers who supplied the invaders. An inquiry was proposed, but it has been thought better to hush the matter up, the culprits

being both numerous and influential. Their excuse was that if they had not sold their corn and cattle, they would have been taken for nothing.

A friend of mine who obtained permission to accompany the German army as an English correspondent, told me the other day that when he was at St. Germain during the siege, a Prussian officer asked him how he managed to keep his horse in such good condition. "Mine," he said, "and those of my men are half-starved, and we can find no hay and oats." "Do as I do," rejoined Holt White, "pay for them, and you'll have as much as you want." This advice was followed, a fair price was offered, and forage was soon plentiful.

The Prussians have been accused of having played sad havoc with French time-pieces. There is not a clock left in any part of the country which they occupied; so says rumour. The war had not long been over when a new French toy appeared, which had an immense vogue for a time. It represented a Prussian soldier in heavy marching order, carrying a plundered clock in one hand. Patriotic fathers and mothers purchased this toy largely for their children, and there is no saying where the sale would have stopped but for the sudden and horrible revelation that the Prussian and his clock were of Nuremberg manufacture!

By the way, the Emperor of Germany is being heartily abused for having taken away from Versailles,

as a souvenir, a couple of brass candlesticks which stood in one of the rooms he occupied at the Town-hall.

The Parisians are rather astonished to learn that with their 500,000 fighting men they killed and wounded only 12,500 Germans during the siege. More than double that number fell in a few hours at Gravelotte.

I have mentioned that the Parisians were always laughing at the Alsatians, before the war, for their German accent. A month before hostilities broke out, the *Figaro* poked the following bit of fun at them.

Scene—A Frenchman and an Alsatian in a railway-carriage—

- A. Groyez-fus que nous aurons la baix ?
- F. Quel abbé ?
- A. La baix à doud' brix.
- F. Ne la connais pas.

II

THE COMMUNE

“But man, proud man !
Dress'd in a little brief authority ;
· · · · ·
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven,
As make the angels weep . . .”

I HAD sent my daughter to Boulogne-sur-Mer shortly before Paris was invested. Should I go and bring her home? Everything was in a ferment here, and mischief appeared to be brewing; but with the enemy still at the gates an insurrection seemed improbable. However, the elements for a revolution were not wanting. According to the terms of the capitulation, whilst the regular troops, with the exception of a division, were to lay down their arms, the National Guards were to retain theirs. M. Jules Favre had insisted upon this, and he lived to demand pardon of God and man for his folly. Most of the National Guards belonged to the working-classes. Trade was at a stand-still, and there was no work to be obtained. These men had

¹ Bismarck, when he consented to this demand, said—“Very well, but believe me, M. Jules Favre, you are committing a blunder.”

been drawing pay and rations during the siege, and the Government suddenly determined, seeing the financial difficulties of the moment, that all should be stopped. Thousands of armed men were thus deprived of all means of existence, but left with the means of doing mischief. During the siege there had been no recovery for debt, and rent could not be enforced; but now creditors began to claim their dues. In addition to this a great many men had contracted idle habits, and preferred military duty without danger, and playing at pitch-and-toss on the ramparts, to ordinary work. The streets were filled with swash-bucklers who indulged in fanciful uniforms and quaint denominations, and appeared to be under no control.¹ The disaffected battalions of the National Guard, over 150,000 men strong, who obeyed a Central Committee, had plundered the powder magazines, and had seized on a large number of guns, which they had dragged up the hill of Montmartre, where a strict watch was kept upon them.

In the midst of danger and confusion France was called upon to elect a Chamber, and to establish a form of Government with which a treaty of peace could be signed. Paris, as usual, returned opposition candidates. It went decidedly "red." It is interesting to-day to read the names of the deputies chosen on February 8, 1871,

¹ Mohicans of Marseilles, Desperadoes of Tarascon, Outlaws of Carcasson, Amazones of the Seine, &c.

to represent the capital—Louis Blanc, Victor Hugo, Garibaldi, Gambetta, Rochefort, Delescluze, Felix Pyat, Lockroy, Floquet, Millière, Tolain, and Malon. The four first have since died a natural death; Rochefort is an exile; Delescluze and Millière were shot during the Commune; Lockroy, a Hebrew, has been more than once minister, and still sits in Parliament; Floquet has been Prime Minister, and is now President of the Chamber; Tolain is a senator; and Malon now writes Socialism on the shores of the Mediterranean. All these deputies were in favour of violent measures, and opposed peace. Gambetta, in a highly popular circular dated January 31, had exhorted the people to resist to the bitter end, and declared that no Frenchman would be found vile enough to consent to the mutilation of the country. Victor Hugo, who during the siege had kept well out of harm's way, now swaggered about in a *képi* and assumed the airs of a hero.¹

¹ This was quite in character with the antecedents of the poet. M. Jules Simon relates how during the Revolution of 1848 he met Victor Hugo, who said to him as they walked along the Boulevards—"Do you think that if I were to sacrifice my life in the Latin quarter, and my body were to be paraded through the streets, that the students would rise?" "Certainly!" replied Jules Simon, and the heroic Victor at once set out for the place which was to witness his immolation. To a friend who remonstrated with him, Jules Simon replied—"The Latin quarter is a long way off, and he will have time to reflect." During the *coup d'état* of December 2, Victor Hugo, after a great show, exhibited a similar want of physical courage, and hid himself until danger was over.

The Parliament in which these firebrands were to sit met at Bordeaux, and on February 18, M. Thiers was named chief of the executive power. While the deputies were deliberating at Bordeaux on the terms of peace offered by Germany, Paris continued in a state of turmoil. Demonstrations on the part of the National Guard—bands playing, flags flying, caps of liberty, cockades, and incendiary speeches—were the order of the day, in spite of all the appeals of the Government to the patriotism and reason of the inhabitants of the capital.

At this moment a scene unworthy even of cannibals was enacted in the neighbourhood of the Column of July,¹ where a demonstration was being held. An unfortunate man, accused of belonging to the secret police, was seized by the mob, tied on a plank, and flung into the canal St. Martin. As the poor wretch drifted slowly down to the Seine, he was pelted with stones and mud, and each time he neared the bank was shoved off again. When at last he reached the river, the captain of a steamboat wished to rescue him, but was debarred from carrying out this humane intention by the vociferations of the savages who lined the quays and the neighbouring bridge of Austerlitz. And to think that thousands of people quietly witnessed so revolting a scene! This victim of popular fury was ultimately drowned.

¹ Raised in honour of Liberty, Fraternity, and Equality, on the site where formerly stood the Bastille.

On February 27, the Government informed the people of Paris that the preliminaries of peace had been signed, and one of the clauses agreed to was that the capital should be partially occupied by the German troops until the treaty was ratified by Parliament.

The Government called upon all good citizens and the National Guard to accept the situation, lest greater misfortunes should befall them. At first the Central Committee counselled resistance, but at the last moment it pursued a more prudent course, and contented itself with issuing a proclamation in which it called upon all the inhabitants of the quarter to be occupied to leave their houses—an order which the inhabitants took no notice of.

On the evening before the Germans entered I felt rather uneasy, as a large crowd had assembled round the Arc de Triomphe with the professed intention of resisting the enemy. There was a good deal of vapouring and shouting all night long, which disturbed my slumbers; but when I arose next day, lo! all these blusterers had disappeared. It was a lovely morning, and I had hardly stepped out on my balcony than I saw a small detachment of German cavalry surround the Arc de Triomphe, and throw out patrols to ascertain if the various avenues leading to it concealed no hostile force. All was quiet, and the cavalry having reported the road clear, the infantry began to move up the Avenue de la Grande Armée, and I accompanied the

first battalions as they marched down the Champs Elysées to the Place de la Concorde. There was hardly a soul to be seen along the line of march, and only one incident occurred—a small boy began to chaff the Germans, and told them that they would not dare to go to Montmartre. A number of men understood the boy, and good-naturedly laughed at his gibes. Later in the day a gentleman, who spoke to the Germans, was thrown into the basin of one of the fountains of the Champs Elysées by his indignant compatriots and nearly drowned.

More troops soon poured in—horse, foot, and artillery, to the number of 30,000, as arranged by treaty. I must say that the men presented a splendid appearance, and certainly in no way resembled soldiers who had been long in the field, and who had passed a hard winter under the walls of Paris.

A large number of troops were billeted in the houses of the occupied zone, while others bivouacked in the Place de la Concorde, the Champs Elysées, and the neighbouring avenues. In my house we had sixteen men, who behaved in the most exemplary manner, and gave little or no trouble. The weather was superb, and as bright and warm as the merry month of May.

I may mention that the Arc de Triomphe is surrounded by low stone pillars connected by heavy iron chains. There is a narrow passage left on each side for pedestrians, but carriages and horses cannot pass under

the arch. The consequence was that the first German troops who entered Paris marched round the Arc de Triomphe as they passed from the Avenue de la Grande Armée into the Champs Elysées, but this was not the case in the afternoon. A dense crowd, curious to see the enemy, had taken up their stand round the Arc de Triomphe within the chains, which, as the people pressed against them, were not easily seen at a short distance. I was on the opposite side watching the German divisions as they rolled past, when I saw a general officer give an order to his aide-de-camp, who at once dashed up to the arch. The crowd gave way, and when the aide-de-camp saw the stone pillars and chains he naturally reined in his charger and trotted back to his chief, who had been evidently unable to understand why the troops were marching round and not through the arch. I shall never forget the shouts and the jeers and the cries of *Vive la France!* and *À bas la Prusse!* which arose as the aide-de-camp turned tail. And the next morning some of the newspapers actually reported how a handful of gallant youths had stopped the whole German army. When the General saw how matters stood, he sent for the pioneers, who quickly removed pillars and chains and made a practicable passage. The German troops then marched through the splendid monument on which all the victories of the great Napoleon are engraved, together with the names of his most celebrated lieutenants.

However, as a general rule, on the first day of the occupation, the Parisians held aloof and refrained from showing themselves in the zone handed over to the enemy. Such was not the case the second day, and on the third the Champs Elysées were thronged with people whose curiosity had got the better of them, and I saw Monsieur explaining matters to Madame, and trying to get into conversation with a German gunner. In addition to the desire of seeing the barbarians who had nearly starved them to death, there was another attraction—the German bands discoursed the sweetest music, and there was nothing to pay. Even my wife, who is French, could not refrain from stealing out on the balcony of a night, in spite of patriotic anguish, to listen to the invaders singing round their camp-fires. Altogether, on the third and last day of the occupation, one might easily have imagined that a fair was being held in the Champs Elysées. It was hard to believe that a few days before the two parties had been intent upon destroying each other, and I remember making many philosophical reflections on the crime and folly of war.

It was greatly feared that some hot-headed youths might fire on the Germans, and great anxiety reigned, but everything passed off quietly. Fortunately the Central Committee, whose name was now heard for the first time, issued a circular on February 25, in which it called on the National Guard “to avoid any

aggressive acts, which would have for effect the overthrow of the Republic." On the 24th, 2000 delegates of all ranks had voted in favour of the entry of the Prussians being opposed by force.

On the second day I was standing in the Place de la Concorde, when a small boy began to insult some Bavarian soldiers; his face was red with shame and anger, and the tears were streaming down his cheeks. He was dragged away several times by his friends, but rushed back again and recommenced his vituperations, and at last one of the invaders drew his sword and was about to smite him, when I remonstrated; the man refrained, and the lad disappeared. During the occupation the conduct of the German troops was excellent, and their discipline much astonished the Parisians. I heard of only one instance of revenge. They defiled the mansion of Emile de Girardin, one of the chief promoters of the war, whose second wife by the way was German. On both sides great forbearance was exhibited. As the German troops were marching out of Paris, an officer, as he rode through the Arc de Triomphe, pointed with his sword to the names of the victories which adorn it, saying to one of the guardians, "You will do well to add Metz and Sedan." To this the Frenchman replied, "Perhaps we shall do that some day."

The evacuation of Paris by the enemy did not restore tranquillity. As an officer remarked to me, everything

possible had been done during the siege to keep patriotism at a boiling-point. M. Jules Favre, as we have seen, was not to yield "a stone of our fortresses, nor an inch of our territory," and General Trochu would never capitulate. Then after supporting five months of hunger, cold, and bombardment, the Parisians were suddenly told that the Prussians were going to enter the city, which was to pay a ransom of 200,000,000 f.; that Alsace and Lorraine were lost, and that in addition to the enormous sum which the war had cost, there was an indemnity of 5,000,000,000 f. to hand over to the enemy. And the officer who spoke thus considered that there was much excuse for the disorder which prevailed, especially in the ranks of the National Guard. The National Guard had been flattered into believing itself invincible, and its defence of Paris is still spoken of *here* as one of the most brilliant feats of arms ever recorded in history. It was this self-infatuation which made the Parisians send deputies opposed to the conclusion of peace to the Assembly, and which made Victor Hugo swagger about Bordeaux with his *képi* on his head, and resign his seat when the terms of peace were voted. In the eyes of the National Guard, Paris had not capitulated, but had merely allowed the Prussians to come in. A most intelligent friend of mine gravely made this assertion, adding, "We treated them like wild beasts, shut them up in a cage, and went and stared at them through the bars." The only

foundation for this absurd statement was, that while the Germans occupied the gardens of the Tuileries, the Rue de Rivoli was not occupied, and gardens and street are separated by a railing, just as the Green Park is separated from Piccadilly. The consequence was that the Parisians in the Rue de Rivoli looked at the Germans in the Tuileries Gardens through the rails, and *vice versa*.

Now M. Thiers¹ wished these heroes to deliver up their rifles, and to restore the cannons upon which they had seized, and the Minister of the Interior issued a comminatory note addressed to that portion of the National Guard which obeyed the orders of the Central Committee, at the same time making a strong appeal to their patriotism. At this critical moment the rumour spread that M. Thiers had sold the guns to the Germans, and that once the National Guard disarmed the Monarchy was to be restored. After vainly protesting its innocence, the Government at last determined to resort to force.

Such was the state of Paris, when on the 15th March I paid a visit to the heights of Montmartre to see how matters were going. Everything appeared

¹ There were good reasons for suspecting the intentions, not so much of M. Thiers, who was aiming at supreme power for himself, as those of the Assembly, composed chiefly of Legitimists and Orleanists. The intrigues which were carried on at Bordeaux for the restoration of the Monarchy were incessant, and were well known in Paris.

quiet ; the guns were there, but very scantily protected, and the few National Guards in charge of them were sauntering carelessly about. I went up to an officer—a handsome, intelligent, and gentleman-like-looking fellow—and talked over the situation with him. He assured me in the most positive manner that the guns would be peacefully handed over to the Government, and upon the strength of that assurance I started the next morning for Boulogne.

It was a great relief to get out of Paris, after having been so many months cooped up within its walls. I could not, however, but pity the patriotic anguish of my French fellow-travellers at seeing on the platform of every station at which we stopped, until we had passed Amiens, numbers of German soldiers strolling about. At one point of the journey, too, a Prussian officer, probably carrying despatches, galloped along the high-road parallel with the line, and going in the same direction as the train, and all the time he remained in view it was painful to witness the looks of grief and anger which his presence excited.

Boulogne was reached in safety, but my stay was short. The day after my arrival I was sitting at dinner with my good friend, James Evelyn, when a telegram came stating that the Commune had been declared. I took the first train to Paris, not at all certain if I should find the gates open. I was agreeably surprised on arriving to see matters going on as usual

at the terminus; nor, as I drove home, could I perceive any evidence of a formidable insurrection having broken out. This soon became palpable enough.

What had happened during my temporary absence showed the officer with whom I had conversed on the heights of Montmartre to have been ill-informed. The Central Committee refused to hand over the guns to the Government, and M. Thiers, who seems from the first to have determined not to negotiate, decided on employing force. After his election at Bordeaux, he had hurried up to Paris in the hope of being able to arrange matters before the Parliament met at Versailles. He counted upon the support of the "good" National Guards, thinking them to be in a majority; and on the support of the regular troops, thinking them to be reliable. He was wofully deceived. A detachment of regulars sent to take possession of the guns at Montmartre fraternized with the people, and two generals were foully massacred by a semi-inebriated mob. M. Thiers, however, was not to blame for this miscarriage, but the military authorities. The troops ordered to occupy Montmartre and bring away the guns reached their destination without being molested. Unfortunately no horses had been sent, and without them it was impossible to remove the pieces of artillery which had been taken without resistance. While waiting for the teams, the troops, not in very good humour,

stood at ease in the neighbouring streets, and hour after hour slipped away. They had been paraded at 3 a.m., and had no rations, it being supposed that the whole operation would be rapidly terminated. The day wore on; the tradesmen began to open their shops, and the streets were soon alive with people, who inquisitively gathered round the soldiers; men and women began to offer them bread and bacon and wine, and in a very short time all discipline was at an end, and the officers who tried to enforce order were insulted or struck.

I was not in Paris when this massacre took place, but I afterwards learned the following facts from Vicomte Beugnot, who was sent by General Le Flô, then Minister of War, to see how matters were going on. At 9 a.m., and just as he had passed the Northern Station, he was suddenly surrounded by a number of National Guards, who seized his horse by the bridle and forced him to dismount. "In a few minutes," he said, "there were over four hundred madmen round him, howling, gesticulating, brandishing their rifles, and crying, 'They have fired on us! they have killed our brothers! You are carrying orders to the troops. Down with him! Down with him!'" And Vicomte Beugnot was led away prisoner, and taken to the Château Rouge, where the Central Committee was then sitting; and before him, as if to exasperate the crowd, was carried an empty litter, supposed to contain

the dead body of a "brother" shot down by the troops. After having been on the point of being torn to pieces several times, he reached the Château Rouge, where he was brought before a Captain Mayer of the National Guard, who behaved in the most courteous manner, and told him that his party required hostages, and that General Lecomte had been made a prisoner, and had been deserted by all his officers and men, with the exception of a Captain Franck, who was present. Several other prisoners, all officers, were soon brought in. After a short stay at the Château Rouge, the Viscount and his fellow-prisoners were taken to Montmartre, in the midst of a furious crowd, and protected with the greatest difficulty by the officers of the National Guard; the women shaking their fists at them and demanding their execution. At length they arrived at a little house in the Rue des Rosiers, and were pushed into a small room on the ground-floor, where they found General Lecomte. More than once the mob, which had grown impatient, and were shouting "Death! death!" tried to lay violent hands on the prisoners; and at last, the windows having been forced in, General Lecomte was seized by two soldiers and dragged away, in spite of the efforts of the officers of the National Guard. At the same moment General Clement Thomas, who was in mufti, was brought in. He was execrated by the National Guards of Belleville and Montmartre for his severity during the siege, and

was at once collared, hurried into a small garden behind the house, and shot. A few minutes afterwards General Lecomte shared his fate. This double assassination, which took place at 6 p.m., appeased the mob; and the Viscount and his fellow-prisoners were taken back to the Château Rouge. They met Captain Mayer at the gate, with a paper in his hand—an order, on the part of the Central Committee, to release all the prisoners.

It was six o'clock in the evening when the Viscount obtained his liberty. He found everything going on as usual in Paris. The shops were all open, the streets crowded, the *cafés* filled; no trace of the anxiety caused by the *émeute*. He jumped into a cab, and drove to the War Office. There he found General Le Flô in consultation with Marshal MacMahon, who had just returned from Germany. After hearing what he had to report, the Minister of War told him to change his uniform, which was in rags, and to return in a couple of hours. Viscount Beugnot returned as ordered, but only to find, to his great astonishment, that General Le Flô and the other members of the Government had fled to Versailles. He put on mufti, and had the pluck to return to Montmartre to see what was going on. He found a certain number of sentries, and now and then a patrol of National Guards, but everything was quiet. General Susbielle, with a division of infantry, was at the Invalides, and General

Bocher¹ several times related at our club how, on this night of March 18, he was in command of a brigade, and was expecting every moment to receive orders to march upon Montmartre. His men were not allowed to turn in, and remained all night seated on their beds. The General often declared that he was perfectly sure of his soldiers, who had served under him during the siege, and was persuaded that they would have carried the heights of Montmartre without difficulty. Not only had the Government fled, but in its precipitation it had deserted Paris without leaving any orders, and four batteries of artillery, which, however, afterwards found their way to Versailles, were forgotten in the Tuilleries.

When I returned to Paris I found the city in the hands of the Central Committee. How easily have French Governments been disposed of since Louis XVI. refused to fight for his throne—Girondists, Reign of Terror, Directory, Empire, Restorations, Constitutional Government, Second Republic, Second Empire—all vanished without a struggle !

Was it necessary for M. Thiers to fly ? I said that he left no orders. He left two. He ordered all the

¹ General Bocher, with whom I was personally acquainted, and who is now dead, was a very distinguished officer, and commanded a battalion of the Imperial Guard at Wörth. He was a younger brother of M. Edouard Bocher, the agent and adviser of the Orleans family. Two other brothers served their country, one in the army, the other in the navy.

forts round Paris, not in the hands of the Germans, to be evacuated, and he ordered Admiral Saisset, who had been given the command of the National Guard, to follow him to Versailles. All the detached forts to the south and east of Paris were thus handed over to the Central Committee, and even Mont Valérien was abandoned for twenty-four hours. Fortunately, conjured by some officers who went to him in the middle of the night, he was induced to have the latter work, which commands the whole of Paris, re-occupied before the Commune knew it had been evacuated. Be it remembered that it was M. Thiers who, for its better defence, had caused the forts surrounding the city to be constructed, when he was minister, and Louis Philippe was king. Now, with one fort at his disposal, and the remainder in the hands of the insurrection and the invaders, he was about to lay siege to Paris.

The departure of Admiral Saisset took us all by surprise. He was exceedingly popular, and had a number of "good" battalions of National Guards under his orders, who had established their head-quarters at the Grand Hotel. I knew the Admiral, and felt sorely vexed when I read in the papers how he had abandoned his post and left the capital in disguise, reading a "red" newspaper through a pair of blue spectacles as he passed the gates. It was not until several years later that I learned the cause of this abrupt departure. He told me one day at my club, when discussing the

matter, that he had received the most peremptory orders from M. Thiers to leave Paris.

Was it necessary for M. Thiers to fly? He was imbued with strong military proclivities, no doubt produced by a profound study of the campaigns of the Revolution and the First Empire, and many people said then and since that he wished to besiege Paris. He certainly ran away before he received a blow. It was not until twenty-four hours after his departure that the various Ministries were taken over by the Central Committee. So there was no absolute hurry for flight. However, one important fact must not be forgotten. After the assassination of the Generals Lecomte and Clement Thomas, little confidence could be reposed in the loyalty of the troops. General Susbielle's division may have been uncontaminated, but I was assured by a person who witnessed the flight of the Chief of the Executive Power, that the troops who accompanied him to Versailles were a mere rabble in a semi state of revolt, and that the officers, themselves indignant and humiliated, were afraid to resort to any act of severity in order to maintain discipline. For at least ten days after the declaration of the Commune, the greatest misgivings were felt with regard to the army, and it was not until blood had been drawn that the regulars sided with the Government. A friend of mine, who was in the Chasseurs à Cheval, told me that when the insurrection broke out his regiment was

ordered up to Versailles from the south ; that at every halt they were met by emissaries from Paris, who endeavoured to win over the men ; and that until they reached their destination the officers had no idea which side their troops would take.

Altogether, there was some excuse for M. Thiers wishing to remove the seat of Government from Paris to Versailles. It would have been too dangerous to have brought unsteady regiments into direct contact with the capital, with all its temptations, and steeped up to the lips in sedition.

When I went out on the morning after my return, I found the walls covered with posters, in which the Central Committee informed the good citizens of Paris that they had shaken off the yoke so long imposed upon them. At the same time the official journal of Versailles was telling the world at large that the momentary triumph of the insurrection had crushed Paris beneath its hateful and humiliating yoke.

The deputies and *maires* of Paris also issued a proclamation, stating that they had called upon the National Assembly to give satisfaction to the legitimate wishes of the people ; to allow the National Guard to elect its own officers, and citizens their own municipal councillors. The National Assembly refused, in spite of the earnest entreaties of Louis Blanc and his colleagues, and the warning of M. Clemenceau, to sanction these measures, and the consequence was that the Commune

was elected. First of all, we had the Federation of the National Guard, to which over two hundred battalions adhered. From this sprung the Central Committee, and then the Commune.

What had led M. Thiers to doubt the gravity of the situation, in the first place, was the fact that the insurrection had no platform. One had been found. It was for municipal freedom that Paris was about to fight. The Government rejected the demands of the deputies and *maires*, and from that moment war may be said to have been declared between Paris and Versailles.

An attempt was made on March 21, by a number of persons calling themselves the "Friends of Order," to prevent any effusion of blood, and they made a peaceful, unarmed, and useless demonstration, and agreed to make another the next day.

A certain number of gentlemen, and among them my friend Charles Bocher, advocated an armed demonstration, but their opinion was overruled. I set out to witness the second demonstration in the Rue de la Paix, but having been first to the Hôtel de Ville and other places on foot, I felt weary and hungry, and on my way thither went into the Café de la Régence to have a cup of chocolate. I had hardly left the *café* to continue my route when I heard firing, and hurrying towards the scene of action, met men and women flying in wild disorder, and further on a couple of "bad"

National Guards, one of whom was wiping out the muzzle of his still smoking rifle with his finger, and talking excitedly with his comrade. I went into a tobacconist's in the Rue des Mathurins, where several people had sought refuge, to ask what had happened. The atmosphere was filled with smoke and the smell of villainous saltpetre. At the end of the street, in the Rue de la Paix, I could see two or three dead bodies lying in the road. Whilst listening to the recital of the tragedy which had just been performed a hundred yards off, a small boy entered the shop, and putting some money on the counter asked for one sou of snuff and a pack of cards !

What had happened was this. - The Place Vendôme was occupied by the forces of the insurrection. The Friends of Order marched up and appealed to them to lay down their arms, and not trouble the tranquillity of the State any further. The language used was of an excitable if not a violent character. The National Guards first lowered their bayonets, and finding that the manifestation was still pushing on, and that their line was about to be broken, fired. A panic naturally ensued. What could the unarmed Friends of Order do ? It was fortunate for them that most of the Federals had passed the night in the neighbouring wine-shops, and were unsteady in their aim, or the slaughter would have been much more considerable than it was. The wildest reports were spread concerning the affair, and

it was said that one hundred persons had been killed or wounded. Perhaps five-and-twenty would be nearer the truth. It was a foolish business, and Charles Bocher, an old soldier who had been attached to the staff of Sir Hugh Rose in the Crimea, refused to take part in it. And thus blood was shed for the second time.

Hardly had the Friends of Order vanished, no more to be seen, than a bridal procession passed mournfully along the Boulevards. Bride and bridegroom had been to the *Mairie* to be united in civil wedlock before the *Maire*; but the *Maire* was gone, the *Mairie* was occupied by Federal troops, and the wedding had to be put off.

Paris now offered a curious spectacle. Although the Government and the regulars had retired to Versailles, several important positions were held by the "good" battalions of the National Guard, the rest of the city being in the hands of the Federals. There was a good deal of marching and counter-marching, and much danger of a collision, but neither party seemed inclined to fight. The day after the massacre in the Rue de la Paix, I was in the Rue de Valois, a narrow street close to the Palais Royal, and was walking along a few paces in front of a detachment of "good" National Guards, when suddenly at the other end of the street appeared a detachment of Federals coming in our direction. I thought that there would have been a

battle, and that I should be caught between two fires, but after a little wavering on both sides the detachments marched past each other, the officers saluting. The next day, when in the same quarter, I saw a battalion of Federals preparing to march on the Bourse, which was held by the "good" National Guards, and I sped up the Rue Vivienne and warned their outposts of the coming attack. This warning was received with smiles of incredulity, and the assurance that they "would not dare." And sure enough no attack took place. What prevented the Federals from coming on I trow not, but after this little incident I saw no more "good" National Guards. They disappeared as if by enchantment; they had been left like sheep without a shepherd; and here was the centre of civilization at the mercy of an armed rabble.

The Assembly refused to allow Paris to elect its municipal councillors. Paris elected them in spite of the Assembly. It also selected its Ministers, its Generals, its Prefect of Police, and other functionaries, and, in fact, established a regular Government, which set to work by impeaching that of Versailles.

Few members of the Government of Paris were known to fame, and few are remembered now. There was Paschal Grousset, a handsome young man of gentleman-like appearance, who assumed the post of Minister of Foreign Affairs! Shortly after his nomination I paid him a visit at the Quai d'Orsay, when he

gave me a pass which enabled me to wander about without fear of molestation. He wrote for the Press at that time, and he still writes, but under the *nom de plume* of Philippe Daryl, not in a Radical print, but in the *Temps*, which is a moderate Republican paper.¹

Bergeret, an ex-waiter, who had risen to the rank of sergeant in the National Guard, was created General, and charged with the organization of the cavalry, although he had never been on horseback. Eudes, another General of the Commune, was formerly a linen-draper, and rose to notoriety by assassinating a fireman at La Villette in an *émeute* just before the Franco-German war broke out. He was sent to prison, and would probably have been executed but for the fall of the Empire. Jourde was made Finance Minister without any finances. Ranc, Felix Pyat, Jules Vallès, Delescluze, &c., also took office.

The two most urgent necessities of the situation were to provide for the defence of Paris and to procure the sinews of war. The conscription was abolished, but all citizens above twenty and under forty years of age were called to arms! A man called Gaillard, a cobbler by trade, was entrusted with the mission of internal defence, and he set to work in good earnest, and raised barricades, which were models both in a

¹ Not long ago this ex-Communist wrote a review article on the woes of Ireland, which obtained for him, when in London, the honour of an interview with Mr. Gladstone.

military and an artistic point of view. As I shall probably have no further occasion to write about this hero, I may state here that he has returned to his last, and sits quietly in his stall mending old boots at a hundred yards from where I write. The rumour in the quarter is, that the municipal authorities have a certain dread of the old man, knowing that if we were to have another Commune the cobbler would be king, or something equivalent to it. As proof of this they point out that the said authorities did not dare to remonstrate when Gaillard built his stall, and encroached upon the public highway. To people living in

“A land of settled government,
A land of just and old renown,
Where Freedom broadens slowly down
From precedent to precedent,”

this may appear incredible. But here, where storms occur under a summer sky, extreme caution is comprehensible.

How was money to be procured? Even patriots must be paid. It often struck me as strange at the time that the Federals of Belleville and Montmartre did not sack the wealthy quarters. Yet here were the most disreputable-looking scamps in the midst of boundless riches—fellows with whom Jack Falstaff would have been ashamed to march through Coventry—and they restrained from pillage. The forbearance was no doubt due in a great measure to the tact of

General Eudes, Finance Minister Jourde, and their friends.

Eudes volunteered to go to the Bank and ask for money. He was advised to take a battalion with him, but declared he would rather go alone, and alone he went, and without much difficulty was admitted into the presence of the Governor, the Marquis de Plæuc, a sallow little old man, who at once begged him to be seated, and asked him what he wanted. Eudes said that he had been sent by the Central Committee, who were in want of money. The Marquis replied that this did not surprise him, as no Government could be carried on without funds. The General was asked how much he required, and after a short debate the Marquis agreed to hand over £40,000 to the Central Committee, to begin with. The General in his turn proposed to send a battalion of Federals to guard the Bank, but the Marquis declined the offer, remarking that the establishment was sufficiently well protected. Of course, if the Central Committee insisted, he would accept. The Central Committee did not insist. The £40,000 was taken away in a hack-cab, and handed over to the Minister of Finance. The Marquis received several more visits before the insurrection collapsed. He always took matters gaily, and no doubt saved the Bank at a cost of under £1,000,000—the sum which he paid the Commune during the two months of its reign. Everything taken into consideration, the

Governor had good reason to be proud of his diplomacy, which had saved the country from a terrible disaster. Some months later a medal was struck in honour of the defence of the Bank.

A curious fact was afterwards revealed, to wit, that while the Marquis was doling out his millions of francs to the Commune, he was sending at the same time regularly, once a week, silver and gold wherewith to pay the Versailles troops, who cost about £120,000 a day.

I believe that no other money was levied by the Commune but that taken from the Bank, with the exception of some church plate, a small sum found in the Mint,¹ and £80,000 from the railway companies, which were not thriving just then. Most of the members of the Commune, be it observed, were singularly pure, financially speaking, and took the incorruptible Robespierre as their model. All the time that Jourde was Minister of Finance his wife washed the family linen as of yore (not that the Minister seemed to use much²), and he took his hurried meals at a *gargote*, or low eating-house. And, poor fellow, he looked sadly in want of good feeding, with his half-starved,

¹ It is said that Camelinat, a bronze-fitter, who presided at the Mint, coined £60,000 in gold and silver, and had a goodly quantity of raw material ready for the melting-pot, when the Versailles troops broke in upon him and interrupted his proceedings.

² M. Aurelien Scholl wrote of another Communist, whose shirts "left much to be desired"—"What a quantity of dirty linen he must own, to be able to change it so often!"

melancholy appearance. His clothes, too, hung about him in a manner which seemed to speak of more prosperous times.

With money from the Bank, military operations were commenced. Had the Federals marched at once against the Assembly, they would have had little difficulty in hustling M. Thiers and his Government out of Versailles. An attack was greatly feared. Fortunately for the Government, the Federals, having no Generals, were unable to move. Garibaldi had been applied to, but had declined the post of Commander-in-Chief of the Commune. It was not before the 1st of April that the Federals were in a position to march, and on the 2nd four columns set out in the direction of Versailles, commanded respectively by Generals Bergeret, Eudes, Duval, and Flourens. Bergeret was to march by Courbevoie, Eudes by Meudon, Duval by Clamart, and Flourens by Chatou. None of the columns got very far. The Government had been allowed time to organize an army of sufficient solidity to deal with the forces of the Commune and their Generals. It was pompously announced by the Commune that Bergeret *lui-même* was on the march to Versailles at the head of 30,000 men! As the day wore on, the most lying despatches were circulated. Flourens had entered Versailles at the head of 40,000 men, and had captured M. Thiers and a hundred deputies! The fact being that the force under Flourens had been put to flight by a small body

of gendarmes, and that he himself had been cut down. Duval was made prisoner at Clamart, and was immediately shot; whilst Eudes was repulsed with loss at Meudon, and forced to seek refuge under the walls of Fort Issy. I saw nothing of these operations, being intent upon watching those of Bergeret "himself," which were nearer at hand. Bergeret's march from the Arc de Triomphe lay down the Avenue de la Grande Armée; thence, along the Avenue of Neuilly, across the bridge over the Seine, and up the Avenue of Courbevoie to the cross roads of that name, which lie a little lower, and a little to the right of Mont Valérien. It is a straight line from the Arc de Triomphe to Courbevoie—a stretch of about four miles—and I determined to watch Bergeret *lui-même* at work from the former point, shrewdly suspecting that he would not get out of sight. The first intimation I had of the march of his army was the arrival of some horse artillery, which went jingling down the Avenue de la Grande Armée at full gallop, but pulled up at the Porte Maillot.¹ There was something so theatrical about this performance that a good many people tittered. As the guns were going by, I took out my note-book to jot down what occurred. Seeing this, a Federal—a sickly-looking man, in a uniform much too large for him—approached and said, "Citizen, what are you doing?" I explained, and

¹ The Maillot Gate is at the bottom of the Avenue de la Grande Armée, where the fortifications run.

handed him my note-book, which he returned, saying he could not read. There was something sympathetic about the man's face, and I got into conversation with him. He told me that he was a married man, had children, had been thrown out of work, and had been obliged to serve in the National Guard to keep his family and himself from starving. He, poor fellow, had no desire to fight, and he assured me that more than half the men in his battalion were in the same situation as himself. To think of thousands of men indulging in civil war as a means of earning a living !

In the meantime more troops had arrived, and Bergeret, who was unable to ride, had driven past in a carriage and pair to place himself at the head of his 30,000 men, for the Communists estimated their forces as Falstaff did his men in buckram. The column had nearly reached the top of Courbevoie, when General Challeton, who was in command of Mont Valérien, opened fire, and it was immediately thrown into dire confusion. The men had been assured that the fort would not fire on them, and they fled, crying, "*Nous sommes trahis!*" and the only wonder is that they did not lynch Bergeret *lui-même* then and there as a traitor who had led them out to be slaughtered. But these heroes had too much to do in looking after their own skin, and Bergeret was allowed to escape on foot, for his horses had been killed. Neuilly was soon filled with fugitives, many of whom took refuge in the houses, and

stragglers shortly came hurrying through the Porte Maillot, and up the Avenue de la Grande Armée, with wonderful stories of their discomfiture.

The campaign opened badly for the insurgents, who revenged themselves by decreeing the separation of Church and State, and by arresting the Archbishop of Paris, the Abbé Deguèrry, *curé* of the Madeleine, and other hostages. Generals Eudes and Bergeret were both removed from their commands, and Cluseret, a soldier who had seen service in various climes, was appointed War Delegate.

That the Federals should have thought that they would be allowed to march past Mont Valérien without being molested was not astonishing. A few days before Bergeret put his hosts in motion, I went to see an officer of *chasseurs à pied*, who was quartered in the fort, and he told me that his men were not to be depended upon, and that at any moment they might declare in favour of the Commune. I forget what eventually decided them to cast in their lot with the regular Government, but I was told that at Clamart, where Duval was shot, a battalion of Versailles troops threw up the butt-ends of their rifles, and were going over to the insurgents, when the Communists, suspecting treachery, fired on them. The fire was naturally returned, and there was no further question of deserting the tricolour for the red flag. A similar incident, which happened at Neuilly, decided a wavering cavalry

regiment to stand by Versailles, the Communists having fired on a flag of truce, and killed the Surgeon-in-Chief of the Gendarmerie. Their excuse was that they considered the white flag as the Royal standard.

A few days later Neuilly was swept clear of the Federals, and the Versailles people established batteries at the top of Courbevoie and on their side of the Pont de Neuilly, and with these they opened fire up the Avenue de la Grande Armée. Living about one hundred yards north of the Arc de Triomphe, I felt anything but comfortable at first; but in a few days I found that the Versailles guns threw to the right, and that there was not much danger to be apprehended on my side. The houses on the south side of the Arc de Triomphe were soon riddled with shells, and quite untenable, while those on the south side of the Avenue de la Grande Armée looked in a short time as if they had been ploughed up. What with the two batteries in question, and the guns of Mont Valérien, the damage done to property in this opulent quarter was enormous. And all this because a few drunken and undisciplined Federals occupied the ramparts. The incessant fire kept up on the Arc de Triomphe made me marvel, until informed that it was to prevent the Communists mining and blowing it up. The din of the shells bursting as they struck it was terrific at times, but with the exception of the bas-reliefs, it was not damaged.

Shortly after the batteries opened fire, I went to look

after the apartment of a friend of mine situated close to the Porte Maillot, in a most exposed situation. It had suffered very little, but in his bed I found the splinter of a shell weighing about a couple of pounds. This splinter had first cut through a chintz covering, and the piece of chintz which it had carried away was tightly adhering to it. It had all the appearance of having been carefully cut out with a pair of scissors and pasted on the missile. Had poor Ned B—— been in his bed instead of disporting himself at Dieppe, he would never again have risen from his couch. He was not an early riser, but generally got up for dinner.

Now and then a stray shell, generally from Mont Valérien, would pay a visit to my side, and I can still show visitors traces of their handiwork. On this side of the Avenue de la Grande Armée was a baker's shop, and one morning the baker and his family were at breakfast, when one of these stray projectiles burst on the table and killed, I think, eight persons. The next tenant had a shell painted over the door, and the shop was ever afterwards called *La Boulangerie de l'obus*. I never can pass that shop even now without a feeling of gloom, and I have no patience with the people inside gorging themselves with cakes, nor the small boys outside flattening their noses against the window-panes and indulging in the vice of covetousness. I feel tempted to cry, "Are you not aware of the disaster which overtook a whole family here?" Curious freaks

did these shells play. I knew of one bursting on a billiard-table in a *café* while a game was going on, and hurting no one.

I was standing one day with my friend Hely Bowes of the *Standard*, in a piece of waste land on the north side of the Avenue de la Grande Armée. We had been standing on a mound watching the fire of a Versailles battery, and had hardly moved fifty yards away when a shell burst upon it and hurt neither of us. Another day, while on my balcony, a shell passed close enough over my head to blow my hair about, and plunged into a mansion a little further on. I put on my hat, and went round to see what damage had been done. No one had been injured; the projectile had gone through the wall and burst in a room where a quantity of furniture had been stored; with this it had played such havoc that it was hardly possible to say which was the piano and which the sofa. I don't know if the Sabbatiers, who occupied the premises, ever succeeded in getting their furniture straight again; it must have been like working out a Chinese puzzle.

One day, as I was wending my way along the Rue Beaujon, which runs nearly parallel with the Champs Elysées, I saw about twenty paces before me a lady tripping gracefully along. Suddenly there came the whistle of a shell, followed by a bang as the projectile burst in a piece of waste ground on the opposite side of the street. The lady, who turned out to be English,

bolted into a house which the builders had left unfinished, and I thought it the polite thing to enter and reassure her. I found her seated on a heap of bricks, and very unwilling to leave her shelter. To my remarks that the shell had exploded, that all danger was past, and that it would be well to hurry on and get out of the line of fire, she answered, "Oh, but the pieces sometimes fall ten minutes afterwards!" It took me about five minutes to persuade her to the contrary. In reply to inquiries she informed me that she lived in a house more exposed than my own, and that she was a widow—she might have added young and pretty. I asked her if she were in business. "No." "Then why do you remain in Paris?" "Oh, I have two boys, and they begged me not to leave, as they had never seen such a thing before!" And these two little brats, aged respectively nine and seven years, who in all their experience had "never seen such a thing before," no doubt looked upon the bombardment as a display of fireworks. I hope that nothing happened to mother or children. I bade the widow farewell when we got into the Faubourg St. Honoré, and I am sorry to say that I never saw her afterwards, and never made the acquaintance of her boys.

It was a curious sight, when standing under the shelter of the Arc de Triomphe, to look down the Champs Elysées and to see that promenade, usually so full of life, entirely deserted. Descending it one day,

I found a small urchin sitting on the ground in the sun, and amusing himself by putting some coppers into a piece of a shell and pouring them out on the pavement. He seemed very intent upon this operation. I told him that he would do well to get out of the line of fire, and transport himself and his playthings into one of the lateral streets, as we should have more shells in a few minutes. His only reply was, "I can hear them coming." He continued his game, and I hurried on. I may observe that the Courbevoie and Neuilly batteries used to blaze away for about twenty minutes, and then cease firing for another twenty minutes, and it was during a lull that I ventured down the Elysian Fields.

At this time, although we had a Postmaster-General, we had no postal service: there were no cabs and no omnibuses, for the few horses which remained in Paris had been requisitioned for military purposes. I was then writing for the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and in order to despatch my letters to England, had to take them up every morning to the Northern Station (a six-mile walk there and back before breakfast), and ask some one going across the Channel to convey them to their destination. The Northern line remained free for foreigners, for old men, women, and children, during the whole time of the Commune; but a sharp look-out was kept to prevent citizens capable of bearing arms from making their escape. Numbers of other people did as I did.

Some, however, preferred going as far as St. Denis, which was occupied by the Germans, and posting their letters there. Among the latter was Mlle. Delescluze, the sister of the member of the Commune. I have mentioned already how I was introduced to him and to Gambetta as they were talking together at the Palais de Justice, a short time before the war. Mlle. Delescluze had, I think, a milliner's shop in London, with which she was in constant communication. Meeting constantly at the station, a lot of us were soon on speaking terms, and we were highly amused one day when Mademoiselle related how, on the previous morning, having some time to spare at St. Denis while waiting for the return train, she thought she would pay a visit to the ancient church. What was her horror when a Prussian sergeant presented himself as a guide! Boiling over with patriotic indignation, she thus addressed the astonished Teuton, "Sir, I have long wished to visit the burial-place of our ancient monarchs, and can now afford to wait until my unfortunate country recovers her freedom." And off she strutted, leaving the guide somewhat overcome by her eloquence. I wonder if she has visited "the burial-place of her ancient monarchs" since the barbarians marched out of St. Denis?

After breakfast I used to wander about, and sometimes went down to the ramparts. I never got into any trouble with the Federals during these excursions.

Napoleon I. said, "Scratch the Russian, and you find the Tartar"; and Nelson, when speaking of Russian admirals, "The bear is very near the skin." If you scratch a Frenchman you find, on the contrary, something polite underneath his ferocity. Well, when I was treading on forbidden ground, and a Federal advanced menacingly towards me, I invariably met him half-way, and lifting my hat, said, "Citizen, will you kindly direct me to such or such a street?" or, "Will you be good enough to tell me what o'clock it is?" This stratagem never failed, and instead of being marched off to the guard-house as a spy, I was told which direction to take, or the time of day.

The Federals were not so short of ammunition as were the men of the First Revolution, who had to dig up cellars in search of villainous saltpetre, and coffins for lead; but the demand was considerable, as they blazed away on the slightest provocation.

I was much amused, during one of my first trips into town, under the Commune, to see, near the Palais Royal, a large shop which had been turned into a cartridge manufactory; the manufacturers belonged to that class of women called "bad," and their faces were covered with a thick layer of flour. There were a number of similar establishments scattered about Paris, and close to the church of St. Augustin was a market-place in which some hundreds of well-floured unfortunates were to be seen at work.

This reminds me that when the Commune was in full swing, a shell fired from Meudon blew up a cartridge manufactory in the Avenue Rapp. This caused great consternation among the Federals, and was set down as the work of a traitor. A Polish count, prompted by curiosity to visit the scene of the disaster immediately after the explosion, was pounced upon, accused of being the author of the catastrophe, hurried off to prison, and sentenced to death. I went to see Charles Austin of the *Times* that evening—"Ah!" he said, "I have not a moment to spare; I am going to fetch a Pole at the Grand Hotel, who has begged me to get Mr. Washburne to intercede with the Commune in behalf of the Count." I offered to accompany him.¹ We picked up the Pole, a handsome young fellow with very fair hair, and over six feet in his stockings, but how were we to get up to the Avenue Marceau, near the Arc de Triomphe, where the American Minister resided? The night was pitch dark; there were no lamps lighted in the quarter. Being tired, we thought to charter a cab, but this was no easy matter. The first three or four cabmen to whom we appealed shook their heads and positively refused the risk. At last I hailed an ancient

¹ There was no time to lose. The papers of the 30th Floréal, year 79 (May 19, 1871), contained the following information—"The criminal emissaries of Versailles, who set fire to the cartridge manufactory in the Avenue Rapp, were tried last night, and condemned to death. The execution is to take place within twenty-four hours."

man, who was nearly as deaf as Dame Eleanor Spearing, and after much shouting persuaded him to convey us from the Boulevards to the American Legation. "But," said Jehu, "you must promise that if you hear a shell coming you will let me know." We promised, and set out, but in spite of our promises the cabman would not go straight up the Champs Elysées, but took a tortuous route. The consequence was that we kept on losing our way, and had to ring at ever so many doors to ask where we were, and whither we should direct our course. At last, when not far from our destination, a missile of some sort whistled unpleasantly close, and the Pole jumped clean out of the cab, which was an open one, and sought shelter to the rear of the vehicle. Austin seized my arm, and I seized Austin's arm, and we both whispered at the same time—"Not a word to the coachman!" Fortunately that worthy had neither heard the projectile nor witnessed the sudden exit of the Pole, but continued his way as if nothing had happened. We reached the Legation a few minutes afterwards. Mr. Washburne interceded, and the Count, who had no more to do with the explosion of the cartridge manufactory than a babe unborn, was released.¹

One evening about this time I was sitting at dinner. It was beautiful weather, and the windows were wide

¹ A friend of mine afterwards told me that he was standing, at St. Cloud, close to the gun which fired the shell that blew up the cartridge manufactory, and that he watched it in its flight.

open. Suddenly there was a tremendous din coming from the southern forts. Issy and Vanves had opened fire, and Montrouge soon joined in the chorus. The flashes of artillery were so vivid that our apartment—about six miles from the forts—was all aglow. I hurried out to try and discover the reason of this uproar, and wended my way to the Trocadero—not then built over—from whence I obtained a splendid view of the flashes, but nothing more. After firing incessantly for more than an hour, the three forts gradually sank into silence. The next morning I learned by the papers that the Versailles troops had attempted to carry one or more of the forts, and had been repulsed with tremendous slaughter, the ditch of Issy being so filled with the slain, that there was not room for an additional corpse.

The Versailles version of this affair was somewhat different, and led us to believe that the regulars dug some holes not far from the forts, and in these holes placed drummers and buglers, who, when the shades of evening fell, sounded the charge. Upon this Issy opened fire, then Vanves, and then their neighbouring sister of Montrouge, making night hideous with their red artillery, but hurting no one.

I well remember the sensation which was caused by the arrest of the hostages, some of whom were extremely popular. Monseigneur Darboy, Archbishop of Paris, was universally esteemed. The Abbé Deguèrry,

curé of the Madeleine, who had something of the *ancien régime* about him, and was a great favourite among fashionable votaries, had certainly no personal enemies, for he was benevolence itself. Senator Bonjean was one of the most liberal-minded men, and strange to say, had distinguished himself under the Empire by his attacks against the Jesuits. He had now, for fellow-prisoner and consoler, the Père Olivaint, one of the principal members of the Society of Jesus in Paris.

I believe that there were about two hundred priests detained in prison as hostages, and by all accounts they were nearly starved, and otherwise treated with great severity. Charles Austin went to see the Archbishop in his cell, and found him bearing his captivity with Christian fortitude, and quite resigned to the fate he felt was in store for him. One priest, by the way, was rescued from the fangs of the Commune—the *curé* of St. Eustache, which church stands close by the great central markets—the “Louvre of the people,” as the first Napoleon, under whose auspices they were built, used to call them. Now the “ladies of the market,” rough fishwives as many of them were, were deeply attached to their venerable *curé*, who was probably not over hard upon them in the way of penance, and great was the uproar when they learned that he had been arrested. *Les Dames de la Halle* were not long in making up their minds what to do. They marched in a body to the Hôtel de Ville, which was not very far

off, and with arms akimbo then and there demanded the release of their spiritual pastor, which the Commune did not dare to refuse. I happened to be in the Rue de Rivoli when the good old *cure* was brought back in triumph, and seldom has that street witnessed a scene of greater animation, and every one appeared delighted with the result of this petticoat manifestation. The *cure* on re-entering his church preached a sermon, recommending his flock to forgive their enemies, and those who despitefully used them; and the ladies of the market were able to accomplish their Easter devotions, to obtain remission of sins, and to go home with unburdened consciences.

What happened afterwards to the *cure* I know not; but I went one day to St. Eustache, which is a quaint and memorable pile of considerable architectural beauty, and heard—well! it was no mass, nor a sermon, but a sort of speech. The sacred precinct had been turned into a revolutionary debating club; the communion table, where the chairman and the members of the committee sat, was covered with a red flag; there was a man in the uniform of a National Guard in the pulpit, and— Well, I now understood the confusion into which Mr. Sherrick, who owned at the same time a theatre and a chapel-of-ease, fell, and how he constantly committed the heresy of calling the congregation, who sat at the feet of the Rev. George Honeyman, an audience; divine worship, a performance; and the pews,

boxes. Let me say that the attendance was large. The man in the pulpit was engaged, when I entered, in a glowing description of all the beauties of the colour red—the colour of the revolutionary standard—of fire, of blood, and so on. As the citizen orator was not possessed with the gift of eloquence, I stayed but a short time to listen to his ravings, and the exposition of doctrines derived from the gospel of Jean Jacques Rousseau. One thing, however, struck me, and that was the decorum with which every one present behaved. It seemed as if the sanctity of the building was not lost upon the scoffers. There were hardly any interruptions, or marks of approbation or disapprobation. But on one occasion, when an objection was raised to what fell from the orator, a woman standing near me said to a neighbour—"Ah! when the priest is in the pulpit he has it all his own way."

Of course matters did not always pass off so decorously, and on some occasions the churches were desecrated in the most wanton and blasphemous manner by drunken revellers, male and female, reminding one of the "Feast of the Ass," and other *fêtes* which disgraced the Church in the Middle Ages.

There was fighting all day, and every day, and gradually the Federals were driven from all the positions they had occupied beyond the wall, with the exception of the forts. Several attempts were made to gain possession of Issy by means of bribery, and by

force, but they failed. With this fort in their hands, the Versailles people would have been able to enfilade the ramparts from the Point du Jour up to the Porte Maillot. It was actually evacuated by the Federals on one occasion, but almost immediately reoccupied. The evacuation was either the real cause, or was made the pretence, for getting rid of Cluseret, whose arrest was ordered. The War Minister, be it mentioned, had made himself extremely unpopular by two orders of the day. In the first, he had severely condemned the abuse made of gold lace and other military fopperies, and in the second he had censured those officers who went galloping about the streets to the great danger of citizens. With regard to the first order, dealing with so delicate a matter as French vanity, it may be remembered that Napoleon I., who was intimately acquainted with the foibles of his countrymen, once said that he had merely to put gold lace on the coats of his virtuous Republicans to do what he liked with them. Instead of making this love of decoration a lever, Cluseret, with his American notions, utterly condemned it. As for the order against furious riding, it was absolutely necessary, as few of the mounted officers had ever been on horseback before the insurrection broke out. When you put a beggar on horseback you know where he goes, but that is no reason why you should accompany him. I narrowly escaped being ridden over more than once. At times, however,

the mounted officers excited merriment. One morning, hearing a noise in the street below, I went out on the balcony. A number of persons had assembled to see the guard turn out—of a wine-shop, and there was some twittering going on, both among the crowd and in the ranks, as the men were buttoning up their tunics, trying to get their belts right, and shuffling into their places. But the fun was caused by the officer going the rounds, who had ridden up and wished to address the guard. For some reason, best known to himself, his steed would turn his tail to the men. With great difficulty, and much very gentle persuasion, the Colonel got him round, but, before he had time to utter a word, back the obstinate animal went, and after many vain efforts to keep him in the desired position, the officer of the day had to turn round in his saddle and deliver his oration over the horse's hind-quarters. I must do the victim the justice to say, that he did not lose his temper, and that he rode away with a benignant smile.

Cluseret was replaced by Rossel, a captain of engineers, with whom I was slightly acquainted.¹

A few days after his nomination I went to see him at the War Office, where we talked over the situation. He explained his reasons for joining the Commune:

¹ Louis Rossel, who was a Huguenot, was the son of an old officer. His mother was English. He was brought up at the Polytechnic School, where he highly distinguished himself.

He had been shut up in Metz under Bazaine, and had done what he could to persuade his chiefs to try and cut their way through the German lines. When Metz fell he managed to escape, and, thinking that the war was over, fled to England with the intention of going to America. On learning that the struggle with Germany was to be continued, he returned to France and offered his services to Gambetta, who accorded him the rank of Colonel. He served in the army of the Loire, and was strongly opposed to the terms of peace accepted by the Assembly of Bordeaux. He was in favour of prosecuting the war, and for this reason went to Paris. He thought that hundreds of officers would have followed his example. Such was the statement he made. We know that his example was not followed, but have we not seen how some of the most distinguished officers in France were, like Rossel, in favour of carrying on the war? Then all the deputies for Paris were opposed to peace, and it was almost a miracle that the army in a body did not cast in its lot with the capital, and prefer going on with foreign war to commencing civil strife, for, as Shakespeare makes the Maid of Orleans say—

“One drop of blood, drawn from thy country’s bosom,
Should grieve thee more than streams of foreign gore.”

But when Rossel found that he was mistaken, he should have left Paris. I told him so, and in taking

leave of him, said—"I fear you will get into trouble with the members of the Commune; if so, come to me; here is my card." I had conceived a great liking for Rossel. Poor fellow, I only saw him once afterwards; when he was holding a review of his troops on the Place de la Concorde—such a lot of ragamuffins. He did get into trouble with the scamps of the Hôtel de Ville, and fled; but he did not come to my house. He was accused of having evacuated Fort Issy, and was thrown into prison, but a couple of days later made his escape with his gaoler!

Before leaving the War Office, Rossel wrote a letter to the members of the Commune resigning office—a Parthian arrow in which he complained that when he recommended the reorganization of the Artillery, the Committee deliberated, and did nothing. When he wanted arms searched for, horses requisitioned, and refractory citizens forced to serve, the Commune deliberated, and did nothing. While the enemy was attacking Fort Issy, the Central Committee was deliberating, and he was left without the means of punishing the besiegers. Instead of defending Issy, the garrison deserted their post, and the officers after due deliberation turned out Captain Dumont, an energetic officer sent to take the command of the fort. After deliberating as to the possibility of blowing up the fort, they evacuated it. Yesterday, when every one should have been fighting, the chiefs were deliberating,

and instead of furnishing men, treated them to a declaration of principles. They had promised him 12,000 men, the largest force they could muster, but only 7000 made their appearance.¹

I suppose that it was a portion of this force which I saw Rossel reviewing in the Place de la Concorde, though when I passed there were certainly not more than 700 men present.

It is difficult to imagine how so small and ill-disciplined a lot could have kept the army of Versailles at bay so long. I cut out the following extracts from the *Figaro* shortly after the Commune—"At the Auteuil gate, when the general skedaddle took place after the fall of Issy, for twenty-four hours there were only forty men to guard three miles of ramparts, and five gates... It is not difficult to believe Cluseret, when he tells us that during the twenty-seven days he was War Minister, the Communists lost only 171 men, and that only 6000 men, not including 2000 artillerymen, were engaged in

¹ It was on May 9 that Issy was evacuated for the second time by the insurgents. An orderly officer was at once despatched with the glad tidings to Versailles, and M. Thiers, directly he heard of his arrival, the orderly officer, cried, "Let him come in directly." And what was the sight that met the eye of Viscount Emmanuel d'Harcourt? The chief of the Executive in a state of nudity, and Madame Thiers on the carpet sewing bands of flannel round his knees. Great was the delight of M. Thiers, who saw that the end was near, and who kicked off his bandages to run and consult his maps, regardless of his spouse and his rheumatism.

the defence of Paris. And it was this insignificant number of combatants, who spent more time in the wine-shops than on the ramparts, which resisted for two long months an army of 100,000 men, 47 field-batteries, and a formidable siege artillery."

One evening there was a tumult near my house, and on seeking the cause I saw a detachment of Federals in hasty retreat—"full cackle of universal flight," as Carlyle would put it. On inquiring into the cause, I learned that a battalion had been ordered up from the Place Vendôme to Neuilly, and that on the march it had dwindled down from five hundred to fifty men, who thought they were going to defend the ramparts, but when the Colonel wished to take them beyond the walls they fell upon him, accused him of being a traitor, bound him hand and foot, left him where he was, and returned to their quarters vociferating loudly.

"See what a ready tongue suspicion hath!"

I never heard anything more of this affair, which shows of what material the Communist army was composed; and to think that I have heard Frenchmen boast that whereas the German troops could not take Paris, those of Versailles did!

By the way, I saw in the *Réveil*, an organ of the advanced party, that "only five minutes before the over-intrepid Duval was taken prisoner and shot by

the orders of General Vinoy, his own men, suspecting him of treason, were on the point of shooting him." "Our mutual suspicions," groaned the editor, "will be our ruin."

At the beginning of May, the convent of Picpus, which lies near the Barrière du Trône, on the eastern side of the Faubourg St. Antoine, was occupied by the 73rd battalion of the National Guard, in consequence of serious charges brought by Citizen Henri Rochefort against the community. All kinds of barbarities were said to have been perpetrated at this convent, and the 73rd, after carefully removing all the gold and silver vessels used in the celebration of religious ceremonies, examined the premises. They appear to have discovered three cages, in which three sisters were confined, and also a suspicious-looking bed, and instruments of torture. A sister, who was examined by Citizen Rochefort on the subject, and who is said to have displayed all the astuteness of a Jesuit combined with the brass of a minx, explained that the sisters confined in the cages were idiotic, that the instruments of torture were orthopedic, and that "the suspicious-looking bed" was a cradle used for the image of the infant Jesus. The charges against Picpus, which is not a cloistered convent, and which bore a high reputation, created much surprise in the quarter.

One of the first steps taken by the authorities

was to transfer the Lady Abbess and the sisters to St. Lazare—a hospital the very name of which makes one shudder, and which still remains much the same kind of establishment as one finds it described by the Abbé Prevost in the pages of *Manon Lescaut*. Here these unfortunate women were confined with the most degraded of their sex.

Wishing to visit Picpus, if possible, I went to the Home Office to ask for a pass. At the gate I was stopped by the sentry, who inquired my business. I told him, and he informed me that the Citizen Minister was at breakfast, and not visible. I said that I would call again, and returning an hour later the same sentry told me that the same Citizen Minister was still at table. I bantered him a little upon the appetite of his Excellence, and he allowed me to pass. I was shown into a waiting-room, and in a few minutes the Citizen Minister and two friends sauntered in, picking their teeth. They appeared to be in high spirits, and I obtained my pass without any difficulty. After a long drive, and the turning of many barricades, I reached the door of the convent, before which a considerable crowd had assembled, though there was absolutely nothing to be seen from the outside, and no one was admitted inside without a Ministerial order.

The convent, the gardens, and the outbuildings occupy about twenty acres of land, so there was

much to see. A National Guard, who acted as a guide, showed me the cages, which were, in fact, small rooms, very flimsy-looking things, with wooden laths for iron bars. In each there was a bed. They were in an outbuilding on the ground-floor, and the occupants could look through the bars on to the recreation-ground. There was no attempt at concealment. I was shown an ordinary cellar, which I was told was a dungeon, and likewise informed that the monks of a monastery which stood next door to the convent used to scale the walls of the garden to pay their addresses to the nuns. I then visited the grounds, which were laid out in the Dutch style, were very neatly kept, and were filled with fruit trees and flowers, and afterwards the cemetery, in which I was surprised to find the tombs of many of the first families of France—princes, dukes, marquises, counts, and barons. In one secluded corner were two simple slabs of stone, which marked where the remains of General Lafayette and of his son, Washington Lafayette, reposed. Descending into a vault, I was shown several long rows of coffins, and my guide, with a knowing shake of the head, hinted that the persons whose bones they contained had no doubt committed foul crimes when in the flesh, or had been made away with; which left a considerable margin for the imagination. In a smaller cemetery, further on, we came across an isolated tomb, the inscription upon which told us

how the Prince Frederick de Salm Kyrbourg, who lay beneath, had been immolated under the Reign of Terror in 1794. In fact nearly all the nobles who were buried at Picpus had perished on the scaffold when the *Mère Guillotine* was removed from the Place de la Révolution—formerly Place Louis XV., now Place de la Concorde—to the Barrière du Trône Renversé—formerly and now the Barrière du Trône; for the people in the centre of Paris had grown sick of the sight and odour of blood. It was very pleasant to wander through the gardens in such delightful weather, and my guide amused me with his Republican reflections and his homilies on tyranny; but I wanted to see the three weird sisters, the instruments of torture, the cradle, and the naughty books which the nuns were supposed to read. Unfortunately the sisters had been removed, and the instruments, cradle, and books had been confided to the care of the Minister of Justice.

With a captain of the National Guard and several men I afterwards visited the interior of the convent—the school-room, the dormitories, the chapels, the kitchens, and then a couple of large rooms in which were a number of bed-ridden women, who paid scarcely any attention to our sudden irruption. These poor old souls had entered the convent in the hope of spending their few remaining days in peace and tranquillity, and there they were with National Guards

sauntering about their bedsides, and every now and then clanging their muskets on the floor. Everything, however, was neat and clean, and I must say that the National Guards who escorted me spoke kindly to their victims. One of the old women having reminded a sergeant that he had not kept his promise to bring her a bouquet, he ran off and soon returned with a bunch of flowers, which was received with numerous expressions of delight. The captain, however, was a sombre, suspicious man, who in regard to more than one unfortunate old woman remarked that she no doubt owed her present forlorn condition to high living and debauchery. Altogether it was an afflicting sight, and as I could do nothing to alleviate the situation, I was not sorry to find myself once more in the open air. Just as I was taking my departure, who should enter the gate but Citizen Protot, Minister of Justice. He was annoyed and surprised to see me, and asked me haughtily what business I had at the convent, and who had allowed me to visit it. I exhibited my pass from the Citizen Minister of the Interior, but only to be told that he had no authority to accord me such favour, and that I must leave at once. I made a polite bow to Citizen Protot, and jumping into my cab drove home. This was about ten days before the insurrection was quelled.

One day, venturing down to the river-side, not far

from the Point du Jour, I witnessed a pretty little duel between one of the Versailles batteries at Meudon and a Federal gun-boat on the Seine. I cannot say what damage was done to the battery, but the gun-boat was not struck during the half-hour which I spent watching the combat; nor was this very strange. The gun-boat, in fact, had taken shelter under the bridge of Grenelle, and every now and then popped out its nose, fired, and then backed under the bridge again to load. The battery being on a height could not fire through the arches of the bridge, and the gun-boat, which hardly exposed itself, ought to have had all the best of the battle. By the way, a gun-boat, called the *Estoc*, was afterwards sunk, but I did not witness the catastrophe.

The Communists, determined to wreak vengeance on things inanimate as well as animate, ordered the destruction of the house of M. Thiers—M. Thiers, nicknamed by Henri Rochefort the “Sanguinary Tom Thumb.” His house, which was not situated in a fashionable quarter of the city, was supposed to be filled with works of art of fabulous value; but fortunately, a large number of them had been removed before the edict of the Commune was carried out. I may mention at once that M. Thiers was sharply taken to task, when, after the insurrection was quelled, he accepted from the nation double the sum that his house was worth, and took payment in the loan raised to pay off the war indemnity, which was at a premium. And

it used to be said that he was far too ambitious to care for filthy lucre.

The other day I was reading one of Henri Heine's letters, in which he gives the following sketch of M. Thiers—"As I wrote lately, Thiers is a 'little Bonaparte,' and war is the delight of his heart. The floor of his study is strewn with maps, and he is there, bending over a table, sticking green and black pins into the paper, just like Napoleon. Those who accuse him of having speculated on the Bourse calumniate him. A man can have only one passion, and, as a rule, an ambitious person rarely thinks about money. M. Thiers has exposed himself to these stories by keeping company with swindlers. What business had he with these reprobates? When one goes to bed with dogs, one gets up with fleas. . . M. Thiers is, above all, a patriot, and one may say that he is saturated with patriotism. He is entirely a man of the *nationality*, and not of the Revolution, whose son he objects to be called. There is some truth in this childish pretension. The Revolution is his mother, but it must not lead one to conclude that he is tenderly attached to her. His enthusiasm for the grand Liberal masquerades has cooled down. As a writer he has studied all the phases of the Revolution; as a statesman he has had to struggle against the revolutionary movement which still continues in France, and more than once this 'son' must have found his mother a great bore, very

compromising, and very dangerous, for he knows very well that ‘the old lady’ would be quite capable of cutting off his head.”

It was in 1840, the year that M. Thiers began his fortifications round Paris, that the above neat sketch was written by the Paris correspondent of the *Augsburg Gazette*, who, be it observed, was more of a Frenchman than a German, and who held that there was more fun in a French corpse than in the merriest Teuton alive.

By the way, let me recommend any one who takes an interest in M. Thiers, to read his portrait in Timon’s *Orators of the Restoration*. He will be well repaid, not for his trouble, but his pleasure.

Among other monuments which excited the wrath of the Communists was the Chapelle Expiatoire, a gloomy little building in a gloomy little square near the St. Lazare terminus. It was erected by Louis XVIII. to consecrate the spot where, after their execution in ’93, the remains of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette reposed until they were transferred to St. Denis. There also lie the remains of the Swiss Guards who fell in defence of the Monarchy, when the mob stormed and took the Tuilleries and the King sought refuge in the Assembly.

The decree which ordered the demolition of the sacred edifice ran thus—“Considering that the building known as the *Chapelle Expiatoire Louis XVI.* is a permanent insult to the First Revolution, order that it be destroyed, and the materials sold within a week.”

Fortunately, an American conceived the idea of saving this historical chapel from the destroyers. He purchased it on the pretence of sending it over to the United States as a curiosity, and when at the end of the week he was reproached with not having accomplished the work of demolition, he replied that as the building was to be re-erected on the other side of the Atlantic, it was necessary to number all the stones, and hence the delay. The Communists, as they say here, had soon "other cats to whip"; the doomed chapel escaped, and still stands, although every now and again the advanced Republicans demand its destruction.

The Commune also ordered the destruction of the Vendôme Column, and the idea was that the bronze would be melted down and turned into sous, which would be distributed among the sovereign people. There reigned many popular fallacies concerning this column. One was that it was made of solid metal, and another that the metal had been furnished by guns captured by Napoleon from the Prussians. Now the column is built of bricks, and is merely plated with bronze, and the metal employed was furnished from guns captured from the Russians and Austrians at the battle of Austerlitz, when Prussia was at peace with France,¹ and playing the part of a spectator waiting to see which way the cat would jump.

¹ The number of guns taken by the French at Austerlitz was 290, according to their account.

It was with a feeling akin to consternation that the good people in the neighbourhood of the Place Vendôme learned that the column was to be pulled down. They were sure that the reverberation which its fall would occasion would smash their windows, and they set to work to strengthen their plate-glass with bands of paper pasted over it in every direction. Several members of the Commune were opposed to the demolition. Jourde, who had charge of the money-bags, declared that his funds were so low that he could not pay the engineering expenses;¹ and Courbet, the artist, wished the column to be taken down gently, not hurled to the ground, and transferred to some more appropriate site. But Felix Pyat carried the day, and the fate of the stately Trajan column was decided.

The 26th Floréal, year '79 (May 16, 1871), was the day appointed for the fall of this "monument of barbarity, symbol of brute force, military tyranny, negation of international right, permanent insult to victors and vanquished, and perpetual menace to the grand principles of the French Revolution—Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity." I repaired to the scene of action to see the decree of the Commune executed, and mingled with the crowd stationed at the top of the Rue de la Paix, in which direction the column was to fall. I remember feeling rather uneasy as to the result. My impression was, that when the column fell the figure of the great

¹ Citizen Abadie wanted £1280 for the work.

Emperor at the top would be shot forward to a considerable distance and kill a number of spectators. In order to deaden the effects of the fall of this mass of masonry and bronze, a bed composed of faggots and stable litter had been prepared for its reception. There was a large gathering of officials with their red scarfs seated in the balconies and at the windows round the Place to witness the act of Vandalism, and there were mounted individuals in authority who rode recklessly about, trying to keep order and the ground clear; and one of these energetic and over-zealous functionaries, who had great difficulty in managing his steed, came near trampling on me more than once. The poor doomed column had been cut nearly through close to its pedestal, and ropes had been attached to its summit, and by means of a capstan worked by sailors, it was to be dragged over, not as in 1814, when Sosthene de la Rochefoucauld and the Marquis de Maubreuil pulled the statue (not the whole column) down with horses, whose tails were decorated with the Legion of Honour.

The iconoclasts and their friends had splendid weather for their nefarious work, and appeared to enjoy themselves to their full, although the enemy was at the gate, and gradually if slowly breaking in upon them, breathing hatred and revenge. And here were these mad dwellers in a fool's paradise engaged in an act calculated to incense the army by insulting the memory of the greatest soldier of modern times. But their courage

was buoyed up with lying despatches from the front, and they still affected to believe in their ultimate triumph.

There was a great deal of delay in getting the column down, and after much working at the capstan a rope snapped, and one of the sailors had a leg broken. It appeared for a while as if it would be necessary to postpone the operation, and the mob began to jeer and to chaff, and the mounted hero in my vicinity perspired and grew very red in the face, and his charger whisked round and round in a most unpleasant manner. The broken rope, however, was at length replaced, and the capstan got once more into working order, and after much tugging the column bent its stately form, and then came down with a dull thud. It did not fall, however, all of a piece, but broke into three portions and crumbled away. The shock was hardly felt, and no windows were broken. There was a good deal of cheering when the work of destruction was accomplished, and the band played the *Marseillaise*, and there was a rush to gloat over the fallen column and to secure relics.¹ I remember standing for a while contemplating the statue of Cæsar as it lay prone, and thinking of the fate of Sejanus; but it was not treated with in-

¹ In 1814, Byron, in a letter to Moore, indulging in metaphor, wrote—"Ah! my poor little pagod, Napoleon, has walked off his pedestal. This would draw molten brass from the eyes of Zatanai. What! kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet, and then be baited by the rabble's curse!"

dignity and dragged through the streets of Paris, nor was the bronze converted into sous. There was no time for that. The Versailles troops entered the city four days after the fall of the column, and the next day the Assembly voted in favour of its re-erection. And it was re-erected, all the relics having been recovered, with the exception of the winged Victory, which was in silver, and which had to be replaced by a winged Victory in copper.

The morning after this act of Vandalism I bought the *Vengeur* to see what Felix Pyat, who was the chief instigator of the crime, would say. He was very sublime. He told his readers that the 26th Floréal would remain for ever memorable in the history of France and humanity. That this monument of Force opposed to Right; of the Empire opposed to the Republic; of War opposed to Peace; of Cæsar opposed to the People, had fallen under one of those suns which consume Bastilles, scaffolds, and thrones, melt columns and crowns, dispersing all shadows and monarchical spectres. . . It was a pledge of universal peace, and with the disappearance of the column the world would turn more freely on its axis. To raise the column had cost the lives of four millions of men; it had been pulled down without costing the life of one. The statue had fallen with its nose on a dunghill. “I saw it fall . . I can close my eyes. Our work is done. *Nunc dimittis.*” And the ink wherewith this article

was written was hardly dry before Felix Pyat was flying from the wrath to come, or that had come.¹

¹ Formerly, where the column of Vendôme now stands, there existed a statue of Louis XIV., which remained intact for one hundred years and one day, but was swept away during the Revolution. In 1805, the erection of the present column, "destined to perpetuate the memory of the glorious campaign of Austerlitz," was decreed, and the work was completely terminated in August 1810. The Emperor was represented in his imperial robes, which, Byron said, "became him as if he had been hatched in them." In 1814, the statue of Napoleon was pulled down by the Royalists, and was replaced by a gigantic *fleur-de-lis*, over which waved the white flag of the Bourbons—a flag which naturally vanished when Charles X. was driven from the throne, and the Constitutional Monarchy established. In 1833, flag and *fleur-de-lis* were replaced by the pedestrian statue of the "Petit Caporal" in his Brienne hat, his grey coat and high boots; the metal for the casting of this statue being furnished by the guns taken at the capture of Algiers, when Charles X. was king.

In November 1863, the "Petit Caporal" was removed by order of Napoleon III., and replaced by a reproduction of the original statue, with orb and winged Victory. The winged Victory, picked up by a working-man when the statue was pulled down in 1814, was sold by him to a publican for four francs, and the publican, afraid to keep it after the return of the Emperor from Elba, sent it to the Prefect of Police, who put it into a store-room, where it appeared to have been forgotten. Some years afterwards it was sold with a lot of old iron to a dealer on the quays, who in his turn sold it to an amateur for a modest sum. After the establishment of the Second Empire, the Victory was offered to and purchased by Napoleon III. for £80. It is supposed that it was the sight of this allegorical relic which inspired the Emperor with the idea of re-establishing the original statue. Curious to relate, the winged Victory again disappeared in 1871, nor has it been heard of since the Communists pulled down the column. Some people say that it went to Germany, others to America.

In the same number of the *Vengeur*, the Parisians were informed that 500 men, under the command of

A third version is that a lady took it to London under her petticoats, and that it was put into a melting-pot at Whitechapel.

There is a curious connection between the statues of those two great figures in French history—Louis XIV. and Napoleon I. The statues of both bit the dust in the Place Vendôme.

In 1686, François, Vicomte d'Aubusson, Duc de la Feuillade, peer and marshal of France, set up a statue to Louis XIV. in a Place, then christened and still called the Place des Victoires. On the pedestal was engraved this inscription in letters of gold—*Viro immortali*. Louis XIV. was represented wearing his coronation robes, and trampling underfoot the celebrated Triple Alliance in the shape of Cerberus, and behind his Majesty was a figure of Victory placing a crown of laurels on his head. At night this statue was lighted up by four lanterns, until some wag wrote the following distich—

“La Feuillade, sandis, Je crois que tu me bernes,
De placer le soleil entre quatre lanternes,”

when they were demolished. The terrible affair of the Dutch medals showed how sensitive Le Roi Soleil was in such matters.

In 1792, this statue necessarily disappeared, and in its place arose a wooden pyramid, upon which was inscribed the names of the heroes who fell at the storming of the Tuileries on August 10, 1792, when poor Louis XVI. refused to fight. And the Place des Victoires became the Place des Nationales.

This pyramid of wood did not last long, and in 1806 a colossal statue in honour of General Desaix was erected on its site. But as the hero of Marengo was represented in a state of complete nudity, he had to be protected from the public gaze by a hoarding, and in this veiled condition did the statue remain until the Bourbons returned, when they ordered its removal, substituting an equestrian statue of Louis XIV., the metal for which was furnished by the statue of Napoleon, pulled down by the Royalists in the Place Vendôme. By the way, the equestrian statue of Louis XIV. survived the Commune, and still stands.

Colonel Favy, had attacked and held in check from 30,000 to 40,000 Versailles troops massed in the Bois de Boulogne. The Federals had fought like lions, and the ambulance men, electrified by the conduct of the combatants, had shared their courage and their wounds (*sic*).

In the way of destruction the Government of National Defence had set the Communists a bad example. Not content with changing the names of streets, and veiling the Imperial eagles, they plastered up a bronze bas-relief of Napoleon III. over one of the river gates of the new Louvre, and removed the statue of the Empress Josephine, which stood in one of the avenues leading to the Arc de Triomphe, on the spot where the "good Josephine," as the people called her, had built and endowed a charitable establishment. But for the opposition of M. Grèvy, the name of the Rue Bonaparte would have been changed at a later date. Just at the end of that street is a house on the quays, which looks across the river on the Tuileries, a venerable and quaint-looking building. At the door of this house there used to exist a marble slab which had been let into the wall, and which informed the passer that the great Napoleon had once resided there—had resided there in a garret, when he was a simple lieutenant of artillery. One day, before the Commune, while passing this historical house, I noticed that the marble slab had disappeared, and on inquiring the reason, was

told by the *concierge* that he had removed it, being afraid that it might draw down upon his head the wrath of the powers that were. The garret in which Napoleon had lived was a small square room, which received its light from above, and I fancied the future Emperor lying awake o' nights carelessly watching the stars revolving in their orbits, his head filled with big dreams which were destined to become realities.

Every day now the fighting along the west and south fronts of Paris became more furious, and one position after another was wrested from the Federals. In spite of all the lying bulletins in their official papers, it was clear that the end was at hand, and that Paris would soon be delivered from a tyranny which was becoming more and more insupportable. A large number of citizens liable to military service had made their escape from Paris sooner than serve in the ranks of the Commune—some in disguise, and others by being let down by ropes from the fortifications. There were, however, many refractory persons, who for one cause or another were unable to fly, and as the Commune stood more and more in need of men, so did the domiciliary visits in quest of “food for powder” become more severe. Hundreds of young and middle-aged men were torn away from their families, and cast into prison on refusing to fight for the red flag. It appears now, and it appeared to me at the time, almost incredible

how a handful of scamps should have cowed the population of a great city. But the day of retribution was at hand.

We were now past the middle of May, and matters were growing very "shrill" in my quarter. The Communists had established a battery on the top of the Arc de Triomphe, from which however they had time to fire only a few shots, and fresh barricades were thrown up till I found myself in a sort of entrenched camp, which was anything but pleasant, both at the time and in perspective. At the time it made egress and ingress difficult, and the prospect of the camp being taken by storm was anything but cheery.

On May 20 there were vague rumours afloat that the Federals could no longer hold the walls at the Point du Jour, and that there was to be an assault on the part of the Versailles troops. The Government lied and protested, and was disbelieved. The greatest excitement reigned. It was known that the Communists having little mercy to expect, would die hard as a wild cat driven into a corner. On what and on whom would they wreak their revenge? Delescluze had spoken of making a funeral pile worthy of the occasion, and every sort of horror was to be apprehended. Why did not M. Thiers consent to an amnesty, and allow the Federal leaders to leave the country instead of driving them to desperation?

On Sunday, May 21, I looked in at the Embassy, where there was nothing new. I said that I felt sure that the Versailles troops would enter Paris before many hours had passed, and I invited Mr., now Sir Edward, Malet and two attachés to come to my apartment to witness their arrival. They came after dinner, and we played at whist, the windows being wide open, until past midnight, and as nothing was stirring, my guests determined to regain their quarters. As I intended to pass the night in the Rue Miromesnil, at a stone's throw from the Embassy, I accompanied them down the Faubourg St. Honoré. We had not gone far when we were overtaken by a battalion of Federals coming along at quick step, and in a state of great excitement. I ran up to one of the men, and asked what was the matter? He asked me roughly who I was, and what business I had there, and comprehending that it might be dangerous to push the conversation any further, I withdrew.

The next morning I was rather astonished at being aroused by firing in the street, which, before I could dress and turn out, was already in the hands of the regulars. The fact is, before we sat down to play at whist on the previous evening, the Versailles troops had been admitted into Paris. A man called Ducatel, who had formerly been in the army, seeing that the Communists had been driven from the bastions by the fire of the batteries of Montretout and Issy, managed to

convey this information to the besiegers, who at 3.30 p.m. took possession of the gate at the Point du Jour, without loss of life. The Government of the Hôtel de Ville managed to keep this disaster secret, and it was only on the following morning that the insurgents and their friends learned, to their consternation, that the enemy was within the walls.

The south-west portion of Paris bounded by the Seine, the Champs Elysées, and the Place de la Concorde were occupied by the regulars at daybreak, the Federals making hardly any resistance, and flying for safety to shelter themselves behind their second line of defence—a line which had been very skilfully constructed, and which was probably due to the engineering skill of the unfortunate and misguided Rossel. The fighting soon became exceedingly severe, and blood and fire reigned supreme. It certainly looked as if the ancient capital of France, with all its wealth and grandeur, was about to be utterly destroyed.

There were already dead bodies in the street when I left my house, and a brisk musketry fire varied with the roar of artillery showed that the fighting was going on in all directions. After a while I reached the Place de la Trinité, in the centre of which an artilleryman was lying. My first impulse was to bring the poor fellow in from under fire, but on carefully examining him with my opera-glass I was convinced that he

was dead, and that it would be useless to risk my life. I therefore remained for a time where I was, trying to see something of the combat, but this was no easy matter, as both parties were fighting under cover.

About noon, while wandering through the streets, I met young Vizetelli, whose father, not yet a publisher, was, I believe, one of the proprietors of the *Illustrated London News*, and wrote a good deal for the *Pall Mall Gazette*. We both of us wished to get up to the Northern Station to post letters, but how to cross the lines, that was the rub. However, we determined to try, and a nice time we had of it. We crossed over the Boulevard Haussmann, and descending the Rue de la Bienfaisance, got into the Rue St. Lazare, where a working-man stopped us to inquire if it would be safe to venture up the former street. I had hardly time to reply—"You see they are firing all about the place"—when a bullet, which grazed the brim of my hat, struck the unfortunate fellow in the temple, and he fell all of a piece on the pavement. It was just as if a marble statue had been thrown down, so great was the noise made by his body in falling. Luckily, there was a *porte-cochère* standing wide open close alongside of us, and into this friendly gateway we dashed for shelter, dragging the wounded man with us. The musketry fire in the street became exceedingly heavy, and it was deemed prudent by the persons of the house to close the big

doors. The wounded man was placed on a bed, and we then saw that the bullet, which had entered the temple, had passed out through the top of the head; though breathing heavily, or rather snorting, he was quite unconscious. We deliberated about calling in a doctor, but no one appeared inclined to venture out in quest of medical aid, especially in so hopeless a case. At this juncture the *concierge*, a small active man, some sixty years of age, with peculiarly brilliant eyes and all the appearance of an old soldier, sprang forward, and telling us that he had been at the storming of the Malakoff, volunteered his services. But no sooner had he opened the door and thrust out his head, than he drew it back again and shook it in an expressive manner. And the fact is, that the whistling made by the bullets outside sounded as if people were swishing buckets of water along the street. As for the sufferer, it was soon all over with him. Poor fellow! he was a plumber by trade, and had married a servant-girl out of the very house opposite to which he was shot, and in which he died, and he was on his way to the Rue de la Bienfaisance to see his wife, who had just been confined, when he was struck down by a random bullet.

Hour after hour slipped away and still the firing in the street continued; every now and then a shell fired from Montmartre, where the Commune had been driven to bay, fell in the neighbourhood. Our temporary

prison, however, was not a very disagreeable one. There was a large courtyard in which we could either stroll about or sit and bask in the sunny air and listen to the turmoil without. There were lots of people in the house with whom to converse, and as there was a tobacco and wine-shop on one side of the gateway, and a pork-butcher's on the other, we had plenty to eat, drink, and smoke. I was soon on intimate terms with the hero of the Malakoff, who, as the shades of evening approached, told me that if I liked he would let me have his bed, and that he would sleep with the corpse.

We made a tolerable dinner, over which we lingered as long as possible; but even cigars and coffee will not last for ever, and I was very anxious to get home, knowing how anxious my wife would be at my prolonged absence. About eleven o'clock at night there was at last a lull in the storm, and I proposed that we should make a run for it. Vizetelli also pined for his penates. We went to the door and opened it very cautiously, when, a few paces off, bang ! bang ! bang ! went half-a-dozen rifles, and bang went the door. Evidently escape was impossible for the night. Had we run in one direction we should have been fired at by the regulars, if in the other by the Federals. It was a case of

“Incidit in Scyllam qui vult vitare Charybdim.”

are pasted, was struck half-a-dozen times. The atmosphere was decidedly leaden. However, we took our chance, and got over safely. We were now in the Rue Miromesnil, where we were both residing for the moment. As I got near home I saw my wife looking out of the window. She told me afterwards that, thinking I must have been killed, she was just going to throw herself out. She fortunately followed the prudent maxim of looking before leaping, and not being in too great a hurry then. Shortly before my arrival she had had a narrow escape from a shell, which struck the house opposite, and in bursting threw a large piece of masonry in at our window.

After eating some breakfast, and taking an hour's repose, I started out again, as I wished to visit my apartment in the Rue de Tilsit, and see how matters were progressing. I had not gone far before I learned that General Ladmirault's division had just marched by, with the intention of taking Montmartre in the rear. The upper part of the Boulevard Haussmann I found quite tranquil, and I was sauntering along, enjoying the calm, when suddenly there was a crack of a rifle, and a bullet flattened itself against the wall a couple of inches in front of my nose. This may have been a chance shot. I remember that it made me laugh, for it was such a rude awakening from the fancied security in which I had been delighting.

At the same time I operated a rapid strategical movement, and crossed over the Boulevard, so as not to be exposed to a second shot from the same quarter. Just then I saw a detachment of troops in the distance coming in my direction, and suddenly several shots were fired from an unfinished house at the corner of the Rue de Berri; two or three men were knocked over; with wonderful rapidity the detachment was halted, and the house ransacked from top to bottom, the soldiers swarming out on the roof, but no one was found in or on the house.

I found my house in its normal condition. The Communists had been driven clean away from the neighbourhood of the Arc de Triomphe, where, contrary to their boasting, they had made no stand, and the Avenue de la Grande Armée and the Elysian Fields were alike in the possession of the regulars. In the centre, the east, and the north of Paris, however, the internecine war was raging with fury, and there was something awful in the din of the distant conflict, especially when one reflected on the scenes of bloodshed which were being enacted within the walls of the city, which one knew to be seething like a cauldron filled with blood. Before evening fell Montmartre was captured, and the torch had been applied to the Tuilleries; and the Commune, taking

the advice of Delescluze, had set fire to a funeral pyre worthy of it—that is to say, in the opinion of Delescluze.

It would take long to enumerate all the buildings which were now given to the flames by men and women driven to desperation. From the top of my house, by the Arc de Triomphe, I could see the Tuileries,¹ the Ministry of Finance, the Cour des

¹ The Palace of the Tuileries was in such a tumble-down condition that Napoleon III. had commenced rebuilding it, and the wing on the river-side, intended for the Prince Imperial, had only just been completed, and was still unfurnished. Thanks to this circumstance, it escaped destruction.

The Ministry of Finance was an enormous building, which ran along the Rue de Rivoli, from the Rue de Castiglione, nearly up to the Place de la Concorde. The Hôtel Continental now occupies a portion of the space on which it stood.

The Cour des Comptes was also a large and a magnificent structure, standing on the other side of the Seine opposite the Louvre. Like the Tuileries it has not been rebuilt, but unlike the Tuileries its ruins still stand (1892).

The Hôtel de Ville, the Palais Royal, the Legion of Honour, the Prefecture of Police, and the Gobelins have all risen from their ashes, and

“new prospects bloom,
For toil rebuilds what fires consume.”

Rejected Addresses.

The Grenier d'Abondance was a vast store-house, about 400 yards long, some 90 feet broad, and 75 feet high, which stretched along the Canal of St. Denis, from the site on which the Bastille formerly stood, to the Seine. It was constructed under the reign of Napoleon I., and was kept filled with flour. Until shortly before the fall of the Second Empire, the bakers of the capital,

Comptes, the Hôtel de Ville, the Palais Royal, the Prefecture of Police, the Legion of Honour, the Gobelins, and the Grenier d'Abondance all in a blaze, and a grand and terrible spectacle it was to witness. Why the Communists should have burned down the Grenier d'Abondance is a mystery. Why should they not have spared the Hôtel de Ville, which was their head-quarters? It was, however, well that matters were not worse; fortunate that the Post Office, the Bank, the Invalides, the Pantheon, the National Library, the Louvre, Notre Dame, the Sainte Chapelle, and other buildings of great public utility, of artistic value, or historical interest, escaped destruction. Other buildings, such as the Palais de Justice, the Foreign Office, the Corps Législatif, the Ministry of Marine, the Observatory, and the Luxembourg, suffered more or less damage. It would take long to record all the works of art which perished in these moments of frenzy.

My first visit, on the morning after these conflagrations, was to the Place de la Concorde. What a scene of desolation did it present! It was covered with splinters of shells, bits of broken masonry, and charred

who enjoyed a monopoly, were bound, in return for this privilege, to keep in the Grenier d'Abondance 180,000 sacks of flour, or enough to feed Paris for three months. In 1867, however, the monopoly ceased, baking was declared free, and no more flour was kept in store.

the advice of Delescluze, had set fire to a funeral pyre worthy of it—that is to say, in the opinion of Delescluze.

It would take long to enumerate all the buildings which were now given to the flames by men and women driven to desperation. From the top of my house, by the Arc de Triomphe, I could see the Tuileries,¹ the Ministry of Finance, the Cour des

¹ The Palace of the Tuileries was in such a tumble-down condition that Napoleon III. had commenced rebuilding it, and the wing on the river-side, intended for the Prince Imperial, had only just been completed, and was still unfurnished. Thanks to this circumstance, it escaped destruction.

The Ministry of Finance was an enormous building, which ran along the Rue de Rivoli, from the Rue de Castiglione, nearly up to the Place de la Concorde. The Hôtel Continental now occupies a portion of the space on which it stood.

The Cour des Comptes was also a large and a magnificent structure, standing on the other side of the Seine opposite the Louvre. Like the Tuileries it has not been rebuilt, but unlike the Tuileries its ruins still stand (1892).

The Hôtel de Ville, the Palais Royal, the Legion of Honour, the Prefecture of Police, and the Gobelins have all risen from their ashes, and

“new prospects bloom,
For toil rebuilds what fires consume.”

Rejected Addresses.

The Grenier d'Abondance was a vast store-house, about 400 yards long, some 90 feet broad, and 75 feet high, which stretched along the Canal of St. Denis, from the site on which the Bastille formerly stood, to the Seine. It was constructed under the reign of Napoleon I., and was kept filled with flour. Until shortly before the fall of the Second Empire, the bakers of the capital,

Comptes, the Hôtel de Ville, the Palais Royal, the Prefecture of Police, the Legion of Honour, the Gobelins, and the Grenier d'Abondance all in a blaze, and a grand and terrible spectacle it was to witness. Why the Communists should have burned down the Grenier d'Abondance is a mystery. Why should they not have spared the Hôtel de Ville, which was their head-quarters? It was, however, well that matters were not worse; fortunate that the Post Office, the Bank, the Invalides, the Pantheon, the National Library, the Louvre, Notre Dame, the Sainte Chapelle, and other buildings of great public utility, of artistic value, or historical interest, escaped destruction. Other buildings, such as the Palais de Justice, the Foreign Office, the Corps Législatif, the Ministry of Marine, the Observatory, and the Luxembourg, suffered more or less damage. It would take long to record all the works of art which perished in these moments of frenzy.

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paper from the Ministry of Finance.¹ The Communists still held the centre of Paris. In the middle of the Place was General d'Exéa and his staff. Artillery and engineers were engaged in filling up the ditch which had been cut across the entrance into the gardens of the Tuileries. On the river-side was a barricade, behind which a number of soldiers were standing. I approached them, and they were much pleased when I lent them my opera-glasses, with which the Federals could be plainly seen evacuating the left bank of the Seine, and taking refuge behind the Louvre. At that moment I certainly thought that the Louvre was doomed, and wondered why a rush was not made to save it. On recrossing the Place, I stopped for a moment to watch the artillerymen and engineers leisurely filling up their ditch, when an aide-de-camp spurred up and told me that if I did not move on I should be sent to join them. I did move on, and was just going to cross the Rue de Rivoli, when I caught sight of Saumarez of the Embassy coming in the opposite direction down the Rue St. Florentin. We both raised our arms in sign of recognition, as much

¹ What a comment on the following letter—

“To M. DE CHAMPAGNY.

“ *Warsaw, Jan. 7, 1807.*

“ You must allow the Place de la Concorde to retain its present name—Concorde. This is what renders France invincible.

“ NAPOLEON.”

as to say, "You here?" We were advancing to shake hands, when a shell came up the Rue de Rivoli, and striking the Admiralty, which juts out at this point, exploded between us with a fearful din, fortunately hurting neither of us. It made an artilleryman, who was close to me, utter an ejaculation of surprise. Never had he heard a shell make such a row. I hurried across the street, taking a hasty glance as I passed. There was not a soul to be seen in the Rue de Rivoli, which was filled with the vapour of villainous saltpetre, through which, every now and again, a bright flash cleft its way. Saumerez was, I believe, on some diplomatic mission when we met, but I think he was unable to accomplish it. My memory fails me here.

There had been some desperate fighting before the troops made themselves masters of the Place de la Concorde and the adjacent streets, and it had been necessary to carry several formidable barricades by assault. The one which protected the Rue Royale was defended with savage energy. My friend, Q. Lynch, who lived at No. 12, told me afterwards, that just before it was captured he went out and entreated a woman, black with powder and tipsy with liquor and excitement, to fling down her arms and fly. At last she consented; he threw a greatcoat over her uniform; she flung herself into his arms, kissed him, and vanished. The firing here must have been very terrible, for in

about a square foot of plate-glass in a shop-front I counted no less than seven bullet-holes. Additional proof of the severity of the conflict was to be found in the number of dead and dying which filled the temporary ambulances in the neighbourhood.

In addition to the barricades at this point of the second line of defence, the Communists occupied the two large buildings on either side of the Rue Royale—the Ministry of Marine, and the club of the Rue Royale, generally known as the *Moutards* (brats), and so strong was this position that it took the regulars three days to carry it. A number of “furies,” as well as men, were engaged in holding it. M. Berthandin, the manager of the *Moutards*, who remained in the club during the fighting, afterwards wrote a graphic description of the scenes he witnessed—men and women in a state of semi-intoxication dancing together to the sound of a piano, whose notes were rendered almost inaudible by the din of battle outside. On one occasion, looking into the Rue Royale, he saw half-a-dozen sailors and three women with a fire-engine engaged in pumping petroleum into a house at the angle of the Rue St. Honoré previous to setting it on fire.¹ Strict orders had been given by the Commune, that on their evacuation both Ministry and Club should

¹ Seven persons perished in the flames, and several of the inhabitants, who had taken refuge in the cellar, remained buried alive for three days under the ruins when the house fell.

be blown up, but the wretches charged with this duty fortunately allowed themselves to be bought off at the last moment. Fifteen waggon-loads of petroleum and powder were afterwards removed from the Ministry, where everything had been prepared for an explosion, the effects of which, had it taken place, would have been fearful. Other buildings which had been prepared for destruction and mined, narrowly escaped. Such was the case with Notre Dame, the Pantheon, and the Invalides. The troops arrived just in time to save them.

Fortunately, when the Communists lost their second line of defence, the backbone of the insurrection was broken, and disorganization set in apace. A good many heroes began to think of securing their retreat and passing through the Prussian lines, leaving their deluded followers to pay the penalty of their follies and crimes. Others fell, and among these was Delescluze, the War Minister.¹

It was with a feeling akin to horror that we now heard of the massacre of the hostages—of the Archbishop of Paris, of Senator Bonjean, of the *curé* of the

¹ Delescluze was killed on the top of a barricade. From his youth up he had been in trouble. He underwent his first term of imprisonment in 1834, for the part he played in the Revolution of April. He passed many years in exile, and was successively confined at Mazas, Belle Isle, Corte, Ajaccio, Toulon, and Cayenne. The remains of Delescluze lie buried at Père Lachaise in a tomb made to resemble a barricade, as if to show that his ruling passion was strong in death.

Madeleine, and several other ecclesiastics. And this massacre was speedily followed by others—that of the Dominicans at Arcueil, and of a number of priests and policemen in the Rue Haxo, who were butchered in a manner worthy of the worst days of the First Revolution. Little or no quarter was given. The last week of May 1871 has well been called *la semaine sanguinaire*.

Walking along the Boulevard de la Madeleine on the morning of the 27th, and looking down the Rue de Luxembourg (now Rue Cambon), I saw in the distance a number of men drawn up in line on one side of the street, and an equal number of women on the other side. My first impression was that they were going to dance a Sir Roger de Coverley. On approaching, however, I found that they were “making the chain,” which means that the men were passing buckets of water to a fire-engine, and that the women were passing back the empty buckets to be refilled. I was admiring this system, when I was pressed into the service myself, and spent a couple of hours at the chain, our object being to extinguish the fire smouldering in the ruins of the Ministry of Finance. At last I appealed to a French officer who was on duty, telling him who I was—“Ah!” said he, “you English? Come along.” And he good-naturedly took me into the Rue St. Honoré and set me free. I thought I would cross the river and see how matters were progressing on the

other side of the Seine. I soon saw that the Palais de Justice was on fire, and after taking a glimpse at the poor Hôtel de Ville I wended my way in that direction. When about half-way over the Pont Neuf, a young woman with haggard glance and dishevelled locks rushed up to me, exclaiming—"Do come and help to extinguish the flames; our house is on fire, and there are several barrels of gunpowder in the cellar!" What was to be done? The prospect of being blown up for an unknown female, and all to no purpose, rose vividly to my mind. I replied—"See, I am drenched with water" (and I pointed to my nether man); "I have been 'making the chain' for hours, and am half-dead with fatigue." Fortunately at this moment two men in blouses hove in sight,—"But," I continued, "I am sure these gentlemen will help you," and we hurried to meet them. In a few words I explained the situation, and it was with a sigh of relief that I saw the young woman march off with her two recruits, who, I hope, found something better than gunpowder in the cellar when they got there. What really happened I never learned. On reaching the Palais de Justice, I found that the flames had nearly been got under after destroying half the building, and that that gem of Gothic art, La Sainte Chapelle, which adjoins it, was undamaged.

On my way home I was passing through one of the narrow old streets behind the Louvre, when I saw a

man shot by some infuriated soldiers, who had evidently been drinking deeply. They had arrested another man—a student—accused of the double crime of having attempted to poison the troops, and of having set fire to a house. The poor fellow protested his innocence. Twice he was placed against the wall for execution, and twice he broke away from his captors, only to be seized and pulled back again. It was a terrible struggle to witness. I stood in a narrow doorway and watched the scene, feeling that it would be useless to interfere. Dragged backwards and forwards over the corpse of the man who had just been despatched, the student was becoming rapidly exhausted, and his voice was failing him, when fortunately a field-officer appeared, and after a short investigation ordered that the prisoner should be taken before a court-martial, and he was consequently marched away for trial. Hundreds of innocent persons were massacred by the troops after they broke into Paris. For example, in the barracks of the Rue de la Pepinière a number of men who had been confined for refusing to serve the Commune were shot—shot by mistake, the soldiers refusing to believe that they were *réfractaires*.

What struck me as deplorable in these days was the conduct of the population, which, after having shown the most abject submission to the Commune, now clamoured for blood. No sooner was an arrest made than the cry, *à mort ! à mort !* was raised.

As King John said—

“It is the curse of kings, to be attended
By slaves, that take their humours for a warrant
To break within the bloody house of life,
And, on the winking of authority,
To understand a law . . . ”

Instead of King John it was now King Mob who authorized and encouraged deeds of violence of the most indiscriminate character. It was a melancholy spectacle to see the harsh manner in which the batches of prisoners led through the streets were insulted and ill-treated. Marie Ravenez told me that she could not suppress a scream when, on meeting one of these gangs, she saw an officer blow out the brains of an unfortunate woman who, unable to go any further, had fallen down in the street. The officer immediately rushed up to her, put his pistol to her ear, and asked her if she were a Communist.

Everywhere these batches were now to be seen; some on their way to the Châtelet, others to La Muette or to Versailles, where courts-martial were sitting, and more again to the Bois de Boulogne and other places where summary executions took place. A young friend of mine in the Artillery was arrested in the street, he knew not why, was forced to join one of the batches bound for the Bois de Boulogne, where he would probably have been shot had he not caught sight of an attaché to some foreign embassy, and begged him

to intercede with the Marquis de Galliffet in his favour, and he was released. Several other Englishmen had similar escapes.

On reaching the Place Beauveau I witnessed a curious incident. A mounted policeman, pistol in hand, was coming down the Faubourg St. Honoré at a hand-gallop, when he was shot in the leg. He was very little hurt, pulled up his charger, and jumped from his saddle. In a moment there was a crowd round him, some people offering advice, and others suggestions as to where the bullet had come from. The policeman, highly excited, presented his pistol at the head of every one who addressed him. At the same time he shouted to the sentry on duty at the Palais de l'Elysée just opposite. The guard turned out, hurried across the Place, and broke into the house from which the shot was supposed to have been fired. There was no knocking at doors or ringing at bells, but the various flats were smashed into with the butt-end of the musket, and their occupants captured, led out and placed in the middle of the street. And what a collection ! Seven old cooks or maids-of-all-work—three of them over sixty years of age—and a scullery-boy of sixteen. These were the only inhabitants which the house contained at the moment, and it seemed hard to believe any of them had fired the shot. They all denied being guilty, and this being the case it was determined to send them to the Châtelet, where a permanent court-martial was sitting.

The Châtelet was more than a mile away, and when the prisoners got there the President said that he had more work on his hands than he could get through, and that they must go on to La Muette, about four miles distant. And thither the aged females and the scullery-boy were marched. I did not follow them in their peregrinations, but called next day in the Faubourg St. Honoré and learned what had happened. They had had a terrible time of it; they had not only been hooted and insulted, but cuffed and kicked all along the road; they were supposed to be *pétroleuses*, and thought every moment that they would be torn to pieces. At last, more dead than alive, they reached La Muette, where they were tried. The President was fortunately a cool and a clear-headed officer, who soon disposed of the affair. He shrugged his shoulders at the appearance of the prisoners like one in doubt, and then proceeded to put a few pertinent questions to the plaintiff. It occurred to him that had the bullet been fired from the house as stated, it would have entered the leg instead of merely glancing down it. The President asked the policeman to show him his pistol, and finding that one chamber was empty, came to the conclusion that the said policeman, who could not explain this fact, had shot himself while jolting down the Faubourg St. Honoré at full speed, with weapon at full cock and finger on trigger. And the old women and the boy were acquitted, and had to make their way home as

best they could, and be thankful that their lives had been spared.

The next morning I received a letter from the Marquis of C——, saying that Adèle Pages, formerly an actress of note, who had sought refuge in London, was very anxious to obtain tidings of her goods and chattels. Had her house been destroyed? It was situated opposite the Château d'Eau barracks, Boulevard Prince Eugène; would I kindly go and see? Now, the Commune was in its last throes, and the house of Adèle Pages was situated not far from Père Lachaise in the only quarter where fighting was still going on. I knew that I should have some difficulty in getting there, in spite of a pass, but I could not refuse to execute the commission. I set out on my journey, and after many lets and hindrances came to the last barricade which separated me from the object of my search. The firing had been terrific at this point, and was still pretty brisk. The regulars refused to allow me to proceed, but after a short parley took me into a house where I was ushered into the presence of the officer in command of the barricade. He was in a small back room on the ground-floor, comfortably nestled in a large arm-chair, and looking the picture of fatigue and suffering. I was grieved to disturb him. He languidly rose to his feet, and I showed him my pass and explained what I wanted. He was at first inclined to refuse my request, considering it foolhardy, but ended by consenting. He

said, however, "I must send a man with you," and consequently a private was told off to accompany me. It was unpleasantly warm on the other side of the barricade, and I felt very uneasy lest anything should befall my companion, who was anything but pleased with his mission. I said, "You don't seem to like this," and he acknowledged that he did not. We were both of the same mind. Fortunately we had not far to go. The havoc done in this quarter had been tremendous, and I found numbers of houses entirely demolished, but that in which Adèle Pages had her apartment was unscathed. This was satisfactory. A few minutes afterwards my aide-de-camp and myself were back safe and sound behind the barricade.

On my way home I followed the line of the Grand Boulevards, and a desolate trip it was. There was not a soul to be seen, and little to be heard but now and then the whistle of a stray bullet coming from the direction of Père Lachaise. I was tired and hungry, and had just reached the Boulevard des Italiens when, to my joy, I saw a man taking down the shutters of his *café*. I asked him if he could let me have a cup of chocolate, and was somewhat astonished when he said he could. I sat down at a small table in the open air, and was enjoying my frugal breakfast, when a solitary individual came hurrying along. This was M. Jules de Gastyne, a journalist with whom I was acquainted. I hailed him, and said, "Whither in such haste?"

"Ah! my dear," he replied, "it is all over with the Commune, and we were going to be the first out with our paper this evening, when, as ill luck would have it, a shell burst in the printing-room and sent the type flying in all directions. Fortunately I escaped, and so did the printers and their devils."

M. de G. told me among other things that Dom-browski, one of the Communist generals, had fallen, and been buried. Naturally there were "whispering tongues to poison truth," and declare him a traitor, probably because he was always at the outposts and in contact with the enemy. He appears to have possessed all the stuff of a soldier, to have been a man of undoubted courage, and to have maintained strict discipline amongst his motley followers. His last words were, "I am no traitor." He was buried at Père Lachaise, in his Polish uniform, and Vermorel pronounced a funeral oration over his remains, in which he roundly abused "the drunkards and cowards who had accused their chief of treason, and had left him to his fate."

In Père Lachaise, where the Communists made their last stand, they fought with the courage of despair, and were massacred to a man. Large batches of prisoners were taken there and shot without any form of trial. In several other parts of the city the same horrors were perpetrated. In the Lobau barracks, behind the

Hôtel de Ville, the prisoners were mowed down with mitrailleuses.¹

Late on the evening of the 28th the streets began to present a more animated and joyful appearance, and at different points knots of people were to be seen eagerly reading a proclamation in which Marshal MacMahon announced that the last positions of the insurgents had been carried, and that the capital had been delivered. Both parties had started with the resolution of accomplishing this meritorious act, and now the fight was over. But what oceans of blood and what treasure had this liberation cost, and how easily might the scourge of civil war have been avoided ! There was here no question of upsetting a monarchy which for centuries had oppressed the people, or of pulling down the tyranny of the Empire. It was the case, as under the First Revolution, of Saturn devouring his children. How true the remark of Carlyle, that collisions will occur not only between bodies moving

¹ A year afterwards, when wandering in the neighbourhood of St. Cloud, I found a man searching for his home. He had been driven into Paris on the advance of the German army, and had lost everything. Under the Commune he sold fried potatoes in the streets, and used petroleum to heat his furnace. Arrested during *la semaine sanguinaire* for having a can of this dangerous liquid in his possession, he was hustled into the Lobau shambles, where he saw hundreds of prisoners shot. While waiting his turn he managed to make his escape. He at once left Paris, fled to the south, and had just returned when I met him, his frame completely shattered by the terrible events of which he had been a victim.

in different directions, but between bodies moving in the same direction at different velocities. Paris was only slightly more Republican than Versailles. The repression of the Commune was terrible.

As I have already mentioned, the fighting at Père Lachaise was desperate, and when I visited the cemetery next day the traces of the internecine struggle were simply appalling. It was distressing enough to see the broken tombs round which the conflict had raged, but sadder still to see long lines of dead bodies—the corpses of Federals who had been summarily executed.¹ Most of them wore an expression of anger and hatred which rendered their faces perfectly hideous. There was certainly nothing to be seen there of that “mild angelic air” or “rapture of repose” of which Byron sung. It was a ghastly spectacle, from which I turned away with horror, and which long haunted me.

Once more order reigned in Paris, and the streets were safe. The Federals had vanished completely. Thousands had been slain;² large numbers had been captured and sent to the hulks or the penal settlements; many had fled the country, and others were hiding in

¹ No less than eight hundred were buried in one long trench, and three hundred in another.

² It will probably never be known how many Communists perished, but the number has been set down at as high a figure as 30,000. The army of Versailles lost in killed, wounded, and missing, 9514 officers and men, and the loss on the other side must have been double that figure. But see official figures, *post*, p. 208.

Paris and the departments in various disguises while waiting to cross the frontier. Henri Rochefort, who had played the part of a firebrand, though holding no office in the Commune, was one of the first to quit Paris. In fact he made his exit by the Eastern station on the day that the Versailles troops made their entry by the Point du Jour. He had obtained a passport from Citizen Paschal Grousset, Minister of Foreign Affairs, for himself and his secretary, the ex-Abbé Mourot. He was closely shaved, was shorn of his locks, and was otherwise disguised, but alas ! when he arrived at Meaux he was arrested by some detectives sent from Versailles. As his capture had been effected within the German lines, the Germans claimed the privilege of handing him and his secretary over to the French authorities, and the pair were consequently escorted to St. Germain-en-Laye by a squadron of Uhlans. Clearly the Government of M. Thiers had received notice of this exodus, and it was afterwards said that the person who played the traitor in this instance was none other than friend Paschal Grousset.

When the little omnibus which bore the misfortunes of Rochefort and Mourot to Versailles reached that town, the people who lined its magnificent avenues shouted, "À mort Rochefort ! Rochefort à la lanterne !" and at one point the cavalry had to charge the crowd to save the pamphleteer from being lynched then and there. He eventually found himself in a cell of a prison

in the Rue St. Pierre, and when he was searched, about £1000, in money and jewels, was found in his possession. So he was not going empty away.¹ He had also a packet of 250 large cigars, and a copy of *Les Trois Mousquetaires*. All that was found upon Mourot was a copy of the Code.

If Paschal Grousset really betrayed Rochefort, he himself was betrayed in his turn. He was arrested

¹ It appears that Henri Rochefort was very much frightened at first lest he should be tried for crimes against the common law, and not treated as a political offender. In the first case, he would have had to answer upon several counts rendering him liable to execution. When examined by a magistrate, he stated himself to be "Henri de Rochefort, son of the Marquis de Rochefort, Count de Luçay, born in Paris, Jan. 30, 1832," but said never a word about his mother, who appears not to have been of ancient lineage, but the daughter of a pastrycook. Expecting to perish on the scaffold, he asked to see the chaplain of the prison, and for this "weakness" he was much jeered at afterwards—he, a freethinker, send for a priest! But was it to make his peace with Mother Church, or to confess? May he not have merely asked to see the Abbé Follet concerning his family? He was perhaps not very consistent. He had two illegitimate children, a son and a daughter, to whom he was deeply attached. He ardently desired to transmit his titles to his son, and in fact to legitimize both children. Had Henri Rochefort been able to marry the mother of his children, this would have been easy enough according to French law; but in this case the two children were by different mothers, and both mothers were dead.

I believe that Henri Rochefort got over this little difficulty afterwards by marrying a poor woman who was dying in a hospital. Before expiring she swore that she was the mother of both children, and thus it became possible to legitimize them.

It was said at the time that if Rochefort escaped capital punishment, he had to thank Jules Favre for his life.

disguised as a woman, and I saw him as he was driven along the Boulevards, in his female attire, seated between a couple of police agents, looking slightly terrified. The people hooted, and he no doubt feared that they would drag him out of the cab and string him up to a lamp-post in his gown and bonnet. What humiliation for an ex-minister of Foreign Affairs! By the way, I went to see Paschal Grousset one day while he was in office. I had been told that there was some idea of arresting me for my letters to the *Pall Mall Gazette*. He was very gracious, and accorded me a passport, which, as it happened, I never had any occasion to use.

Another arrest, that of Rossel, caused a good deal of sensation, especially in military circles. He too was betrayed, dragged from his hiding-place, and sent to Versailles. I was very sorry for him. I thought that he had long ago managed to leave Paris.

Several of the leading members of the insurrection contrived to make good their escape. Some fled to England, some to Switzerland, some to the United States. Bergeret *lui-même* selected England for his abode; so did those hardened sinners, Felix Pyat, Jules Vallès, and Vermesch, the editor of that infamous journal, *Le Père Duchêne*, which advocated every atrocity committed by the Commune in the most disgusting language.¹

¹ The second Duke of Wellington, shortly after the end of the Commune, got me to send him over a complete collection of this

Gaillard, the cobbler and barricade-maker, managed to get to Switzerland. Vermorel died of his wounds at Versailles. Millière and Raoul Rigault, the infamous Minister of Police, were taken red-handed by the troops and shot. The number of persons denounced as having taken part in the insurrection was formidable. Every one who bore another a grudge denounced him.

The system of denouncing people is, by the way, carried to a fearful extent in this country. A short time ago, a trial took place at St. Etienne which bears this out. An old lady of eighty-one was found strangled in her bed. The police, acting on private information, arrested her son, M. Dupeaud, a municipal councillor, who, after a month's detention, was able to prove his innocence, and was released. The police, again acting on private information, then arrested a man called Sabot, who committed suicide in prison after denouncing one Sarlin as the probable assassin. Sarlin followed the advice of the wit, who said that if he were accused of stealing the towers of Notre Dame, the first thing he would do would be to leave the country. Sarlin did not stay to meet the charge; he fled to Brazil. The next person arrested for the murder of Madame Dupeaud was a deaf and dumb vagrant called Neyret, who appears to

publication, but I much doubt if he ever read it through. The last number was difficult to obtain, as it was struck off about the same time as Marshal MacMahon's proclamation announcing the deliverance of Paris.

have been denounced by a comrade as deaf and as dumb as himself, who acted the whole scene. Looking at the evidence brought before the court, the guilt of Neyret was palpable. Before the crime he had no money, and a few days afterwards he stood champagne to half-a-dozen friends, all deaf and dumb. Other stronger proofs were not wanting, but Neyret was acquitted, because, as a legal journal remarked, the jury were "probably terrified at the succession of judicial errors which had marked the first stages of the affair." So much for denouncing innocent people. Sum total : M. Dupeaud, a month's prison, on the terrible charge of matricide ; Sabot, *felo de se* ; flight and exile of Sarlin ; acquittal of Neyret the guilty party.

In some statistics recently published I found that every year in France innocent people spend over three centuries in prison, and that ten thousand arrests, not followed by a condemnation, take place. And denunciations are the cause of nearly all this suffering inflicted upon innocent men and women.

It was not until the beginning of August that everything was ready at Versailles for the trial of the members of the Commune, and that the Council of War, before which they were to be tried, assembled in a large hall attached to the riding-school. The President of the court was one Colonel Merlin, of the Engineers, a most benevolent-looking officer, who on one occasion only allowed a harsh expression to escape his lips. By

the way, he was the grandson of a Merlin who had played a sanguinary part as a judge in the First Revolution, and was thus alluded to in the *Anti-Jacobin*—

“Who, now from Naples, Rome, or Berlin,
Creeps to thy blood-stained den, O Merlin !”

The trial lasted nearly a month, and during that period I visited the court many times, and watched the proceedings with a good deal of interest. The prisoners were fifteen in number, and as a general rule appeared rather to enjoy their position. It flattered their vanity to be gazed at, and they seemed to glory in their shame. However, there were exceptions. For example, Théophile Ferré, a dark little man, with black, piercing eyes, was restless the whole time of the trial. Nor was this to be wondered at, seeing the gravity of the crimes laid to his charge. I had never seen him before, and watched him with the peculiar interest with which one looks on a human being whose fate is sealed.

Several other prisoners had good reason to look forward with apprehension to the result of the trial. Among these was Lullier, a young man of extreme violence, who had commenced life in the navy. When the insurrection broke out, he was offered the command of the National Guard by the Central Committee, and afterwards took the command of the flotilla of gun-boats on the Seine. He betrayed all parties turn about, and voted in favour of every measure of violence.

The presence of Courbet excited a good deal of interest. Why did so skilful an artist cast in his lot with the members of the Commune? Seated among his colleagues, he had the appearance of a good-natured country farmer. How could so rough a specimen of humanity have limned so delicate a picture as 'La Remise des Cerfs,' which is now to be seen in the Gallery of the Louvre, with other of his works? With a large amount of talent, an immense amount of vanity, and a small amount of cunning, Courbet was always treated by his friends as an overgrown child, and he behaved as such.

As far as the acts of the Commune were concerned, Courbet's name is chiefly connected with the fall of the Vendôme Column, which he desired to see, not destroyed, but taken down and set up in some more favourable position. In the Place Vendôme the column offended his artistic eye.

Paschal Grousset appeared rather out of his element among his fellow-prisoners. He had exchanged his female costume for male attire. It would have served him right to have tried him in petticoats. He was dressed in the latest fashion and wore new gloves. He looked rather as if he had stepped out of a bandbox than a prison-cell. Jourde, with his rather long and sallow face, appeared careworn and thoughtful. He perhaps wondered what had become of his financial colleague Beslay. It was said that Beslay, who had

done much towards saving the Bank, who had endeavoured to save the house of M. Thiers from destruction, and who had opposed all the violent measures of the Commune, had received a passport from the Government, and had left the country. I thought that Jourde would have been treated with similar indulgence, but this was not the case.

Assi was the only prisoner who wore uniform—the undress of an officer of the National Guard, and this probably did not tell in his favour. He was a handsome young fellow, who had won his spurs under the Empire by getting up a strike at the great ironworks of Creusot. None of the other prisoners seem worth noticing. Rossel, Blanqui, and Rochefort were tried separately at a later date.

The trial, as I have mentioned already, lasted nearly a month, and considering all the horrors which came out in evidence, it must be admitted that the verdict of the court was not a severe one.

Ferré and Lullier were sentenced to death. Urbain and Trinquet to transportation and hard labour for life. Paschal Grousset, Assi, and five others to perpetual imprisonment in a fortress. Jourde and Rastoul—a doctor—to transportation. Courbet to six months' imprisonment, a fine of £20, and to pay the cost of re-erecting the Vendôme Column—£12,000. Clement, by trade a dyer, got only three months' confinement. He served on the Financial Committee with Beslay and Jourde.

Of the implicated parties who made good their escape, Felix Pyat and Vermesch were condemned to death by default. Cluseret, the War Minister, is at present (March 1892) a member of the Chamber of Deputies, though it has never been clearly proved whether he is French or American. Ferré and Lullier were shot on the plain of Satory, where numerous executions took place. Most of the other members of the Commune have benefited by laws of amnesty. Courbet, who is long since dead, never paid anything towards the re-erection of the Vendôme Column. Paschal Grousset, who escaped from New Caledonia with Henri Rochefort and others, now writes in the *Temps*, under the name of Philippe Daryl, as before-mentioned, and is an ardent champion of athletic sports.

Jourde, who also escaped with Henri Rochefort from New Caledonia, is now engaged in financial operations on his own account. A turn of the wheel may see him once more Chancellor of the Exchequer, and handling the State funds. Andrieux, one of the first members of the Commune, died French Consul at Jersey, and his colleague, Viard, was buried here a couple of months ago, with much pomp and ceremony, by his anarchist friends.

Longuet, who was a member of the Commune, is a municipal councillor, and Urbain a clerk at the Hôtel de Ville. Brunel and Léo Meillet are professors of

French in England, the first at Greenwich, the second at Edinburgh. M. Ranc, condemned to death by default, is a senator. Among other persons who were elected members of the Commune, but who did not take their seats, were M. Tirard, who has since been Prime Minister three times, and M. Méline, who was recently Minister of Agriculture. Dr. Regnard, who was Secretary-General at the Prefecture of Police under the terrible Raoul Rigault, is now an Inspector-General at the Ministry of the Interior. M. Thomson, a Secretary of the Commune, is a Deputy for Algeria. M. Germain Casse, who served under Paschal Grousset at the Foreign Office, was Governor of Martinique the other day, and is now at Guadaloupe. Charles Quentin, another Secretary of the Commune, sits at the receipt of custom. Camille Barrère, who served in the artillery of the Commune, after filling various diplomatic posts of importance, is now French Ambassador to Denmark. Arsène Lopin, another lieutenant, is a municipal council-lor. Hector France is French professor at Woolwich. Dalou, who served as a private, has become a celebrated sculptor. Elisée Reclus, another ex-private, who was made prisoner on April 3, at Châtillon, and would have suffered the extreme penalty of the law but for his talent, is still working at his Universal Geography, which is a monument of patient labour, deep research, and profound observation. Henri Maret, condemned to five years' imprisonment for articles in the *Mot d'Ordre*,

is Deputy for the Cher. Lucipia and Alphonse Humbert, two other journalists who supported the Commune, are both municipal councillors. And so wags the French world.

For many a long day after the insurrection was quelled long caravans of prisoners were to be seen wending their way to Versailles, innocent and guilty alike,¹ to the great delight of substantial citizens—

“Because authority, though it err like others,
Hath yet a kind of medicine in itself
That skims the vice o’ the top . . . ”

The *bourgeois* class had suffered severely during the Commune, and revenged itself indiscriminately. It was said that 30,000 prisoners were made. It is certain that great difficulty was experienced at Versailles in housing them, and that temporary sheds had to be run up for their accommodation, while special trains, composed of open trucks, ran daily to Brest, Cherbourg, and Toulon, conveying thousands of criminals to the hulks, or *en route* for New Caledonia or Cayenne.

The virtuous Parisians boldly asserted, and affected to believe, that the insurrection of March 18, 1871, was due to foreigners. I believe that about 500 foreigners were made prisoners, of whom seven were English, or probably, more correctly speaking, Irish.

¹ More than 10,000 prisoners were liberated without trial, which shows upon what trivial accusations arrests were made.

I made the acquaintance of one, before the insurrection broke out, and tried, but in vain, to turn him from the error of his ways. What became of him I know not.

If France suffered from this foreign element, she was herself to blame for everywhere encouraging revolutionary parties—in Poland, Italy, Ireland, and elsewhere. Over 200 Poles were captured by the Versailles troops, and I have no doubt that many of them were in receipt of a pension from the French Government. After the insurrections of 1831 and 1863 numerous pensions were accorded, and as late as 1891 there were 148 Polish pensioners residing here, and among them Theodore Wydlé, who had served as aide-de-camp to the Dictator Langiewicz. In Paris there has long existed a large colony of Poles of high and low degree—the Czartoriskis, Potockis, Zamoyskis, Poniatowskis, Branikas, and many other wealthy nobles, most of whom have done France good service. The more humble settlers live in an obscure quarter of the city which has long enjoyed the name of Little Poland, and there they form a colony apart. By the way, one of the Potoks who lived in a magnificent hotel in the Avenue Friedland, was killed in the most lamentable way just after the Commune. He was unscrewing a Versailles shell, which had not burst, when it exploded and blew him to pieces. The two Dombrowskis, Jaroslaw and his younger brother Ladislas, were perhaps the two best soldiers in the service of the Commune.

The practice of giving pensions to insurgent Poles has more than once been a source of embarrassment to the French Government. This was the case, for instance, when Beresowski fired at the Czar when he came here to see the Exhibition in 1867, and was driving through the Bois de Boulogne with Napoleon III. Beresowski missed the Czar and wounded a Madame Laborie. He was sent to New Caledonia to finish his days. I was in the Bois at the time of the attempt, which naturally created intense excitement in Paris, and rendered the Russian autocrat extremely popular.¹

How many Italians fought for the Commune it would be hard to say, but when the insurrection was quelled there were 130 of them among the prisoners. Garibaldi, who had drawn his sword for France during the war with Prussia, was offered the command-in-chief of the National Guard, and one Gambon, who, under the Empire, had refused to pay any more taxes and had had his cow seized—a cow replaced by public subscription—was sent to Caprera to sound the

¹ Among the Poles who held important posts under the Commune were Wroblewski, who commanded the Southern Army; General Okolowicz; Olinski, chief of the 17th Legion; Crapulinski, Colonel of the Staff; Landowski, aide-de-camp to Dombrowski, &c., &c. And half-a-dozen Poles acted as army surgeons.

I believe that all the pensioners have now been paid off, just as the man who had been pensioned by Napoleon I. for shooting at the Duke of Wellington was paid off towards the close of the Second Empire.

hero. Garibaldi declined ; he loved the National Guard of Paris dearly, he said, but thought some honest French citizen could be found to fill the post—Victor Hugo, Louis Blanc, Felix Pyat, Edgar Quinet, or some other veteran of the ultra democratic party !¹

La Cecilia, who had fought under Garibaldi in Italy, joined the insurrection, was made a general, and when all was over fled to England. Two other Italians—Mizara and Moro—commanded battalions ; Pisani was aide-de-camp to Flourens ; Piazzì commanded a legion ; Romanelli held a post at the War Office ; and Pugo was installed at the Opera.

Several women were condemned to penal servitude for life for the part they played during the Commune. Many of them, taken red-handed, deserved the guillotine. Those I saw were hideous viragoes, fit representatives of the *lècheuses*² of the First Revolution—furies intoxicated with the fumes of wine and blood.

It was a beautiful girl of sweet sixteen “who claimed the honour” of shooting the Abbé Surat in the Boulevard du Prince Eugène as he was making his escape from

¹ Garibaldi was at this time convinced that France, so noted for her generosity, would requite his services by restoring Nice and Savoy to Italy, and he was confirmed in this belief by the manner in which the Republic repudiated the acts of the Empire, and denounced the iniquity of the annexation of Alsace and Lorraine by Germany.

² Women who used to lick the blood as it trickled down the guillotine.

the prison of La Roquette. The Abbé Bécourt, Father Mouillon, and M. Chaulieu were re-captured at the same time, and while held by men were repeatedly stabbed by women with their scissors.

When, after the massacre of the Archbishop of Paris and his companions in misfortune, fifty more hostages, mostly priests and gendarmes, were taken from the prison of La Roquette to the Rue Haxo to share their fate, the women, in the streets through which they passed shouted “Death ! death !” And when, on arriving at their destination, Varlin protested against the Commune being disgraced by assassination, it was a girl of nineteen, who, calling the men cowards, commenced the work of slaughter by blowing out the brains of two gendarmes, while a boy of thirteen shot down a third. And, after the massacre, said an eye-witness, the women distinguished themselves by acts of indecent ferocity. “The sanguinary orgy lasted for half-an-hour, and only ceased when nothing remained but a human pulp.”¹ A great many victims were merely wounded when fired upon, but men and

¹ Shakespeare’s account of the massacre by “Wild Glendower” was forcibly brought to mind by the above account—

“On whose dead corses there was such misuse,
Such beastly shameless transformation,
By those Welshwomen done, as may not be
Without much shame re-told or spoken of.”

Henry IV., Part I. Act I. Scene i.

We have only to alter Welshwomen to Frenchwomen.

women rushed in and either trampled or beat them to death.

And long after the Commune and its convulsions, what said Louise Michel, the Red Virgin, when questioned on the subject?—"As for the part which I played in the events of 1871, I acted like my comrades who threw themselves heart and soul into the struggle, and went . . . to the bitter end."

It is a curious fact that while several theatres were destroyed, none of the churches in Paris were seriously injured—they escaped as if by a miracle. The church which suffered the most damage was St. Eustache, which contains the tomb of that great minister, Colbert, whose voluminous correspondence, by the way, was burned in the Ministry of Finance. But if the sacred edifices escaped, it was not the same with the priests, who fell victims in numbers to the popular fury. The altars were spared, and the ministers were sacrificed.

In addition to the Archbishop of Paris and his fellow-hostages, we now learned that twelve Dominicans had been massacred at Arcueil, harmless men, instructors of the poor. This tragedy was enacted two days after the Versailles troops had entered Paris. The Dominicans had been taken from the prison in which they had been confined, and placed behind a barricade. Pinot, a colonel of artillery, commanded the military operations in this quarter, and as he had been ordered to spare his men as much as possible, he proceeded

methodically, making a plentiful use of his artillery before attacking the Communist positions. While carrying out his instructions in this manner, he was told that the Communists were about to massacre a number of priests behind a barricade which he was on the point of attacking. Colonel Pinot at once determined to change his tactics, and to storm the position without a moment's delay. He placed himself at the head of his troops, brandished his sword, and cried *En avant!* As ill-luck would have it, his horse was struck by a shell and killed. The Colonel jumped up unhurt, but his troops on seeing him fall wavered, and before they could be rallied the massacre was consummated. One Dominican escaped by flying and taking refuge in a neighbouring house, where a good woman gave him clothes wherewith to disguise himself.

At the prison of La Roquette, where sixteen priests were murdered in cold blood, many more would have perished had the prisoners, soldiers, priests, and police, not fortified and defended their quarters for nearly twelve hours, thus giving the Versailles troops time to rescue them. Eighty-two hostages escaped in this manner from certain death. When the regulars arrived several important captures were made. For example, Verig, who had presided over the slaughter of the Archbishop of Paris and his companions, and who boasted that he had given Monseigneur Darboy his *coup de grâce*, was caught just as he was on the

point of flying. A drumhead court-martial, with a naval officer for president, tried this wretch, and in a very few minutes Verig was shot close to where his victims had expired.

Apropos to the priests of Paris, they suffered fearfully during the First Revolution, and they have had much to suffer since, on more than one occasion, and yet their services are frequently required, and often eagerly sought. Purely civil marriages are extremely rare, and it is the same with burials. Nearly every French child is christened and confirmed. When the Holy Communion is administered, troops of young girls, arrayed entirely from head to foot in white muslin, and lads decorated with white ribbon, may be seen marching in procession through the streets, on their way to and from church. Then the Catholic churches stand open all day, and every day, and spiritual comfort is always to be obtained by those who need it, in the shape of confession. I am assured that a great many persons bent on suicide, on seeing a church-door open, enter, offer up a prayer, and change their minds. I remember being much astonished one day to learn how many domestics attend mass before commencing their day's work. Winter and summer the priest is at the altar before 6 a.m., officiating for the poor and humble. And directly Paris goes into convulsions the priest is the first victim.

Not long ago I read in a society paper, that during

Easter "the sixty-four churches of Paris were hardly sufficient for the deluge of visitors (*sic*), and it was by hundreds of thousands that must be reckoned the number of the faithful who knelt on the flag-stones."

In what is called "the Treasury" of Notre Dame may now be seen a number of relics, which used to be kept formerly in the Sainte Chapelle, and among these, three violet surplices stained with the blood of martyrs. These three surplices belonged to three archbishops of Paris, who all died violent deaths:—Monseigneur Affre, who was shot on a barricade during the Revolution of 1848, while endeavouring to stop the further effusion of blood by stepping in between the contending parties. The second surplice belonged to Monseigneur Sibour, who was stabbed to death in 1857, in the church of St. Etienne-du-Mont, which stands close to the Pantheon. Dying, he bequeathed his pastoral ring to Monseigneur Darboy, the third victim. In this second surplice one can perceive the hole made by the knife of the assassin, and traces of the prelate's blood which flowed through it.

"See what a rent the envious Casca made."

As for the surplice of Monseigneur Darboy, that is torn to rags, riddled with bullets, and lacerated with bayonets. It was found in a piteous state when removed from his body, for the Archbishop and his fellow-martyrs, after being massacred at La Roquette, were

thrown into the “common ditch,” where they lay all night in the mud.

Within a century half-a-dozen archbishops have been more or less martyred. Monseigneur de Juiné perished on the scaffold during the Reign of Terror; Cardinal Maury, who so narrowly escaped the lamp-post by his ready wit, was obliged to fly from Paris and seek refuge at Rome; and in 1830, when the Legitimate Monarchy fell, Monseigneur de Quélen had his palace and his life threatened.

It might have been supposed that there would have been some difficulty in filling up the vacant see, but Monseigneur Guibert gallantly accepted the dangerous post. This reminds me of a good thing said by J. J. Weiss. Before the Commune was declared, and when the great cities were much troubled and wavering, the Prefect of St. Etienne was murdered by the mob. An hour after this crime, said M. Weiss, there were already three gentlemen who solicited the honour of assassination, or to succeed the slaughtered prefect.

I remember when Marshal MacMahon, as President of the Republic, handed the biretta to Monseigneur Caverot on his nomination to the Archbishopric of Lyons, the Radical press affected to be much amused because the Cardinal swore to be faithful to his duties—“usque ad effusionem sanguinis.” But surely this was hardly a figure of rhetoric!

Monseigneur Guibert, by the way, was allowed to die

a natural death, and so the archbishops of Paris have been more mercifully treated than the monarchs of France, only one of whom since the execution of Louis XVI, has been allowed to end his days in peace. And the exception—his corpulent and cynical Majesty Louis XVIII.—was twice driven into exile, and once driven from his throne. And had not Bourbons, Bonapartes, and Orleans sought safety in flight, they would have fallen like the archbishops who refused to desert their posts.

If the sacred edifices of the Christians escaped without much damage, the Jews were more fortunate still. Even the private property of Israel was respected. The Rothschilds, for example, possess an enormous amount of real estate in Paris. They had not even a window-pane broken. This is explained by the fact of their having representatives with all parties, who look after their interests.

After the fall of the Commune the conduct of the Abbé Lagarde was severely criticized. He was accused of not having behaved like a Damon or a Regulus. The Abbé Lagarde was Vicar-General, and when Monseigneur Darboy was arrested, demanded and obtained permission to share his captivity. When it became a question of exchanging the Archbishop Darboy for the arch-conspirator Blanqui, the Abbé Lagarde was selected to carry the propositions of the Commune to Versailles, after having faithfully promised to return

in the event of his negotiations falling through. His negotiations did fall through, and he did not return. But he was not to blame. The Abbé reached Versailles on the 13th April, was very kindly received by M. Thiers, and handed him an open letter from Mgr. Darboy. On the pretext that it would be necessary to consult his Cabinet, the President invited the Abbé to return the next day. On the 14th, M. Thiers received him in a very different manner, the fact being that he had just been handed a sealed letter, through another channel, from the Archbishop, reproaching him bitterly with having allowed the National Guards to be massacred. This letter greatly irritated M. Thiers, and placed the Abbé in a false position. He was asked to call again the next day.

On the 15th, the President declared that his Cabinet was opposed to the exchange, but told the Abbé at the same time not to consider negotiations at an end, and to return on the 17th. On the 17th, M. Thiers caused the Abbé to be informed that he was not for the moment in a position to give him a written answer, and in this way matters dragged on for another week, when the President placed the affair in the hands of M. Jules Simon, one of his favourite ministers. The Abbé being now convinced that there was nothing to be done, was much perplexed as to whether he should return to Paris or not. On one side he was advised to return, so as to avoid a useless effusion of blood, and on the other hand

he was assured that if he returned with an unfavourable answer, the Archbishop and his fellow-prisoners would at once be massacred, but if he tarried at Versailles, the Commune, expecting an arrangement, would refrain from laying violent hands on their hostages.

Even Mgr. Darboy himself was perplexed, for he wrote two notes to the Abbé, calling upon him in the first to return, and in the second to remain where he was. The Abbé remained at Versailles, and his conduct, as I have already mentioned, was very sharply criticized. However, Mgr. Guibert, who succeeded Mgr. Darboy as Archbishop of Paris, took him under his ecclesiastical wing, and, to show that he approved of his action, re-nominated him Vicar-General, which post he held until 1882, when he died. He is said never to have quite absolved himself, and to have suffered acutely from the calumnies of some, and the censure of others.¹

¹ M. Thiers was very severely condemned, both at the time and afterwards, for refusing to negotiate with the Commune. He was reminded of several historical precedents, such as the treatment of Paris by Henri IV. Being well versed in history, he might have remembered how our Richard II., after the massacre of the Archbishop of Canterbury, condescended to negotiate with Wat Tyler, and how, after Sir William Walworth had slain that rebel, he negotiated with his followers. Then Henry VI. condescended to negotiate with Jack Cade. Shakespeare, in a description of his Majesty reading a supplication from the rebels, says—

I went to Versailles to see Blanqui tried. I was anxious to catch a glimpse of that hoary conspirator who was seldom visible, for when he was not in prison he was in concealment. In a letter which I wrote at the time I traced the biography of this remarkable individual who helped to organize the Commune, but who was arrested before the insurrection broke out. Louis Auguste Blanqui was born at Nice in 1805, and was the second son of Jean Dominique Blanqui. He was born with revolutionary blood in his veins, for his father took his seat in the Convention a fortnight after Louis XVI. was sent to the scaffold. The first vote of Jean Dominique was in favour of war with England. He did not however belong to the violent party, for he was arrested as a Girondist, and would have been guillotined but for the sudden fall of Robespierre. The maiden name of the mother of Louis Auguste, who is said to have been a woman of a peculiarly strong mind,

*“King Henry. I'll send some holy bishop to entreat ;
For God forbid so many simple souls
Should perish by the sword ! And I, myself,
Rather than bloody war shall cut them short,
Will parley with Jack Cade, their General.”*

In French history one finds the haughty Louis XIV. treating with the leader of the Camisards, Jean Cavalier, the son of a peasant, “a man of the lowest class and only twenty-two years old,” said Marshal Villars, and his successor Louis XV. treating with Mandrin, a smuggler and free-trader on a large scale, who beat the King's troops more than once, and flooded the country with cheap foreign goods.

was Sophie Brière de Brionville, which smacks of the aristocracy. However, she shared the revolutionary ideas of her son. She died here in '60, being over eighty years of age. As Jean Dominique had advocated the annexation of Nice to France, he fled his native land in 1815, and settled in the Beauce country. Under the Empire he had held the post of Prefect.

At the age of thirteen, Louis Auguste left his father's farm for Paris, entered the College of Charlemagne, and took prizes for Latin, history, and geography. In 1824 he went to the château of General Compans, near Toulouse, as tutor. He was already a Carbonarist, an excellent scholar, feeble to look at, pale, of inflexible energy, always poring over his books with his falcon eyes; his forehead was broad, his features sharp and sarcastic. He was a great favourite at the château, being gay, witty, and good-tempered. He was sobriety itself, and drank neither spirits nor coffee; he also eschewed salt, pepper, and animal food, living chiefly on fruit. He delighted in the open air, and was hardy as a Cossack; both summer and winter he slept with his window open, and the snow falling on his bed would not awake him. Such is the description of the terrible Louis Auguste, given by a friend who knew him well.

After remaining with General Compans for a couple of years, Blanqui went to live in Paris, and was soon immersed in politics and love. After a courtship of six years he married an excellent woman, who died a year

after her husband had been condemned to perpetual imprisonment. This was a terrible blow for Blanqui, who many years afterwards wrote—"Compared to that overwhelming misfortune, twenty-eight years of captivity sit as lightly on me as a feather. And to think that I am sometimes treated like a wild beast which has tumbled into a ditch. But I have remained night and day face to face with the shadow of her who is no more."

After reading this letter it is impossible to refuse Blanqui a tribute of sympathy. By all accounts Blanqui's wife was a most worthy, sensible, and loving woman, and handsome as well. Blanqui himself used to say that she had "the gait of an empress."

The first *émeute* in which Blanqui took part occurred in 1827, when the quarter of St. Denis rose, and pillaged the gunsmiths' shops. Blanqui aided in the defence of a barricade, and was shot through the neck. Three years afterwards he took an active part in the insurrection of July, when Charles X. was driven from the throne. A year later he was arrested for his political writings, and though acquitted by the jury, was sentenced to a year's imprisonment for contempt of court. He was hardly free when he took part in what is called the insurrection of April, but he managed to escape, and instead of being placed at the bar, defended several of the accused as a lawyer. Two years afterwards he was condemned to two years' im-

prisonment and a fine of £120 for being implicated in the manufacture of ammunition. In 1837 he was amnestied, and ordered to reside at Pontoise. At the beginning of 1839 there was a long ministerial crisis, and one Sunday, while the royal family were at the races, Blanqui and his friends tried to seize the reins of Government, but they were defeated. Blanqui disappeared, and it was not until six months had elapsed that he was captured by the police. In 1840 he was tried with Barbès and others, and condemned to death. This sentence was afterwards commuted to imprisonment for life. He was confined for four years at Mount St. Michel, and being ill, was transferred first to Tours, and then to the hospital of Blois. He was released when the Revolution of 1848 broke out, and in this he soon played an active part, having recovered his health as if by enchantment. His next escapade was to invade the Chamber at the head of the rabble on the occasion of a petition being presented to the House in favour of Poland. After the Chamber had been dissolved a new Provisional Government was proposed, and the name of Blanqui figured at the head of the list. But Blanqui was nowhere to be found when the people wished to carry him in triumph to the Hôtel de Ville. Seeing that matters were not going well he had made his escape from Paris. A week later he was arrested, and was tried before the High Court at Bourges, where he was accused by Barbès and other

old comrades of being a traitor. He was condemned to ten years' confinement, and he was still in prison in Corsica when the amnesty of 1859 was granted. On being liberated he went for a time to London, and then returned to Paris, indulged in his ruling passion, was convicted of belonging to a secret society, and was sentenced to five years' imprisonment. He was released in time to take part in the affair of La Villette in 1869, a mad attempt to upset the Empire, and which ended in the slaughter of a fireman. The declaration of war with Germany prevented Blanqui from being brought to justice for this affair. During the siege of Paris he joined in an attempt to overthrow the Government, was tried by default, and sentenced to death. After the siege, and the day before the Commune broke out, he was arrested in the country, and sent to prison.

Such is a brief sketch of the existence of the man whose exchange the Commune desired to effect, and which M. Thiers refused. In the opinion of many his presence in Paris would have been a source of weakness rather than strength, as a great many of the Ultras distrusted him, and others were jealous of his authority.

At Versailles he was tried for the same crime for which he had already been condemned to death by default, *id est*, for exciting civil war and sequestrating the members of the Government, &c. He appeared

before a court-martial this time, and had little mercy to expect. However, the military tribunal, while finding him guilty of the crimes laid to his charge, did not confirm the death sentence, but condemned him to "transportation to a fortified place." And even this verdict was afterwards modified, and Blanqui, owing to his great age, obtained permission to be removed to Clairvaux, where prisoners are treated with relative mildness, and where Blanqui was allowed to pass his few remaining years in tranquillity. He died a natural death in 1875, after having been sentenced three times to undergo capital punishment.

I was much struck with the appearance of this inveterate conspirator at his trial. He was small in person, and meanly clad as usual, but his head would have redeemed a multitude of sins. His hair was white as driven snow. He had a Roman nose of ample dimensions, finely-cut lips denoting firmness of purpose, and eyes that glittered like those of a falcon. In fact he gave one the idea of a bird of prey. The few remarks he made were brief and imperative. He knew very well that his trial was a mere matter of form. Among the witnesses for the prosecution, M. Jules Simon had been called. He was one of the Ministers who had been sequestered for a few hours during the siege, and at the time of the trial he was Minister of Public Instruction and Public Worship, and one of the favourite lieutenants of M. Thiers. . .

I may add that M. Jules Simon is a Jew, which did not prevent him, in the opinion of Mgr. Chigi, the Papal Nuncio, from making an excellent Minister of Public Worship.¹ Now the prosecution was conducted by a light cavalry officer, who was also a Hebrew, and his examination of the Minister caused me intense amusement, and brought a ghastly smile even to the lips of Blanqui, generally as impassible as a Red Indian. The Judge-Advocate was quite a young officer; a handsome, well-made fellow, with very dandified manners, and a drawl and a lisp which may have been natural if he came from the south, but must have been sadly aggravating for an adversary. The court was very warm, and every now and again he paused in his examination, while he gracefully wiped his heated brow with a cambric pocket-handkerchief of the finest texture. I suppose that this young officer, whose name has slipped out of my memory, must have been an Imperialist. However that may be, M. Jules Simon had no sooner been delivered over to his tender mercies, than he proceeded to treat him as if he, and not Blanqui, were the prisoner at the bar. The remembrance of this scene still makes me laugh till the tears roll down my cheeks. M. Jules Simon is not a man to appreciate a joke. He is a very able

¹ In fact M. Jules Simon allowed Mgr. Chigi to have his own way in ecclesiastical matters, and in return the Papal Nuncio calmed the ardour of the Catholic party in the Assembly.

but very matter-of-fact man, and he appeared utterly disorganized by the presumption of his youthful tormentor. Instead of trying to turn the laugh against him, he lost his temper, became livid with rage, and laid himself open to attack. Blanqui was being tried for having conspired to upset the Government of National Defence during the siege, but had not M. Jules Simon and his friends upset the Imperial Government when the Prussians were marching on Paris, and thus set a detestable example to the stormy petrel at the bar? This was the subject upon which M. Jules Simon was badgered almost past endurance. He survived his examination, and has since been Prime Minister. He is a member of the Academy, and like Paschal Grousset, *alias* Philippe Daryl, amuses himself by writing in the *Temps*. As for the light dragoon who vexed him, I never heard tale or tidings of him afterwards, and can only conjecture that he was sent to some distant garrison by way of penance, there to air his wit, his fine manners, and his cambric pocket-handkerchief.

I have mentioned that I was acquainted with Rossel, who succeeded Cluseret as War Minister, and who, like Cluseret, was dismissed and thrown into prison for losing the fort of Issy. A few days after the entry of the Versailles troops he was denounced, and found hiding in a street near the Jardin des Plantes. He was tried separately, after the other members of the

Commune, was naturally found guilty, and condemned to death. I had not the heart to go and see him tried, but I begged a mutual friend to ask him why he had not taken refuge in my house. He said that he had been obliged to leave the War Office in a hurry, that he had been unable to find my card, and had forgotten my address. I have often regretted this.

Petitions poured in from all sides imploring mercy for the condemned officer, but all in vain. Rossel was shot at Satory, and met his fate like a brave man. He had levied war against an irregular Government. However, have not some of the most renowned soldiers of France fought against the Government of their country? The great Condé commanded the army of the *Fronde*, and then entered the service of Spain, and fought against his countrymen in Flanders. Turenne also joined the *Fronde* for a time, and afterwards sided with the Spaniards. The great Napoleon, too, in his youth levied war against the French Government, being an ardent patriot; and I might quote a number of other French Generals who, like Moreau and St. Priest, fought against their own countrymen in the ranks of the foreigner. One curious example must not be forgotten —that of the Marquis de Rouvigny, who had served with distinction under both Condé and Turenne. A Protestant, he refused to remain in France after the

revocation of the Edict of Nantes, took service in England, was created Lord Galway, and commanded the Anglo-Portuguese army at Almanza, where he was defeated by the Duke of Berwick—an English army led by a French Protestant refugee, and a French army led by an English Catholic refugee! Alas, no precedents could save Rossel!

III

AFTER THE COMMUNE

THE English Embassy was slightly damaged by shells during the last days of the Commune, and a good deal of glass was smashed, but no one was hurt. This was fortunate, as the fighting in the Faubourg St. Honoré had been very severe. The residence next the Embassy, inhabited by Madame la Maréchale Suchet, Duchesse d'Albufera, was much more knocked about, and it amused me to remark how quickly the relict of the old soldier who fought against us in the Peninsula repaired damages. She perhaps entertained a special affection for her hotel, which had been given to her as a wedding present by Joseph Bonaparte, King of Spain, about the year 1810. In 1871 she was therefore a very venerable lady, having perhaps devoted much attention to her health. In the *Correspondence of Napoleon* may be found the following curt and imperious letter—

“To MARSHAL BERTHIER.

“*Paris, December 5, 1811.*

“Write to Marshal Suchet and complain that his wife in her letters to Madame de Saligny speaks about

military matters ; that these things should not be found in the letters of a lady, who ought to know nothing about the number of troops or their movements, but speak of her health, and that is all.

“NAPOLEON.”

Shortly after the Commune had been extinguished, Charles Austin, who was of a roving disposition, left us, and Laurence Oliphant replaced him as *Times* correspondent. Austin may be said to have jumped out of the frying-pan into the fire, for soon after his troubles here he found himself being shelled at Carthagena.

Laurence Oliphant made himself during his short stay in Paris very popular with French as well as English. His religious opinions rather astonished Edmond de Goncourt. It will be remembered that he joined the Harrisites. As he had tried to convert a friend of mine to their primitive tenets, I ventured to question him on the subject one day, but he put me off to a more convenient season, which never arrived. As the Chamber was sitting at Versailles, and he could not be in two places at once, like Sir Boyle Roche's little bird, he employed a M. de Blowitz to attend the sittings of Parliament and report proceedings. He told me the accuracy with which M. de Blowitz accomplished his task was marvellous. On his return from Versailles he would not only report the speeches he had heard but could mimic the speakers. His imitation of M. Thiers

appears to have been wonderful. When Laurence Oliphant had to return to his sect in America, the *Times* after a while appointed M. de Blowitz to succeed him, though he could hardly speak a word of English and had to write in French, with which language he was perfectly conversant. Where he came from was never clear; but somewhere in the Danubian Principalities. There can be no question as to his talent and the good service he has rendered the leading English journal. His appearance is curious. His features are of a very pronounced Jewish type; he is short and immensely corpulent. He wanted on one occasion to go to Lourdes with the English pilgrims, and they consented, but would not permit him to take his valet with him. He complained of this to a friend of mine, saying that it was impossible for him to travel alone, as he was so fat that he could not put on his own boots. My friend quaintly remarked that he was under the impression that pilgrims generally went barefooted; which made the great de Blowitz laugh. How times have changed, and what a difference between special trains and those times described by Longfellow when he spoke of

“those pilgrims of old,
Who took three steps in advance, and then two reluctantly
backward.”

M. de Blowitz is in more ways than one a host in himself. If he is unwieldy he is very good company, and manages to captivate the confidence and confidences

of all the body politic worth his attention. It is of course a great advantage to him to be connected with the *Times*, whose reputation overshadows all other papers English and foreign. I should say that in the Gallic mind the Journal of Printing House Square must run the Lord Mayor very close; and we know that strawberry leaves are not to be compared to the civic crown worn by the chief magistrate of London.

In accordance with the regulations, officers who capitulated during the war had to stand a court-martial. In addition to Paris, the following places opened their gates to the invader—Metz, Strasbourg, Sedan, Verdun, Peronne, Longui, Soissons, Mezières, Phalsburg, Rocroi, Neuf Brisach, Toul, Montmédi, Thionville, and Laon. Only one place resisted successfully—Belfort,—whose commandant, Colonel Denfert, was naturally one of the lions of the day. The municipal authorities in a fit of admiration determined to name a Boulevard after him, and henceforth the Boulevard d'Enfer is to be called the Boulevard Denfert. The pronunciation is the same, but the difference is great between a place of everlasting flames, brimstone, &c., and a gallant soldier.

By the way, while Strasbourg yet held out, the name of its commandant, General Uhrich, was given to the Avenue de l'Impératrice, but when the General capitulated his name disappeared, and he was accused of not having defended Strasbourg as he should have done.

Of course the excuse of most of the commandants of the above-named places is that their forts were not constructed to resist the new artillery, with which their own guns could not cope. Also that the Germans fired over the ramparts into the towns, thus obliging the commandants to see peaceable citizens indiscriminately slaughtered—men, women, and children—or to open their gates.

A curious incident happened with regard to this inquiry. *Conseils d'Enquête* had to be selected to try the officers who had capitulated, and the nominations should have been made by General de Cissey, the Minister of War; but General de Cissey could not act in this matter, for according to the regulations he could not sit on a *Conseil d'Enquête* in consequence of having been one of the Generals who had capitulated at Metz, and how nominate them? General de Cissey therefore took French leave and went on a holiday, handing over the War Office and the task of nominating the councils to his colleague, the Minister of Marine, Admiral Pothuau, although the Admiral himself was in Paris when Paris capitulated. However, there is not to be any inquiry with regard to the capitulation of the capital. M. Thiers would not hear of this, and in fact he wanted to reward General Trochu with the *bâton* of a Marshal, but this honour the General had the good sense to decline. It was even against the wishes of M. Thiers that Marshal Bazaine was

ordered to stand his trial. He probably objected to seeing so much dirty linen washed in public.

A commission was also appointed to examine into the promotions signed by Gambetta; some of which have been approved, others cancelled. There having been little work for the navy to do during the war, a large number of naval officers served on shore, among them half-a-dozen Admirals. Gambetta made two of them, who served with the army of the Loire, Generals of Division—Admiral Jauréguiberry and Captain Jaurés. The Commission has declined to sanction these appointments, and the two naval officers are to go afloat again. The first-named has, however, been promoted from the rank of Rear- to that of Vice-Admiral, and I hear that Captain Jaurés will be made an Admiral.

Some time after the war the following letter was published in Germany and then in Paris. It is from Field-Marshal von Moltke to his brother, dated from Versailles, December 22, 1870.

“DEAR BROTHER,

“The general desire felt in Germany that this terrible war should be brought to a close makes my fellow-countrymen forget that the campaign has lasted only five months; they hope everything from the bombardment of Paris. That we have not commenced it is attributed to the influence of persons of authority; some say we have tender feelings for the Parisians,

They should not, however, forget what is militarily useful and possible." The writer then explains that the detached forts must be first taken, adding that he counts, however, on hunger, which is slower but more sure. "A letter from General V—— to his wife, which we intercepted, enumerates the following prices of the Paris market—1 lb. of butter, 20 f.; a chicken, 20 f.; a turkey (not truffled), from 60 to 70 f. The General gives a description of his dinner, which consisted of a herring and a small fillet of beef, to procure which Paul, the cook, had to make *des bassesses* to the butcher, and promise him a safe-conduct to try and see the Prussians. These confidential communications characterize the situation . . . the middle class is exposed to privations which cannot long be endured."

After condemning the lawyers for continuing a hopeless war, which entailed so much misery in and out of Paris, the Field-Marshal says that "the *franc-tireurs* are the terror of the whole country, and draw down disaster on the people." And this was perfectly true, as many innocent had to suffer for their not over heroic exploits.

At this time I used sometimes to attend the receptions of Madame Bornemann, a charming widow, whose husband had been in diplomacy, a sister of my dear friend, the Princess Batthyany. One evening a French gentleman of the old school was there, and was very

amusing. He said that he had just met with a curious accident, which nearly cost him, if not his life, his eyes. He had been married some twenty years before, and among other wedding presents had received the strange gift of a kind of wooden box intended to make a fire burn up. This had continually accompanied him in his travels, but it was not until a few days before I met him that he thought of making use of it, and the result was nearly proving fatal, for the box had no sooner caught fire than an explosion ensued, and Monsieur — found himself stretched on the floor minus his eyebrows and lashes, and with his face very much scorched.

The same gentleman told an amusing anecdote about M. Ernest Picard, ex-member of the Government of National Defence, and ex-Minister of the Interior in the first ministry formed by M. Thiers. M. Picard was very jovial, very witty, and a man of considerable ability, but he was of humble origin, and was not a man of the world. He had never mixed in what is called society, and was hardly the person to send as minister to a foreign Court. Then I much doubt if he knew anything about any other country but his own. Notwithstanding the above serious drawbacks, M. Picard was sent to Brussels to represent France. He was a corpulent little fellow, and never was so round a man put in so square a hole. A friend of mine, M. Eugene Duffeuille, one of the leading writers on the *Débats*, happened to meet him,

in the train which was bearing him to the Belgian capital, and found that he knew absolutely nothing of the country for which he was bound ; he did not even know that there were two parties in Belgium, one liberal, the other clerical. Does not this remind one of the celebrated monologue of Figaro in the play of Beaumarchais, where he describes how all his attempts to obtain employment had failed, bitterly remarking how persons without claim or qualification succeeded, adding—"Despair was about to seize me ; they think of me for a place ; by misfortune I was fit for it : a calculator was required ; it was a dancer who got it."

Well, M. Picard reached his destination, and a very queer figure he cut at Court. This is what Madame Bornemann's guest saw on entering a restaurant to dine ; the representative of France seated at a table with his napkin tucked round his neck and spread over his voluminous chest, after the manner of the vulgar class of Frenchmen. He said, "I called the head waiter and asked, 'Is this a restaurant ?'—'Yes, sir'—'Ah ! because I see a gentleman who is about to be shaved !'" M. Picard did not remain long in Belgium. He probably felt that he was out of his element.

The dissolution of the nuptial tie is sometimes sought here upon very trivial grounds. I know an artist who prayed for separation from his spouse, who was a very lovely Creole, because she dressed badly. This not only offended his artistic taste, but actually destroyed his

power of composition, so he said. This claim was rejected. In another case one of the pleas for the rupture of a marriage was the curtness of an epistle, and this made Paris laugh for forty-eight hours. A certain young prince who had been campaigning with his regiment in Mexico when Napoleon III. was trying to establish an Empire there, after an absence of a couple of years returned to France and rushed up to Paris. Finding that his wife, who was not expecting him, was at their castle in the country, he wrote to her as follows —“Where are my shirts?” It may be readily imagined how indignant the princess was upon receiving so laconic a letter from her lord and master after so long a separation. This may have only been the traditional feather which broke the camel’s back, but long and rather amusing proceedings ensued, which ended I know not how. The prince’s letter may be said to have beaten the record in the matter of brevity and conjugal indifference, for it was even shorter and more heartless than that which, according to Victor Hugo, Charles II., King of Spain, once addressed to the Queen. The state of affairs was very critical at Madrid, and her Majesty was anxiously expecting to hear from the King, who had gone a-hunting. After more than a month had passed a letter arrived, which was opened with all the etiquette in force at the Spanish Court. Alas! it contained merely the following words—“*Madame, il fait grand vent, et j’ai tué six loups.*—CARLOS.”

Went to pay B—— a visit, and found him in a very dilapidated condition as regarded raiment, and no wonder. On Saturdays, being off duty, and having no correspondence to despatch to London, he was in the habit of devoting himself to his children, and allowing them to do with him what seemed good to them. On the Saturday in question, his youthful family had turned him into a vehicle. The eldest boy, after papa had been duly laid flat on his back on the floor, had harnessed himself between his legs, which were used as shafts, and his two small sisters and brothers took their seats on different portions of this improvised chariot, and were drawn round and round the table, papa of course knocking up against the legs, running foul of the casters, and being otherwise damaged. His coat-tails naturally soon pointed in the wrong direction, and his nether garment, where the "shafts" formed a junction with the body of the vehicle, was considerably worn behind. Of course this charioeering gave rise to peals of laughter on the part of the children, the din being increased by the screams of a vicious old macaw, who flapped his wings in delight. Poor macaw!—one of the young girls afterwards pushed him over the balcony, which was on the fifth floor, and he perished. And what did Mrs. B—— do? She shut herself up in despair, and lamented that her lord and master should be put to such base purposes; he a scholar to the tips of his nails, as they say here, equally at home in Greek,

Latin, German, French, and Italian, and intimately acquainted with every author of note in those languages from Homer down. Poor fellow! he needs relaxation of a Saturday.

IMPERIAL PAPERS

AFTER the flight of the Empress, and the capture of the Tuileries by the sovereign people, there was a search for papers, and a number of documents found in the palace were afterwards published. Some of these were of considerable interest, especially several letters written by General Ducrot to General Frossard, giving ample warning of the mischief brewing on the other side of the Rhine in the sixties. Ducrot at that time commanded at Strasbourg, and Frossard was Governor of the Prince Imperial. On October 28, 1869, the former wrote to the latter, saying that he had just seen the Countess of Pourtales, "Prussian by her husband," who was a constant admirer of all the acts of M. de Bismarck, King William, and all the Prussians, and pretended that no motive for war between the two countries could exist, and that France and Prussia were made to love each other. In fact her language was a poetical variation on the speeches of M. Rouher and the circulars of M. de la Valette. But now this adorable Countess declares that she

has left Berlin sick at heart, that war is inevitable, that it cannot fail to break out on the first opportunity, and that the Prussians are so well prepared and so skilfully handled that they are sure of success.

To the observation that the Germans were frightened of the French, and that it was the ardent desire of Bismarck to avoid a conflict, "Oh, General," cried the Countess, "it is frightful. They grossly deceive us, and count upon surprising us unarmed. . . . M. de Schleinitz has presumed to tell me that before eighteen months our Alsace will belong to Prussia. . . . Of a truth, General, I return heartbroken. I am now certain that nothing, nothing can stave off a war, and what a war!"

And General Ducrot went on, as a *pendant* to what M. de Schleinitz said concerning Alsace, to quote what General von Moltke had said on the same subject to a Badener who told him that the population of the Grand Duchy were opposed to all projects of annexation. "Of a truth, it is incomprehensible, for they must know that their future is in our hands, and that we shall be able to do them much good or much harm. When we are able to dispose of Alsace, and that will not be long, we might form a superb province by uniting it to the Grand Duchy of Baden. . . ."

"And in presence of such insolent pretensions openly expressed," added Ducrot, "you wish me to remain calm and patient! Verily, one must not have a single

drop of the blood of old Gaul left in one's veins! I admit then that I live in a state of permanent exasperation; I experience the rage which a man must feel who, wishing to save a person from drowning, encounters a voluntary resistance, and finds himself sinking with him he would rescue."

In a letter addressed to General Trochu, in December 1866, General Ducrot wrote—

"While we are pompously deliberating what must be done to have an army, Prussia simply proposes to invade our territory. She will be in a position to bring into the field 600,000 men and 1200 guns before we have dreamt of organizing half that force. . . . There is not a German who does not believe in an approaching war. . . . As one must search the cause of all things, they pretend that the Emperor is in his second childhood. It is certain that war will break out at an early date. With our stupid vanity, and our foolish presumption, we think that we shall be able to choose our day and hour. . . . For some time past numerous Prussian agents have been sounding public opinion in our frontier departments, working on the Protestants, who are numerous in those parts, and are much less French than is generally supposed. They are the true sons and grandsons of the same men who in 1815 sent numerous deputations to the headquarters of the enemy, demanding that Alsace should once more become German. . . ."

It was a copy of this interesting letter which was found in the Tuileries, made no doubt by the *cabinet noir* before the original was delivered.

In other letters, both General Ducrot and Baron Stöffel, French military attaché at Berlin, reported the preparations which Prussia was making for war. There was also a despatch from M. de la Valette to M. Benedetti, the French Ambassador, saying—"Military measures of every description are being carried on by the Prussian Government on a large scale; horses are being purchased on all sides, in Hungary, and even in Ireland." This is curious; the Minister of Foreign Affairs in Paris telling his representative at Berlin what was passing in Prussia!

The following gem is also said to have been picked up at the Tuileries—

"January 7, 1853.

"SIRE,—The *sieur* Mayer has just composed an ode in honour of your Majesty.

"I must warn your Majesty that the *sieur* Mayer has been condemned six times—three times for swindling.

"MAUPAS."

In the margin in the hand of the Emperor—"Send him a souvenir."

Among other documents which fell into the hands of our virtuous Republicans was a note showing that the Emperor, between the years 1852—1856, had

been able to economize, and "place in safety" no less a sum than £933,000. This proved that his Majesty anticipated a rainy day. The document which revealed the above fact was a bank statement from the House of Baring Brothers, where Napoleon III. had an account. From this it appeared that the Emperor, in 1866, possessed £150,000 in Russian stock; £100,000 Turks; £132,000 Peruvians, new and old; £50,000 Canadians; £50,000 Brazilians; £50,000 Egyptians; £100,000 Americans; £25,000 Mississippi. Diamonds, £200,000; uniforms, £16,000; Beaujon, £60,000. The Committee charged with the publication of the Imperial papers expressed themselves at a loss how to explain the last item but one, "uniforms."

I had the pleasure of being acquainted with M. de Verdière, private secretary of General Fleury. Several of his letters, written when the General was Ambassador at St. Petersburg, were found in the Tuileries. In one, dated February 9, 1870, he complains of the silence of the Emperor, adding—"You yourself say that you suffer from this annihilation on the part of one who has ruled our destinies for twenty years. Has he grown so old? Is he benumbed? . . . All our foreign policy consists in the desire of not allowing any difficulty to crop up. The intention is perhaps praiseworthy, but it often happens that an exaggerated amount of reserve permits the possibility of those difficulties arising which we dread. If Bismarck knew (and he will know) that

we will neither say nor do anything, who and what will hamper him? When we were sent here, you know that it was to re-establish relations which had been compromised by affairs in Poland. This was accomplished."

M. de Verdière then hinted that something was about to be done to satisfy "public opinion and national *amour-propre*," when strict orders arrived from the new Minister¹—"Do nothing, say nothing." He pointed out the ever-increasing favour with which the Czar viewed General Fleury. The Emperor continually took him out bear-hunting, and (very unwonted favour) gave him a seat, or rather half a seat, in his sledge.

"Already," he added, "great results have been obtained, that is to say, the ties of friendship between France and the Czar have been drawn closer, and it is certain that Russia will bring all her very great influence to bear upon Prussia to hinder her from giving a pretext for further difficulties. I presume that we shall soon see the effect of the incessant and personal steps taken by the Emperor on the King of Prussia."²

Among the "papers" was a police report giving a detailed account of the doings of Colonel Albedencki, an aide-de-camp of the Czar. The Colonel appears to

¹ Count Daru.

² During the war which followed, the Czar never failed to congratulate the King of Prussia every time that his armies triumphed over those of France.

have furnished his master with a vast variety of information. "In March he made friends," says the report, "with an orderly officer of the Emperor, and from that moment he obtained the most precious documents. . . . He obtained the most minute details concerning the camp at Châlons. . . . When the Emperor arrived at Châlons the Colonel expressed his astonishment at not having received an invitation to go there; upon which the officer in question gave this curious explanation :—It is because the Emperor, before executing his famous oblique marches, wishes to study them well, and to accustom his sword to the smell of powder!"

The police agent concluded his report by giving quotations, from memory, of one of the reports furnished to the Colonel by the orderly officer. This report, which was most exhaustive as regarded the strength of the army, armament, ammunition, horses, magazines, provisions, &c., concluded with a few words on the feeling of the troops. It said that some of the Marshals were detested by the soldiers, and that there existed a great deal of jealousy among the Generals, and between the Line and the Guard. That there was a tendency to criticism and opposition among the sub-officers, and that the Engineers and Artillery were at heart hostile to the Emperor.

The police agent added—"The Colonel appeared to set great value on this report, but it was stolen from him. *He declared that the military agent of Prussia,*

who was received by him, was alone capable of this action."

There are many proofs in the "Imperial Papers" of the existence of a *cabinet noir*, and none more amusing than the following note, which is not dated—

"During the stay of the Emperor at Plombières and Biarritz the correspondence received by Mme. de Castiglione was opened and read by the agents of the Minister of the Interior. What they read is not known, nor the name of the writers."

In the margin of this note the Emperor wrote—"As none existed, none could be found." The *liaison* between the Comtesse de Castiglione and Napoleon III. was of public notoriety, and I suppose that the Prefect of Police considered it right to warn H. I. M. that the lady's correspondence was being tampered with.

The Countess about this time paid a visit to England, and Lord Malmesbury says, in his Memoirs, that at a ball at Buckingham Palace she excited a great deal of curiosity, as she was known to be the mistress of the French Emperor.

The following note on the celebrated Belgium affair was also brought to light—

"If France boldly takes her stand on the ground of nationalities, it is necessary at once to establish that no Belgian nationality exists, and to settle this essential point with Prussia. As the Cabinet of Berlin seems disposed to enter into arrangements acceptable to

France, it will be well to negotiate a secret treaty engaging both parties. Without pretending that this act would be a perfectly reliable guarantee, it would have the double advantage of compromising Prussia, and of being for her a pledge of the sincerity of the policy and intentions of the Emperor. It is necessary not to forget the fact, when one knows the character of the King of Prussia and that of his Prime Minister, that the late diplomatic incidents, as well as the tone of public opinion in France, must have confirmed them in their conviction that we have not renounced our claims on the frontier of the Rhine. In order to be certain of finding at Berlin a confidence which is necessary for the maintenance of an intimate understanding, we must endeavour to dissipate the apprehensions which this eventuality has always kept alive,—apprehensions which have been re-aroused by our last communications. This result cannot be obtained by words; an act is necessary, and one settling the ulterior fate of Belgium in concert with Prussia, by proving at Berlin that the Emperor decidedly seeks, elsewhere than on the Rhine, the extension necessary to France, since the events of which Germany has been the theatre, would furnish us at least with a relative certainty that the Prussian Government will not offer any obstacle to our aggrandizement in the north."

What followed? Benedetti did negotiate. Bismarck called upon him, and after talking matters over, got

the French Ambassador to write out a sketch of the secret treaty in his native language, so that he might lay it before the King. Benedetti took a sheet of Embassy paper, did as he was desired, and in due course the document in question was communicated to the English Government or to the *Times*, and, as a vulgar saying goes, there was a nice kettle of fish. The treaty was denied by the French Government. M. Olivier stigmatized it as odious, and the Official Journal as immoral. The *Constitutionel*, a semi-official paper, said, as regarded the composition of the document, that no fifth form collegian would make such blunders in French as are to be found in the draft. And the Foreign Office said—"The document betrays in several places an unskilled pen, little accustomed to the traditional forms of our language in acts of this nature and this importance." But alas! the unhappy Benedetti was obliged to acknowledge that he was the author of this "odious," "immoral," and ungrammatical document, or at least that he wrote it out at the instigation of that arch-diplomatic fiend, Bismarck. And the cry went up that if the hand was the hand of Benedetti, the voice was the voice of Bismarck.

The note found in the Tuileries proves beyond doubt that the scheme for annexing Belgium emanated from the French Emperor. But it failed in its object; it compromised France rather than Prussia, nor does it

seem to have convinced King William and his Minister that France would be satisfied with stretching herself out north instead of east.

STATUES

“Remnants of things that have passed away :
Fragments of stones rear'd by creatures of clay.”

I HAVE spoken of the manias which pervaded the Gallic mind when Paris was first invested by the Germans. After the war came others, and among them the mania for according decorations and for raising monuments. Never, after the most successful campaign, was so much red ribbon dealt out as by the Republican Government after the disastrous war with Germany, and never were so many statues erected. It is true that the Republic could bestow no titles of nobility, or else it would have imitated Napoleon, who in addition to kings made 9 princes, 31 dukes, 255 counts, and 1090 barons, besides distributing “the star, the string, the cross.” I took some notes from time to time on the subject of the statues, and find that about 200 have been inaugurated since the conclusion of peace. In addition to these, on all the battle-fields lost by the French, monuments have been raised in honour of those who fell. There are several round Paris which commemorate Champigny, Buzenval, and other *sorties* which were repulsed.

In the Place de Fontenoy, too, a grand, and what one may term a collective, monument in honour of the National Defence was solemnly inaugurated in September 1889. This monument, which cost £4000, is composed of two enormous blocks of granite, and on it are inscribed the names of the French armies which fought against Germany—Army of the Loire, Army of the East, Army of the North, Army of the Rhine. War Minister De Freycinet was to have presided at the inauguration, but he was absent from Paris on a tour of inspection, and so his place was filled by General Jeanningros, who said in his address—"This monument of granite is imperishable, for it personifies the glory of our gallant army, and will recall in history the *souvenir* of French heroes." And the President of the Municipal Council seized the occasion to abuse the late *régime*, and declared that in passing before that monument people would exclaim—"See the work of the Empire, and see the work of the Republic!" and much similar bosh.

So far was this mania carried that it was seriously proposed to erect a column "on Waterloo's immortal plain," where the remains of 29,000 French soldiers repose. And the site suggested was the spot shown to tourists "where Ney shook the bullets out of his uniform." Just as Gargantua, according to Rabelais, after a battle was seen combing the cannon-balls out of his hair! It was also proposed to erect a monument

in honour of the French who fell at the battle of Navarino on October 20, 1827, but both these projects fell through. However, another of a similar description met with success a few years ago.

In 1885 it was proposed to raise a monument near Moscow in memory of the French soldiers who fell during the campaign of 1812. The necessary amount of money, £400, was subscribed by the French colony of that city, with the exception of £80 offered by the War Minister here. In the year 1889 this monument, formed of three blocks of granite superposed and ornamented with the emblems of the Legion of Honour, was duly inaugurated, M. Theodore Meyer, Consul-General of France, presiding. The Czar was represented by his aide-de-camp, Colonel Kragewski, in full uniform. M. Meyer, seeing that the Russian alliance has been much in favour since the Franco-German War, made a rather happy speech on the occasion, alluding delicately to Napoleon's unjustifiable invasion. He concluded his discourse by remarking that seventy-seven winters had covered "this field of repose" with their snows, and that seventy-seven summers had rendered the grass green again—"and yet this war appears to us as in the far-off mist of ancient times, and were I not standing on this spot which reminds me of it, I should fancy that it had never taken place.

"Let the souvenir therefore be effaced by both nations" [then why this monument ?], "at that moment

opposed to each other on the field of battle, but never enemies, and to-day reconciled and friends.” [Why reconciled if never enemies ?]

There was a French exhibition at Moscow the year following (1890), and the French Commissioners were not at all pleased with their reception. The Russian authorities objected to the presence of French priests, and to the singing of the *Marseillaise*, two extremes, and they received their guests in a hall the chief decoration in which consisted of a trophy made out of the metal of French guns, “found,” say the French, “captured,” say the Russians, during the retreat from Moscow,¹ when

“The fields were so white and the skies so blue,
Sacre bleu ! Ventre bleu !”

It would take too long to give a full list of the statues, raised as it were to soothe French vanity, but I may mention the following—Vercingetorix, who died in the year 46 B.C., had his statue inaugurated in 1890 at St. Denis, though that hero was never known to have set foot in that ancient *faubourg*. A similar honour was paid to Charlemagne, King of the Franks, and to William the Conqueror. Harfleur set up a statue to Jean de Grouchy, who is shaking his sword at England, and who did at a remote period defend

¹ There are 875 French guns within the walls of the Kremlin.

that town against the English.¹ He is no doubt an ancestor of the Grouchy who according to some French writers twice saved England. As a fact, General, afterwards Marshal, Grouchy was second in command of the Hoche expedition which was to have given Home Rule to Ireland in 1796. Owing to bad weather the ship that bore Hoche arrived too late at the rendezvous, and when he did arrive his lieutenant had gone home, and Hoche had to follow him. And then at Waterloo! If Grouchy had only come up instead of Blucher, why Wellington and the English army would have ceased to exist, and Carthage would have been destroyed. But Grouchy had received strict orders from Napoleon to act as he did.²

¹ I have been unable to find out the exact date of this defence. Can Grouchy have been the Governor spoken of by Shakespeare as opening the gates of Harfleur to Henry V., and saying—

“There, great King,
We yield our town and lives to thy soft mercy”?

² Many years ago I wrote a series of articles in the *Army and Navy Gazette* on the Waterloo campaign, for my old friend, W. H. Russell. In concluding I said—“To the roar of cannon booming across that undulating country had succeeded the stillness of death. Grouchy, and he alone, yet clung to the hope that Napoleon had gained another victory. A calm summer’s night was spent in torturing suspense. With daylight came an officer from Charleroi. All was lost: Grouchy was to fall back by Namur. The old Marshal’s face became livid with consternation, and he burst into tears. His generals stood round him, grief quelling their rage. “Gentlemen,” was all that Grouchy could say, “when you learn my instructions you will see that I could

Another hero honoured with bronze is General Daumesnil, familiarly known as "Jambe de bois"—who lost a leg at Jena. He was in command of the fort of Vincennes when the allies occupied Paris in 1815, and positively refused to surrender until his leg had been restored. This obstinacy caused the Allies a good deal of uneasiness, and retarded their deliberations. Of course Daumesnil, in the end, was obliged, like Ben Battle, to lay down his arms. But the memory of his gallant resistance to orders is still fresh in the Gallic mind, and a Boulevard leading to Vincennes has been called after the one-legged veteran.

Also have had statues erected to their memory since the Franco-German war:—Gambetta, four; M. Thiers, three; Rabelais, three; Chanzy, three; Joan of Arc, three; Rouget de L'Isle, two; Camille Desmoulins, two; Lamartine, two; Alexandre Dumas, two; Denfert Rochereau, two; L'Abbé de l'Epée, two; Diderot, two. Honoured with one statue each:—Mirabeau, Chateaubriand, Jean Reboul (baker poet), Fragonard, Collot, Paul Louis Courrier, Jacques Cœur, General Foy, Pascal, Denis Papin, Sauvage, Carnot, Auber, Montgolfier brothers, Daguerre, Lafayette, George

not have acted otherwise." And Napoleon blamed Ney and not Grouchy for the loss of Waterloo. The Marquis de Grouchy, also a soldier, and who was wounded at Waterloo, wrote a very able defence of the Marshal, his father, a few years ago, refuting the romance of M. Thiers.

Sand, Voltaire, Abbé Grégoire, Béranger, Blanqui, Bailly, Danton, Dupleix, Marguerite de Valois, &c., &c. I have given the single statues in order of inauguration. Another statue deserves special mention—that of Shakespeare, a gift from England, which has been accorded a splendid site. As a work of art this statue is by no means remarkable, and a French artist observed to me one day that it was worthy of London. My rejoinder was that it was the work of one of his compatriots. We have now three statues of Englishmen in France. One of Lord Brougham at Cannes; one of Jenner at Boulogne, and one of “the divine Williams,” as he is often called, here in Paris.

As yet we have no statue to Victor Hugo; no statue to Alfred de Musset; no statue to Balzac. But they are known by their works.

As regards some of the above-mentioned statues, I may remark that General Chanzy, who is very properly considered the French hero of the Franco-German war, in 1873 was appointed Governor-General of Algeria. He commenced life in the navy, and, strange to say, the first acquaintance he made with the colony he was afterwards destined to govern was when, wrecked off the coast, he was cast ashore in a very forlorn condition. His fate bore some resemblance to that of Mazeppa, who “passed the desert to a throne.”

Poor Rouget de L'Isle has now two statues, and a street called after his name in Paris: and with all this

it has been the fashion of late to contest his claims to the authorship of the *Marseillaise*. Lamartine, in his *History of the Girondins*, has given us a touching picture of the poet musician, who, after writing what was destined to become the National Anthem, was proscribed, had to fly for his life, and, as he was wandering through the Vosges mountains, heard those who sought his blood playing the hymn he had composed.

Note that the two statues to Rouget de L'Isle—one at his birthplace, the other where he died—were both inaugurated in 1852, the same year that a statue to Carnot was unveiled.

Note also this, that one Julien Tiersot recently wrote a book (1892) entitled, *Rouget de Lisle, his Life and his Works*, in which it is clearly proved that he did compose the *Marseillaise*.

Note further, that his work is dedicated to M. Carnot, President of the French Republic, and grandson of the Carnot above-mentioned.

Again, that it was Carnot, organizer of victory and member of the Committee of Public Safety, who with his own hand drew out an order for the arrest of Rouget de L'Isle—order countersigned by such worthies as Bertrand Barère and Robespierre. It was therefore by no fault of the grandfather of the Carnot to whom M. Tiersot has dedicated his work, that the author of the *Marseillaise* escaped the guillotine. To have made matters complete, Rouget de L'Isle ought to have been

executed to the tune of his own music, which reminds me that Voltaire said of his countrymen—"They sing and perpetrate the St. Bartholomew."¹

It is passing strange that there should be no statue to M. Thiers, "Liberator of the Territory," in Paris. This is a monstrous piece of ingratitude difficult to explain. It induced one of his faithful adherents to write as follows—

"They raised a statue to him at Nancy, and another very little one at St. Germain (where he died), but at Marseilles the Municipal Council haughtily refused the concession of a small plot of ground whereupon to set up the brazen image of their illustrious fellow-citizen. In Paris, not a deputy, not a senator, not a minister dared even to propose to honour the memory of the

¹ In my *History of the Bastille*, t. 11, p. 487, I have given the following account of the trial of the Abbé Péssoneaux at Lyons. The Abbé was thrown into prison as a priest, and in the year 1794 was dragged before the revolutionary tribunal established in the second city of France. "In one of the halls of the Hôtel de Ville sat seven judges round a table covered with black cloth. Each judge wore round his neck a small silver axe. When the trial was over, if the judges spread their hands out on the table, that signified that the prisoner was to be set at liberty; one hand raised to the forehead meant that he was to be shot, and when the silver axe was touched it was the guillotine. This proceeding was no doubt borrowed from the *police verso* and *police recto* of the Roman amphitheatre. In the case of the Abbé the hands of the judges were spread out on the table; his life being spared on it being shown that he was the author of the last verse in the *Marseillaise* entitled *Les Enfants* appended to the National Anthem written by Rouget de L'Isle."

petit bourgeois who was a great citizen. And when his funeral monument, erected by his sister-in-law, was inaugurated at Père la Chaise, no one was present at the ceremony with the exception of members of the family."

I am not aware of many statues having been destroyed during the period in question. Of the statues of the first Napoleon which stood at the top of the Vendôme Column I shall speak hereafter. A statue of the Empress Josephine stood close to the Arc de Triomphe, in what was then called the Avenue Joséphine, and was, as I have already mentioned, destroyed during the siege by order of the Government.

There was no statue of Napoleon III. to demolish, but a *bas relief* of that sovereign, in bronze, figured over one of the gates of the river front of the new Louvre, and this was plastered over, and the statue of his half-brother, the Duke de Morny, erected at Deauville, was removed by an indignant Municipal Council.

In the Park of Montsouris there stood until recently a statue of Marat—friend of the people—who every morning demanded 270,000 heads of aristocrats.

In 1891 Senator Fresnau drew the attention of the Government to this fact, and demanded its removal. M. Constans, Minister of the Interior, declared that he knew nothing of this statue, and several members of the Upper House denied its existence. It did exist, however, this statue which represented Cassandra Marat, as

Carlyle calls him, in his bath at the moment when Charlotte Corday, the "angel of assassination," was about to cut short the thread of his existence.¹ It was the work of one Baffier, a sculptor of talent, who had no intention of glorifying the monster, but merely of representing one of the most celebrated episodes of the Revolution. Had not David painted what he, Baffier, had executed in marble?² Be this as it may, the statue of Marat was banished from the Park of Montsouris, where very few Parisians knew that it stood, or reclined, for it was placed in the centre of a grass plot, about fifty yards from the pathway, and was but indistinctly visible.

And to think that a century ago the body of Marat, by decree of the National Convention, on the 5th day of the *sans-culottides*, was borne on a triumphal car, escorted by the representatives of the nation, and placed in the Pantheon, from which mausoleum, on the same day, the ashes of Mirabeau were cast out.³

¹ "Of Cassandra-Marat we have spoken often; yet the most surprising truth remains to be spoken; that he actually does not want sense, but, with croaking gelid throat, croaks out masses of truth."—Carlyle, *History of the French Revolution*, Part II., Book I., chapter iv.

² Under the Empire M. Bougeart wrote the *History of Marat* in two volumes, but it was seized and the author sent to prison. Since them, M. Chevremont, after thirty years' research, has republished the works of Marat, and has not been molested.

³ How strange to reflect that Marat, bewailing the misery of the people, should have proposed to erect 800 gibbets, and to string Mirabeau up on the first.

And there was established a new worship, and people both in Paris and in all the villages of France prayed to the Sacred Heart of Marat,¹ and raised up altars, over 40,000, in his honour. And people beat their breasts crying—*Mon Dieu-Marat, tu es mort pour nous!* And schoolmasters taught their pupils *to make the sign of the cross*, exclaiming—*Marat, amen!*

However, the present Republic is too humane in its character to tolerate even a statue of the author of the *Chains of Slavery*² in one of the public promenades of Paris. It is true that the statue of Danton has been set up—Danton who ordered those terrible massacres of September, which stand out as one of the most revolting acts of that sanguinary period known as “The Terror.”

Nor must I omit to state that there was a fearful destruction of statues when the Hôtel de Ville was destroyed. But all these have now been replaced and more added. In fact the different *façades* of the Hôtel de Ville are ornamented with one hundred and six statues. Of these, one hundred and five represent celebrated men and women born in Paris. The exception is Boccador, the Italian architect, who built the

¹ See *Souvenirs de la Terreur*, by Baron Gronouf.

² “Marat travelled in Scotland as well as in England, and was so profoundly versed in our language that he wrote two works in it; one of which, called the *Chains of Slavery*, was afterwards translated into French”—Buckle’s *History of Civilization in England*, t. 11, p. 224.

first Hôtel de Ville. The ladies who are immortalized are Madame Geoffrin, the friend of the Encyclopædist ; Madame Lebrun, the portrait painter ; Madame Roland, wife of "Roland the Just, with ribbons in his shoes" ; the brave woman who on her way to the guillotine exclaimed, "Liberty, what things are done in thy name!" Armandine Lucie Aurore Dupin, Baronne Dudevant, *alias* George Sand, and Madame de Staal, "Necker's fair daughter."

In addition to Boccador the Italian, Viole, Prévôt des Marchands, who laid the first stone of the old Hôtel de Ville, has his statue. Also the following architects—Bullant, who built the Tuileries (not yet risen from its ashes) ; Jacques Ange Gabriel ; Jean Goujon, massacred during the St. Bartholomew ; Lescot, the architect of the Louvre and the Fontaine des Innocents ; Mansart, the architect of the Place Vendôme, the Invalides, and the Palace of Versailles ; and Claude Perrault, who built the colonnade of the Louvre.

And this is how literature is represented—in alphabetical order—by d'Alembert, d'Argenson, Beaumarchais, Béranger, Boileau, Paul Louis Courrier, Estoile, La Bruyère, La Rochefoucauld, Michelet, Molière, Alfred de Musset, Perrault,¹ Picard, Quinault, Régnard, Rollin, St. Simon, Sauval (Historian of Paris), Scribe, Sedaine,

¹ Author of those Fairy Tales which have been translated into every language, and have delighted children for generations past and will continue to delight them for generations to come.

Eugene Sue, de Thou, Villemain, and Voltaire. And painting is represented by such artists as Boucher, Corot, Daubigny, David, Delacroix, Décamps, Gros, Lebrun, Le Suer, Theodore Rousseau, and Horace Vernet.

Boule, the celebrated cabinet-maker, has his statue; also Didot, the publisher; Bailly, the first Mayor of Paris under the Revolution; Lavoisier, the chemist; War Minister Pache; Cochin, the engraver; Bougainville, the navigator; Tourville, the Admiral; Marshal Catinat; the actors, Lekain and Talma; the composers, Halévy and Hérold; the sculptors, Pigalle and Pilon. Also such celebrated historical characters as Cardinal Richelieu, Achille de Harlay, Hérault de Sechelles, Mathieu Molé, and Turgot. Lallier, too, has his statue, but does not deserve to figure in such good company. However, he is represented as having driven the English from Paris in 1436. The truth is that Lallier was a traitor who betrayed the Armagnacs and opened the gates of Paris to the Burgundians. At that time there was a small English garrison in the Bastille under the command of Lord Willoughby—Vileby, as the French chroniclers call him. The Parisians implored Constable Richemont, who was about to besiege the Bastille, to offer terms, and refused him money to begin operations. Terms were offered and accepted, and Lord Willoughby and his men marched out of the Bastille with arms and baggage, and embarked on the Seine for Rouen. Thus did Lallier, *Prévôt des Marchands*,

drive the English out of Paris. On nearly every other occasion that the Bastille capitulated the garrison was massacred, but no one dared to molest the English. The reason why Lord Willoughby, who succeeded Sir J. Falstaff in the command of the Bastille, capitulated, was that the place was not prepared to stand a long siege, and because he had no hope of receiving succour.

On the Place de la République, formerly Château d'Eau, then Prince Eugène, there was inaugurated on September 21, 1889, a colossal statue in honour of and called *Le Triomphe de la République*. The inauguration took place on the day preceding the general elections, when the said Republic appeared to be in imminent deadly peril, and when it seemed very probable that France would once more throw herself into the arms of a military dictator, in the shape of General Boulanger. This statue, which by the way is one of considerable merit, is the work of Citizen Dalou, who served under the Commune and afterwards had to fly for his life to London, where he obtained employment in the British Museum. When the amnesty was proclaimed he returned to Paris, gained the Medal of Honour at the Salon in 1883, and was decorated with the Legion of Honour, and now probably regrets that he ever attempted to upset that Republic which he has since immortalized in bronze.¹

¹ The Republic called by a witty and liberal Frenchman the *provisoire perpétuel*.

Denfert-Rochereau, who has two statues, is the officer who successfully defended Belfort against the Germans during the war of 1870—1871, and that important military position remains French. There existed in Paris, before the peace, a street called the Rue d'Enfer, or Hell Street, and the Municipal Council, as already mentioned, altered its name to Rue Denfert-Rochereau.

In August 1891, there was inaugurated at Livry near Paris a statue erected to the memory of Vice-Admiral Jacob, a man whose career was so remarkable as to deserve a few words. He began life on board a *corsaire*, say the French chroniclers, or what we should call a privateer. He was made lieutenant in 1795; was thrice taken prisoner by the English during the wars of the First Republic, twice exchanged, and attained the rank of captain in 1803. He afterwards served under King Joseph Bonaparte as "first lord" at Naples. Then distinguished himself in the action of the Sables d'Olonne in 1809, and was made Rear-Admiral. In 1814 he defended Rochefort, say the French,¹ against the English army commanded by Lord Beresford and the Duke of Angoulême. The Town Council were in favour of opening the gates to the Allies, when Jacob appeared and swore that he would shoot the first man who spoke of surrendering. His statue represents him as tearing up a letter from Lord Beresford. During the

¹ This must be a mistake, as Lord Beresford was never there. It may have been Roquefort.

“Hundred Days” he was prefect of Lorient, but he was disgraced when the Bourbons returned for the second time. However, he was once more employed in 1820, was appointed first Governor of Guadalupe, then Port-Admiral of Toulon, and became Minister of Marine under Louis Philippe. He died in 1854, at the ripe old age of 86, full of honours—Commander of the Order of St. Louis; Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour; a Count of the Empire, and a Peer of France.

The precise date of Jacob’s heroic conduct at Rochefort, or Roquefort, is not mentioned. The episode, if it ever occurred, probably took place after the abdication of Napoleon at Fontainebleau. The Emperor abdicated on April 6th, and Marshal Beresford was engaged in the Pyrenees with the Duke of Wellington until after the evacuation of Toulouse by Soult on the 12th.

Another statue deserving of notice is one raised in honour of Dupleix, who acquired such fame and opulence in India, and was afterwards allowed to languish and die of poverty in France.¹ It is to be

¹ Macaulay in his essay on Lord Clive presents Dupleix, after his victory over Anaverdy Khan, as “Governor of India from the river Kristna to Cape Comorin,” as being “in command of 7000 cavalry,” as “having received £200,000 in money besides many valuable jewels,” and ruling “thirty millions of people with almost absolute power.” “Dupleix was now the greatest potentate in India.” “Near the spot where his policy had obtained its chief triumph he determined to erect a column, on the four sides of which four pompous inscriptions in four languages should proclaim his glory to all nations of the East. Medals stamped with .

hoped that this statue will not share the fate of that which Dupleix raised to himself.

At Hondschoote, which is situated in the Flemish portion of the Department of the Nord, was inaugurated, in June 1890, a monument in honour of the victory gained on September 8, 1793, by General Houchard, who obliged the Duke of York to raise the siege of Dunkerque. Two months later, poor Houchard was guillotined like Custine, de Beauharnais, and other commanders before him. What was the crime of Houchard? It appears that he had received an excellent plan of campaign from Carnot, and had only half carried it out. He had attacked the enemy in such a manner as to drive the army of observation back on the besieging force, instead of separating the two corps. This being the case, the probability is that the execution of the successful general was ordered by Carnot. The Third Republic, under another Carnot,

emblems of his successes were buried beneath the foundations of this stately pillar, and round it rose a town bearing the haughty name of Dupleix Fatihabad, which is, being interpreted, the City of the Victory of Dupleix."

At this moment Clive appeared on the scene, took, and then defended Arcot, and gained a complete victory over Rajah Sahib, in the ranks of whose army were 400 Frenchmen. "The victorious army marched from the field of battle to Fort St. David. On the road lay the City of the Victory of Dupleix and the stately monument which was designed to commemorate the triumphs of France in the East. Clive ordered the city and the monument to be rased to the ground"

has now atoned as far as possible for the severity of the first.

Parmentier has been honoured with a third statue. He had one at his native place, Montdidier, and another at Père la Chaise, now he has a third at Neuilly. It was he, as I have mentioned elsewhere, who taught the French people to eat potatoes when there was famine in the land, and a hard job it was at first, for the Gaul is suspicious by nature and dislikes innovations. Now the root, if not quite so popular as in England or Ireland, is looked upon here as an essential and agreeable article of food, and is served at table in a variety of ways—*pommes de terre à l'Anglaise*, or *à l'eau*; *en robe de chambre* (in their jackets), *maître d'hôtel*, *soufflées*, *frites*, &c., &c., but seldom mashed, and then without consistency. As a soup, or ingredient thereof, the potato appears in the *potage Parmentier*, which is not very succulent. Let me add that one of the best and most fashionable clubs of Paris, to which all the large landed proprietors and agriculturists belong, rejoices in the *sobriquet* of *La Pomme de Terre*.

I have somewhere read that the man who prides himself less on his own merits than on a long line of ancestry, may be compared to a potato plant, the best part of which is underground. This, however, does not apply to the Parmentiers, whose merits are great and whose ancestors do not date very far back.

The fate of poor Bailly, first National President, first Mayor of Paris under the Revolution, has deservedly excited pity. In 1793 he was accused of being a Royalist, and of having fired on the people when they threatened the Assembly in 1791. He was condemned to death, and was led to execution on November 11, a bitterly cold morning, rain and sleet falling alternately. For several hours, while the guillotine was being removed from the Champs de Mars to be set up on a dung-heap by the river-side, was the unfortunate old man kept waiting, "amid curses and bitter frost-rain." "Bailly, thou tremblest," said one of his tormentors. "Nay, friend," he replied, "it is from cold, not fear." Poor Bailly neglected to take the same precautions as Charles I., who, as the Thames was frozen and the streets were covered with snow on the day of his execution, asked for extra clothing, saying, "Were I to shake through cold, my enemies would attribute it to fear, and I would not have any such imputation, for I fear not death."

Lavoisier, another victim of the Revolution, has his niche at the Hôtel de Ville as "founder of chemistry." And sad and painful it is to think how his investigations relative to the nature of elastic fluids and gases and other matters were cut short. He was ostensibly sent to the guillotine for having, to the great injury of the health of citizens, adulterated tobacco, but in reality because he had been a farmer-general. He was not

even allowed time to terminate an experiment, so swift were his enemies to shed blood.¹

In connection with the statues raised to William the Conqueror, I may mention the following "note" written by Napoleon I., dated St. Cloud, May 14, 1806.

"The triumphal arches would be labour lost, and I should never have consented to them except as a means of encouraging architecture.² I desire that these arches may nourish French architecture for ten years. . . . You must lose no opportunity of humiliating the Russians and the English. William the Conqueror and Duguesclin may be honoured with monuments.

"NAPOLEON."

It is not likely that England felt humiliated by either of these monuments, if they were ever erected. Most of our old families boast of their Norman descent, and are proud of their ancestors having come over with the Conqueror. His monument should rather be humiliating to France. "This warrior," says the French historian, "died at Rouen, in 1087, deserted by all his friends,

¹ Carlyle says—"Lavoisier, famed chemist, shall die and not live. Chemist Lavoisier was Farmer-General Lavoisier too, and now all Farmers-General are arrested. . . . Lavoisier begged a fortnight more of life to finish some experiments; but the Republic does not need such, and the axe must do its work."

² Five days before writing the above note, Napoleon addressed a letter to M. Champigny, saying—"After all the difficulties in the way of erecting the Arc de Triomphe on the site of the Bastille, I consent to its being constructed at the Place de l'Etoile"—where it now stands.

and his servants plundered even the bed upon which he expired. . . . He obtained only by pity a grave in his native land; the persons present at his burial being obliged to pay down the funeral expenses on the lid of his coffin."

As for Duguesclin, was he not taken prisoner by John Chandos at the battle of Auray, and afterwards by the Black Prince? And did not the Princess of Wales help him to pay his ransom? Where then was our humiliation to come from?

I may mention by the way that Napoleon, six years before writing the above note, ordered the statue of an Englishman, who had done France some harm, to be placed in the Tuileries, in company with a rather miscellaneous lot of great men, as will be seen by the following letter—

"To LUCIEN BONAPARTE, Minister of the Interior.

"Paris, February 7, 1800.

"I beg you will give the necessary orders for placing in the grand gallery of the Tuileries the statues of Demosthenes, Alexander the Great, Hannibal, Scipio, Brutus, Cicero, Cato, Cæsar, Gustavus Adolphus, Turenne, the great Condé, Duguay-Trouin, *Marlborough*, Prince Eugène, Marshal Saxe, Washington, Frederick the Great, Mirabeau, Dugommier,¹ Dampierre, Marceau, and Joubert. "By order of the First Council."

¹ Dugommier is little remembered now. Bonaparte served under his orders at the siege of Toulon.

On the same date as the above letter there appeared an order of the day, saying—"Washington is dead. This great man fought against tyranny." . . . And the same day General Bonaparte took up his residence at the Tuilleries.

As regards the statue to Charlemagne, it may be noticed that Napoleon at one time intended that that warrior should replace Louis XIV. in the Place Vendôme, and figure at the top of that column which he himself afterwards ascended. As see—

NOTE.

"*Paris, April 20, 1803.*

"The Minister will draw up a plan for placing the statue of Charlemagne in the so-called Place Vendôme.

"BONAPARTE."

And in September came—

DECREE.

"1st. There shall be raised in Paris, in the centre of the Place Vendôme, a column similar to that erected in honour of Trajan."

The dimensions of the column were duly laid down, and the shaft was to be ornamented with allegorical figures in bronze representing the departments of the Republic. And on the top was to be placed the statue of Charlemagne !

When the above decree was issued Austerlitz had not

been fought, nor had Austria and Russia furnished the bronze with which the shaft was afterwards plated. On August 26, 1806, matters had changed. There was a new Charlemagne. Bonaparte was Emperor, and having furnished the metal for the column, he considered that he it was who should adorn its summit. As for the allegorical figures representing the departments of the Republic, there being no longer a Republic, nothing more was heard of them.

Poor Charlemagne has not been lucky. A colossal statue of him, recently executed, was to have been placed in Notre Dame, but it was found too large, and it stands outside the edifice awaiting a purchaser, covered over with planks.

Why the statue of Marlborough?

“John, Duke of Marlborough,
Who beat the French thorough and thorough.”

Was it because he distinguished himself as a pupil of Turenne at the siege of Maestricht, when sent over to France by Charles II., and received the praise of Louis XIV. at the head of the army? Was it for giving information to the French Court that a secret expedition was about to attack Brest, which expedition consequently failed? It could hardly have been because he was the hero of Blenheim, Ramillies, Oudenarde, and Malplaquet. But Marlborough has a more imperishable monument in France than that in marble—

the popular song which turns the great commander and the Duchess into ridicule, and begins thus—

“Malbrouck s'en va-t-en guerre,
Mi ron ton, ton ton, mi ron taine.”
• • • • •

After stating that Monsieur Malbrouck was dead and buried, the song, in a description of his funeral, says that he was carried to the grave by four officers, adding—

“L'un portait son grand sabre,
Mi ron ton, ton ton, mi ron taine ;
L'un portait son grand sabre
L'autre son bouclier.”¹

And France may say, like Horace—

“Exegi monumentum aere perennius.”

No one appears to know who wrote either words or air of this squib. I have seen the words attributed to Madame de Sévigné, who is supposed to have written them to lull the Dauphin to sleep, and Chateaubriand said that he heard the air sung by some tribe on the banks of the Nile, and that it was of Eastern origin.

¹ It may have been these lines which induced John Philips, much to the horror of Macaulay, to attribute the victory of Blenheim to Churchill's slaughtering arm, and thus to write—

“ . . . In Gallic blood
He dyes his reeking sword, and strews the ground
With headless ranks. What can they do ?
Or how
Withstand his wide destroying sword ?”

Malbrook, too, is said to be merely the paraphrase of an earlier song describing the fate of the Duke of Guise. However this may be, the words seem to have been written immediately after the battle of Malplaquet, and when the rumour was current in Paris that the Duke of Marlborough was dead.

By the way, the name of Marlborough is still taken in vain here in several popular locutions. A Frenchman instead of saying, "It is useless to speak to me of that," will exclaim, "*C'est comme si vous chantiez Malbrook.*" Or instead of, "I don't care a pin," "*Je m'en moque comme du feu Malbrook.*" If you ask a Frenchman when a friend will return, he will reply, if in doubt, in the words of the song—

"Il reviendra à Pâques,
Ou à la Trinité."

And in fact "Corporal John" requires no statue to keep his memory alive in France, though he might like to be treated with more respect.

On September 6, 1883, the statue of General Lafayette was inaugurated at Puy. He is represented holding on high a tricolor cockade. Poor Marquis, what a life of deceptions was his! He declared the right of insurrection to be sacred, and aided in the foundation of two Republics, one on each side of the Atlantic. Then he was nearly devoured by Saturn, as Danton called the Revolution. Gouverneur Morris, who was American Minister here when Saturn was in all his glory, often

mentioned Lafayette in his despatches. Thus on June 23, 1789—"At dinner I sit next M. de la Fayette. . . . I seize this opportunity to tell him that I am opposed to the democracy from regard to liberty. That I see they are going headlong to destruction. That their views respecting this nation are totally inconsistent with the materials of which it is composed [cannot make a silk purse out of a sow's ear], and that the worst thing which could happen would be to grant their wishes. He tells me he is sensible that his party are mad, and tells them so, but is not the less determined to die with them. I tell him that it would be quite as well to bring them to their senses, and to live with them."

Lafayette neither brought them to their senses, died with them, nor lived with them, but ran away and fell into the hands of the Austrians.

Two more extracts from Gouverneur Morris.

"October 5. Lafayette has marched by compulsion [with women to Versailles], guarded by his own troops who suspect and threaten him. Dreadful situation. Obliged to do what he abhors, or to suffer an ignominious death, with the certainty that the sacrifice of his life will not prevent the mischief.

"October 11.—Told Lafayette that he must have coadjutors in whom he can confide. That as to the objections he has made on the score of morals in some, he must consider that men do not go into an Administration as the direct road to heaven."

Altogether Gouverneur Morris, who himself had to fly from Paris a little later on, had no very high opinion of Lafayette as a politician. After his flight the Marquis was thrown into Olmutz, where he remained until Bonaparte insisted on his liberation. He of course could not serve under the despotic government of the Empire. During the Restoration he went back to America, and it is related that when he returned to Paris under the Constitutional Monarchy, which he termed "the best of Republics," the people took the horses out of his carriage, and he never saw them again.

General Thomas, in his life of Marshal Lannes, tells the following amusing anecdote concerning the statues of that gallant soldier, and those of some of his comrades. It appears that in 1810 Napoleon decided that the statues of eight Generals killed in action should be executed in marble, and placed on the piers on the Pont de la Concorde. The Generals selected were Espagne and St. Hilaire, killed at Essling; Carsoni and Herso, killed at Eckmühl; Colbert, Ruffin, and Lapisse, killed in Spain; and Lassalle, who fell at Wagram.

These statues were terminated just before the fall of the Empire, but did not remain long on the bridge. The Restoration replaced them by warriors who had fought under the Monarchy—by Turenne, Condé, Duguesclin, Bayard, Sully, Duquesne, Jean Bart, and

Sugur.¹ As for the Generals of the Empire they were put into store.

Matters remained thus until there was another change of *régime*. Under Louis Philippe it was found that these statues damaged the perspective of the quay, and threatened the solidity of the bridge. They were removed and placed in the grand court-yard of the Palace of Versailles, where they still stand. But more were required. Under these circumstances four of the Generals of the Empire were taken out of store. But as, in the opinion of the administration, Espagne, St. Hilaire, Lassalle, and Colbert, though brave soldiers, would be "crushed" alongside of Turenne, Condé, Bayard, and Sully, it was decided to decapitate them and turn them into more illustrious warriors. The head of Lassalle was cut off and replaced by that of Lannes, Duke of Montebello; Colbert's body received the head of Marshal Mortier, Duke of Trevise; Espagne's that of Marshal Jourdan, and St. Hilaire's that of Massena!

But the most stupendous monument erected in connection with the Franco-German war is the church on the heights of Montmartre, dedicated to the Sacred Heart of the Virgin Mary, on the part of a repentant Gaul—Gallia Penitens—a repentant Gaul which ever since its disasters has been preparing for a war of revenge. This vast structure, which, as I write [1892],

¹ The Abbé Sugur never took the field, but only proposed to raise an army, take the command of it, and go crusading.

is far from complete, has already cost over £1,000,000. In constructing it, the Clerical party wished to convey this idea to the nation, that if France suffered defeat at the hands of a heretical monarch in 1870-71, it was because she had gone astray. It is such a relief to one's vanity to be persuaded that we are not responsible for our misfortunes. Voltaire has remarked, that should a preacher get into the pulpit and say—"You are wretches devoid of discipline and courage, and you were beaten at Ramillies because you did not know how to defend yourselves," he would be pelted with stones. But were he to say—"Your sins irritated the Almighty, who handed you over to the heretics at Ramillies, but when you returned to the Lord, He blessed your work at Denain," he would be listened to with respectful attention.

It remains to be seen of what use this church of atonement will be in the war of the future. I should like the builders to read the 207th No. of the *Spectator*, in which Addison lays down some thoughts on Plato's dialogue upon prayer, and in which he says—"When the Athenians" (and the French are always comparing themselves to the Athenians) "in the war with the Lacedemonians received many defeats both by land and sea, they sent a message to the oracle of Jupiter Ammon to ask the reason why they who erected so many temples to gods and adorned them with such costly offerings; why they who had instituted so many

festivals and accompanied them with such pomps and ceremonies ; in short, why they who had slain so many hecatombs at their altars, should be less successful than the Lacedemonians, who fell so short of them in these particulars ? To this the oracle made the following reply : ‘ I am better pleased with the prayers of the Lacedemonians than with all the oblations of the Greeks.’ ” The Lacedemonians used to pray that the gods might give them all good things so long as they were virtuous, and as this prayer encouraged virtue in those who made it, the philosopher proceeds to show how the most vicious man might be devout, so far as victims could make him, but that his offerings were regarded by the gods as bribes and his petitions as blasphemies.

Apropos to the Church of the Sacred Heart, I cannot refrain from quoting here a few lines from Lanfrey¹— “At the moment Napoleon I. was about to let loose so many horrors on Spain, by a spirit of contradiction which could have been hatched only in the brain of a Cæsar in a state of delirium, he sent to Cambacérès a plan for a ‘ temple of Janus ’ which was to be built on the heights of Montmartre, where the first solemn publications of peace were to be made. The erection of a Temple of Peace at the very moment that he doubled the conscription would, he thought, convince all Frenchmen of his conciliatory ‘ intentions.’ ” It

¹ *Histoire de Napoléon I.*, t. iv., p. 454.

was calculated that this monument, which was never commenced, would cost nearly £2,000,000.

In 1874, the statue of Francis Arago was inaugurated at Perpignan, and gave rise to much Republican rejoicing. M. Jules Ferry and M. Paul Bert, told off to do the honours, received instructions to laud the politician rather than the savant, and thus science was rather neatly sacrificed on the altar of the Republic. And yet Arago, who as an astronomer towered above the heads of his fellows, blundered like any one else in politics ; blew hot and cold, and indulged in party warfare after the fashion of meaner mortals. In fact one parliamentary episode has left rather a stain on his character either as a statesman or a patriot. We allude to his opposition to railways when Louis Philippe was king ; to what has since been mildly termed "the error of Arago."

The facts of the case are worth looking at, not simply as regards Arago, but also as concerns the progress made by the French nation. The new method of locomotion met with two powerful and obstinate adversaries in France, Francis Arago and Adolphus Thiers. The latter, when Minister of the Interior and Public Works in 1832, had visited England, and inspected our railways. He crossed the Channel highly prejudiced against everything English, and taking with him his old lumbering coach. His report on what he saw was most unfavourable ; he declared railways

unsuitable to France, or suitable only as a toy to amuse the Parisians. A couple of years later he made a few concessions, and admitted that short lines running into large towns might be advantageous for travellers, but he should be sorry to see more than five leagues constructed per annum. He obtained large grants of public money, but with these sums he completed the Arc de Triomphe, the Madeleine, and other works begun by the Empire. And thus it came that up to the year 1842, France had only 500 miles of railway. The first line, between Paris and St. Germain, had been opened amid the jeers of the capital, and it was fully expected that the Queen, with the ladies and gentlemen of the Court, who went on the trial trip, would have been stifled in the tunnels. The King was to have gone, but was prevented by urgent public affairs, it was said. Could it have been prudence? Two years later, when the line to Versailles was opened, the engineers and directors were pelted with stones. Between these two incidents, that is to say in 1838, the French Government laid before the Chamber a plan for the construction of about 5000 miles of railway, destined to place the capital in communication with Rouen, Havre, and Dieppe to the west; with Lille, Boulogne, and Dunkirk to the north; with Lyons, Bordeaux, Marseilles, and Toulouse, to the south; and with Nancy, Metz, and Strasbourg to the east. There was also to be a line from Bordeaux to Marseilles.

Unfortunately both politics and science were mixed up in this question. The Liberals were out of office, and seeing the amount of patronage the Government would obtain if this net-work were voted, they determined to oppose the bill. Arago was appointed to draw up the report on the Government measure. He urged that the plan should be adjourned so that the country might profit by those new inventions which would certainly be made in the course of a few years. He begged the Chamber not to abandon itself to illusions with regard to the steam-engine, and declared it impossible to admit that two parallel iron rods could ever transform the *landes* of Gascony. If the proposed lines were in working order, he said, and it became necessary to concentrate 50,000 men at Strasbourg, only two or three days would be gained. He made out, too, that as regarded the transport of goods the new mode of locomotion would be disastrous. In 1836 some 70,000,000 lbs. of merchandise had been conveyed through France at the rate of 8*d.* a ton per league. With railways this tariff would be reduced to 3*d.*, and consequently the country would lose two-thirds of the total amount spent in transport, and French commission agents, carriers, hotel-keepers, horse-dealers, and carters would be annually deprived of a sum of £80,000 ! What right has Arago to figure as a Liberal politician after this, supposing his arguments to have been sincere ? He was followed

by Deputy Angis, who compared the miserable 9 per cent. paid by the English railways to the 30, 50, and even 70 per cent. yielded by French canals. The Government measure was defeated by 196 to 69, and a writer of such merit as Victor Considerant declared that neither the State nor private companies should be permitted to make railroads, which were very generally denounced as a dangerous innovation, and exclusively intended for the upper classes.

It must be admitted, however, that if railways with their "iron precipitancies" have now triumphed in France, where M. de Freycinet is their prophet, they have not quite fulfilled the expectations of the earliest disciples. M. Michel Chevalier, who took up arms in their favour in 1832, when M. Thiers was lumbering through England, saw in the "two parallel iron rods" many things which were not to be. He announced them to be the harbingers of peace and good-will, of industry and religion. He said they would reconcile mind and matter, also the East and the West, having the Mediterranean for a nuptial bed. He descried other smaller beds in the future—the Black Sea and the Caspian. He little foresaw strategic lines; thousands of waggons marked with the number of soldiers they can carry; railway-stations taken by storm; and sections of railway soldiers for the repairing or tearing up of lines.

Proudhon took a colder view of the new means of

locomotion, and erred in another direction. He refused to jumble up metaphysics with science, and declared that railways would do nothing for the mind, for ideas, for philosophy ; that they would carry indifferently Papal Bulls and the speeches of M. Thiers; the Holy Scriptures or Voltaire's *Candide*. He could not conceive a railway dispersing intellectual light and changing the character of a people by bettering their material condition.

Were Francis Arago now alive he would be able to see 16,000 miles of railway in operation in France, and M. de Freycinet preparing to construct 16,000 more. He would see the steam-engine triumphantly crossing the *landes* through forests of pine and carrying waggon-loads of poles and barrels of turpentine, the product of that once desolate region, for exportation to England.

PLUNDER

I WAS much amused one day at the wry face made by one of the librarians of the Bibliothèque Nationale when, on asking for the manuscript of Josephus, he said the Allies had seized upon it in 1815. It was a case of rending the prey from the robber. The work had been stolen from Italy by Napoleon, and had simply been restored to its rightful owners.¹

¹ The manuscript of Josephus taken by the French from the

The French still complain of their museums having been plundered because they were obliged to disgorge their spoils, which were enormous.¹ At the end of the *Correspondence of Napoleon* may be found a list of the paintings, statues, books, and manuscripts which that conqueror sent to Paris—a list extending over a dozen quarto pages. Napoleon has been accused of having been the originator of this system of spoliation, which consisted in levying, not only money, but works of art, &c., on conquered countries. This is doing him an

Ambrosian Library. On June 6, 1797, Bonaparte wrote to the Minister of the Interior saying that it had been sent to Paris from Milan; that it was the only MS. written on papyrus; that it was most important that it should not be lost, and that he should like to know if it had been sent to the National Library.

¹ Casimir Delavigne in one of his plays talks of the “devastation of the museum,” and says mournfully—

“Le deuil est aux bosquets de Gnide.
Muet, pâle et le front baissé,
L’Amour, que la guerre intimide,
Eteint son flambeau renversé.

Des Grâces, la troupe légère,
L’interroge sur ses doulours;
Il leur dit en versant des pleurs:
‘J’ai vu Mars outrager ma mère.’”

Which, being interpreted, meant that the Venus of Medicis had been sent back to Italy. On October 22, 1800, Bonaparte wrote to General Lacué saying—“Inform General Brune that the Government does not wish him to touch the pictures and statues in the gallery of Florence. For the moment he must merely send the statue of Venus of Medicis.” In November he directed that the statue of Mars which came from Rome should be placed under the dome of the Invalides, where his own ashes now repose.

injustice; he was merely an apt pupil. On the 14th Fructidor, Year 11, Grégoire in a report to the Convention said—

“Van Dyck and Rubens are on the road to Paris, and the Flemish school is rising *en masse* to come and adorn our museums.”

The works of Rubens numbered “at least eighty,” and those of Van Dyck, seventeen. There were also three by Paul Potter, three by Rembrandt, without counting those of Teniers and Van Ostade,¹ with Albert Durer’s and Holbein’s.

Under the Directory, fifty French artists, much to their credit, petitioned the Government to put a stop to this system. As far as Italy was concerned this spoliation, says M. Despois, “was not justified even by the right of conquest, for we had the pretension, not of conquering but of liberating Italy; and it was a singular fashion of freeing people and securing their love to begin by despoiling them of the riches of which they were the most proud.”

In spite of this protest, competent citizens² were told

¹ *Le Vandalisme Révolutionnaire*, by Eugène Despois, p. 182.

² It was certainly to the credit of the Directory that it sent “competent citizens” to follow the army, and to send home the spoil “with precaution.” It is related of Lucius Mummius that after plundering Corinth he told those who conveyed the works of the most celebrated artists of Greece to Rome, that if they lost or injured them, they would have to make others in their stead. The Directory had a finer appreciation of art than the Roman Consul.

off to follow the armies, and send home "with precaution" the *chef's d'œuvre* found in the invaded countries. In justification of this conduct, Bossuet was quoted, who, Bible in hand, said that not only the goods but the persons of the vanquished belonged to the conqueror, quoting as an example the conduct of Solomon, who gave Hiram, King of Tyre, twenty cities of Galilee. The practice of other biblical warriors was also cited.

Voltaire in his *Droit de la Guerre* professed to be unable to understand the "right of war," though Grotius wrote a treaty on the subject in which he quoted more than two hundred Greek, Latin, and even Jewish authors.

"Do you believe," said Voltaire, "that Prince Eugène and the Duke of Marlborough studied that treaty when they drove the French out of a hundred leagues of country? I know the right of peace well enough, it is to keep one's word, and to allow all men to enjoy the blessings of nature; but as for the right of war I know not what that is. The code of murder appears to me a 'strange imagination.' I hope that they will soon give us the jurisprudence of highwaymen."

The ideas of the philosopher appear to me preferable to those of the bishop.

Just before the Germans invested Paris a large number of the most valuable works of art¹ were removed

¹ Amongst these was the sword of Frederick the Great, which Napoleon appropriated when he visited the tomb of that hero after Jena.

from the Louvre and sent to Cherbourg, and the Venus of Milo was buried in the cellars of the Prefecture of Police. But the Germans did not despoil France of her artistic treasures. It is true that the Emperor William was accused of having laid hands on and carried off, as a souvenir, a pair of bronze candlesticks which adorned the chimney-piece of one of the rooms he occupied at the Town Hall of Versailles, and his Majesty was very severely taken to task for this petty larceny.

Here are a few notes on French predatory habits, taken from the *Correspondence of Napoleon*.

“*Placentia, May 9, 1796.*”

“ . . . What we have taken from the enemy is incalculable. . . . I send you twenty pictures by the first masters . . . If matters go well, I hope to be able to send you 10,000,000 f.”

As the price of an armistice in June 1796, the Pope, among other stipulations, was “to hand over to the French Republic 100 pictures, busts, vases, or statues selected by Commissioners sent to Rome; among these must be comprised the bronze bust of Junius Brutus, and the marble bust of Marcus Brutus, both in the Capitol, and 500 manuscripts.”

While Bonaparte was robbing Italy, French citizens were robbing Bonaparte, as the following extracts from a letter dated Forli, February 3, 1797, addressed to

the Directory, show—"You will shudder with indignation when you see with what impudence the Republic is robbed. . . . You will never permit the robbers of the army of Italy to take refuge in Paris. While I was away from Milan fighting, Citizen Flachat absconded with 5,000,000 f." And Bonaparte ordered the arrest of four citizens who had pilfered on their own account.

"Ancona, February 10, 1797."

" . . . We are masters of Notre Dame de Lorette. There was gold and silver in the treasury to the amount of 7,000,000 f., and coin, which we took . . . BONAPARTE."

The image of the Madonna was sent to Paris "with all the relics. The Madonna is in wood." Among the relics was a cannon-ball which nearly killed Julius II., offered by that Pope; and the coat, vest, and flesh-coloured breeches of the King of Sweden.

In a proclamation which Bonaparte addressed to his soldiers at Bassano, March 10, 1797, he said—"You have sent 30,000,000 f. to relieve the Treasury at home. You have enriched the Museum of Paris with more than 200 works of art; masterpieces of ancient and modern Italy, which it required thirty centuries to produce . . ."

On May 14, Bonaparte wrote—"The Pope has given us eight millions in diamonds," and on the 16th, "Venice is to contribute 15,000,000 f., twenty pictures, 500 manuscripts, with ships, stores, &c." And on the

28th—"I am informed that forty-five parishes of the Vicentin have refused to give up their church plate." General Joubert was ordered to force them to furnish these vessels of gold and silver "like the others."

At the end of the third volume of the *Correspondence of Napoleon* is a list of 860 statues, paintings, &c., taken from Rome. Those marked A. were stolen from the celebrated gallery of Cardinal Albany; those marked C. B. from Cardinal Braschi; those marked P. from the Vatican; and those marked I. from the Inglesi, or English, living in Rome. And Pius VI. having been made prisoner, his walking-stick was forwarded to the Directory as a trophy. The "fisherman's ring" and the tiara were afterwards seized upon.

The outrageous manner in which Spain and Portugal were plundered is notorious. Churches, convents, and even graves were robbed. Junot, when leaving Portugal, asked for five ships to take home his plunder.

What can give a better idea of the deeds done in Spain than the letters of King Joseph to his brother Napoleon? On July 16, 1808, he complained of certain officers who had torn the silver buckles from the Court harness to appropriate them. And on the 22nd he wrote—"If your Majesty would write to General Caulaincourt that he has been informed of the pillage of the houses and churches of Cuença, organized in cold blood, you would do much good. I know that the sale of the sacred vases at Madrid has done great harm."

And on the 24th poor Joseph denounced other Generals, and implored his brother to recall the robbers.

On two memorable occasions the amount of plunder with which the French armies in Spain encumbered themselves greatly contributed to, if it did not actually produce, disaster. First, when General Dupont was forced by the Spaniards to capitulate at Baylen; a serious reverse which might have been avoided had the French sacrificed their baggage. Again at Vittoria, where Joseph was beaten by Wellington and driven out of Spain. A division, whose services would have been invaluable during the battle, had been sent forward to protect the plunder which was being hurried into France, and yet the amount of "loot" which fell into the hands of the English army was fabulous, as Napier relates in his *History of the Peninsular War*. Our troops during the pursuit waded through dollars.

Surely the French would do wisely not to rake up such reminiscences as these, and to remember their own predatory instincts and performances before bringing ridiculous charges against Germany, as they are constantly doing. The other day the Press went into convulsions over an advertisement in a German paper to the effect that "Herr —— wished to dispose of a book which had been found in France during the invasion." I don't believe that there was more fuss made over Alsace and Lorraine and the war contribution than over this *found* in France. ". . . stolen, robbed,

plundered! It was fearful the way in which our poor country was pillaged," and of course there were plentiful allusions to the candlesticks which the Emperor William had put into his pocket before leaving Paris; to the number of clocks of which France had been despoiled; and to Mercury the god of thieves.

I remember on my first visit to Versailles after the departure of the Germans, finding palace and gardens and town intact—not a trace of the invader; the pictures hanging in the splendid galleries, and the marble statues standing in their places untouched, nor any damage done to the pleasure-grounds.

It was much feared at one time that Gambetta after having been forced to lay down the Dictatorship would have cast in his lot with the Commune, especially as the south was, as usual, ripe for the most violent measures. Fortunately he merely held aloof, waiting to see what would happen before compromising himself. It was said that he had quitted office with clean hands; that he had crossed the frontier, and that, after being for a while the first man in France, he was engaged in the manufacture of jam-pots at St. Sebastian. Once the insurrection quelled he returned here and soon occupied a commanding position in the Chamber.

From official returns it seems that the losses of the Versailles troops in putting down the Commune was comparatively small—877 killed; 645 wounded; 350

missing. The fact of there being more killed than wounded looks as if little quarter was given. The loss of the Communists is given in round numbers at 50,000 killed and wounded and 25,000 prisoners; a lesson not likely to be forgotten for a long time by the turbulent classes whose Mount Aventine is Belleville.

In the year 1871, in addition to Alexandre Dumas (of whom I shall speak hereafter), France lost another novelist of a very popular type—the jovial but immoral Paul de Kock, who departed this life on August 29, aged 78. There was an immense demand for his works in his own country, as long as he lived, and, I believe, on the other side of the Alps, and it was currently reported that his works found grace in the eyes of Pio Nono, who, on one occasion, addressed him as his dear son Paolo de Kocko. To the English reader they appear too erotic and too dirty. For many years this prolific Gaul had a treaty with his publisher which obliged him to furnish at least one novel annually, which novel was usually commenced about a fortnight before it was due, and was written without any settled plan. He was a great favourite in society of a certain order, and has left behind him many friends.

Auber, too, who had so long been a familiar figure in Paris, died in 1871, leaving behind him forty operas.

I have mentioned how James Mortimer introduced a small man to the Emperor shortly before the war, and

that his Majesty ordered from him forty tons of preserved beef, which were delivered just after Napoleon III. had started for Metz. That beef was stored in the Palais de l'Industrie, and there it remained unnoticed all during the siege, although the building had been turned into barracks and was generally thronged with Moblots. After the siege Mortimer asked to be paid, and on payment being refused exhibited the order for the beef signed by the Minister of War. He was then told to wait, as there was the war indemnity and other things to settle. When he returned a second time for his money he was put off because the Communist insurrection had broken out, and told that no one knew anything about his beef. He showed the order and receipt, and was again told to wait. When he applied a third time, after the insurrection had been quelled, he met with another refusal on the ground that the Communists had devoured the beef, which was perfectly true, and great was their rejoicing over the discovery. Of course this was no excuse for not paying, and in the end Mortimer's claim was settled.

June 3.—The weather became so cold that we were obliged to light fires. This was rather a treat after what we had suffered during the siege—the blazing fire, not the cold.

June 5.—The National Guard has been dissolved, or what remained of it. It was always a source of danger, the turbulent portion being given to do mischief, and

the well-affected portion to look on. It is dead and buried now, and on its tombstone let us write R.I.P.

June 29.—M. Thiers reviewed the army of Paris on the same ground that the German Emperor had reviewed his victorious army in the month of March. M. Thiers is said to have wept, but seeing his military proclivities, he must have felt in all his glory as the troops marched past. The army had captured Paris, slain *pas mal* of his bitter foes, and had taken some of the forts which he had erected in 1840, and shown with much pride to Lord Palmerston—forts intended, it was thought, as much to overawe the Parisians as to protect them. Of course other recent *souvenirs* were painful; then the German troops had not yet evacuated St. Denis and the northern forts.

August 31.—M. Thiers became President of the Republic; he had been only Chief of the Executive Power before.

September 19.—St. Denis and northern forts evacuated by the Germans.

September 21.—Henri Rochefort condemned to seclusion for life in a fortress. He fully expected to be shot, and was said to have sent for a priest. His life is reported to have been spared on the intercession of M. Jules Favre, who soon afterwards fell from his high estate, and was obliged to resign his post of Foreign Minister. He, the great lawyer, was found guilty of having made a false entry in a public register to the

effect that a child not born in wedlock was legitimate. This was done simply to save the honour of the mother, and for no other purpose ; but it was done, and it was an indictable offence. Little pity was felt for M. Jules Favre, for he had been long noted for the venom of his tongue and the virulence of his language in court.

M. de Rémusat, a Conservative and a member of the Academy, was to-day appointed to succeed M. Jules Favre. Shortly afterwards there was a vacancy for Paris, and M. Thiers did what he could to get his new Foreign Minister elected. Paris, however, *la ville lumière* of Victor Hugo, preferred the ex-schoolmaster and nonentity Barodet to the accomplished scholar, and this greatly alarmed the Royalists.

In January 1872, M. Thiers and Ministers resigned office in consequence of the Chamber refusing to vote a tax upon raw material. The President, however, withdrew his resignation on the earnest appeal of the House. Several changes, however, took place in the Ministry. M. Casimir Perrier, who was Minister of the Interior, was succeeded by M. Victor Lefranc ; and the well-known Protectionist, M. Pouyer-Quertier, who had a very hard time of it as Minister of Finance, handed over his department to M. Léon Say. A few months afterwards a number of General Councils (which answer to our Grand Juries in many respects) forwarded addresses to M. Thiers. The Chamber declared that they had violated the law, and that these addresses

should have been suppressed by the Minister of the Interior. Thus blamed, M. Victor Lefranc resigned, and was succeeded by M. Goulard.

All these changes naturally keep Paris in a state of apprehension. However, the country, in spite of all it has passed through, and with an unstable Government, has not lost its credit. In July it raised a loan of £140,000,000 on very easy terms. During that period Gambetta was stumping the country and making very Republican speeches.

Poor M. Thiers had a terrible time of it. He was hated by the Legitimists, who would never forgive him for having bribed the Jew Deutsh to betray the Duchesse de Berri when she raised the standard of revolt against Louis Phillippe. Most of the Orleanists and Republicans distrusted him, and there was no love lost between him and the few Bonapartists in the Chamber. To add to his troubles, it had been decided that as President he could not ascend the tribune and address the House. I heard him make his last speech at Versailles, and a remarkable performance it was—a defence of his policy, clear as crystal, and listened to with a silence very unusual in a French assembly. It made one sad to think that we were no longer to hear the voice of the charmer, no matter how wisely he charmed.

It required very good pilotage for M. Thiers to keep his bark off the rocks as long as he did. He tried all

he could to inspire the Republicans with confidence. M. Dufaure, Minister of Justice, who had served under the Citizen King, managed the Orleanists, and M. Jules Simon, who, though no Catholic, was Minister of Public Instruction and Worship, kept the Legitimists in good humour through the Papal Nuncio, Monseigneur Chigi, bribed by having all the Church patronage confided to him.

M. Thiers always declared that no other Government than a Republic was possible. At a dinner which he gave at the Elysée on Easter day, he spoke this parable in reply to a question as to the best form of Government—

“Figurez-vous, mon cher député, que j’ai fait dernièrement un rêve bien étrange. Je veux vous le raconter, parce que vous y figuriez :

“Nous nous trouvions tous deux à la fenêtre d’un cercle du boulevard ; et il y avait beaucoup de monde dehors ; on attendait un événement. Tout à coup, un cri se fait entendre ‘Ah ! Ah !’ et, à notre grand étonnement, nous apercevons M. le comte de Chambord, qui fait son entrée dans sa bonne ville de Paris. Les démonstrations étaient modérées ; il n’y avait aucun enthousiasme. Quelques propos assez grossiers se firent entendre, et cela nous affligea à cause du respect que nous portons, vous et moi, à cette ancienne et illustre famille.

“Nous méditions encore sur cet événement lorsque

de nouveaux cris se firent entendre ; le spectacle avait subitement changé et, retournant à la fenêtre, nous vîmes M. le comte de Paris qui faisait à son tour sa rentrée, entouré d'un brillant état-major. Vous concevez, mon cher député, que ce spectacle ne me déplaissait pas, à moi qui suis un ancien ministre du roi Louis-Philippe : mais nous fûmes très surpris de voir que la grande masse des Parisiens ne répondait pas aux acclamations tout d'abord entendues, et je dois vous dire que cela m'affligeait sincèrement ; ce n'est pas tout ; le rêve continue et nous fait apercevoir une chose dont vous ne vous douteriez pas.

“ Du même côté, arrivait à son tour, en suivant la ligne des boulevards : Napoléon IV. Cette fois le peuple arrêta le cortège et se livra à ses violences ordinaires. Ce spectacle nous était pénible ; nous quittâmes la fenêtre et en descendant l'escalier du cercle, sérieux et profondément impressionnés par tout ce que nous venions de voir, nous nous disions : Décidément, il n'y a de possible que la République conservatrice !”

In January 1873 came the news of the death of the Emperor, which did not create much sensation, as the end had long been expected. The idea of his ever returning to France after the collapse of Sedan had often been ridiculed ; but Strasbourg and Boulogne had shown that he was a persevering conspirator, and he had been laughed at before. Questioned as to the

event, M. Thiers at first declined to answer, but when pressed replied, "He was not a bad man, but he confounded the verb *to dream* with the verb *to reflect*. However, as you say, it is a great event."

April 2.—M. Grèvy resigned his post as President of the Chamber, and was succeeded by the Orleanist M. Buffet.

May 10.—The Emperor William returned to Berlin, after a visit to St. Petersburg. Had not the Czar constantly congratulated his brother, after each victory gained over France?

May 19.—The Chamber met at Versailles.

May 24.—M. Thiers, in consequence of a vote of want of confidence, resigned. As the Chamber had solicited him to withdraw his resignation in '72, he thought that it would pursue the same course in '73; his idea was that he was indispensable. He soon found out his mistake, and great were his wrath and indignation when he learned that another President was to be elected, and then that Marshal MacMahon was to succeed him. The little man had certainly worked hard, and had accomplished great things. For a time he had been the idol of the nation, and had earned the title of "Liberator of the country." Half France believed that he had paid off the war indemnity out of his own pocket. But the French are sad iconoclasts, and here was the idol smashed never to be patched up again. Poor Sejanus!

However, M. Thiers must have known the capricious character of his countrymen, for did he not once improvise the following Pandora fable?—

“Quand la France est venue au monde comme nation, c’était au temps des fées. La France devait être une grande princesse, aussi on appela à son berceau toutes les bonnes fées: la fée de l’esprit, la fée de la richesse, la fée de la conquête, la fée de la beauté, la fée de la grâce, la fée des moissons, la fée des vendanges.

“Et ce fut une fête sans pareille dans tout le jeune royaume, on dansa et on s’enivra. Mais voilà qu’au beau milieu de cette réjouissance publique, une fée inattendue vint s’asseoir au banquet. Il y avait douze fées à table, la nouvelle venue fut la treizième.

“Elle n’était pas gaie comme les autres, bien au contraire, sa figure marquait la méditation, la gravité, la tristesse.

“Et tout le monde de se dire : Que vient-elle faire, celle-là, avec sa figure de l’autre monde ?

“Elle s’était assise ; elle se leva majestueusement et prit ainsi la parole :

“Vous avez appelé toutes les bonnes fées au berceau de la France, vous m’avez oubliée, malheur à vous ! La France aura des jours de victoires et de conquêtes. Elle sera riche par ses moissons et par ses vendanges ; elle sera célèbre par son esprit : elle séduira le monde par sa grâce ! mais chaque fois qu’elle sera sur le point

de jouir de sa fortune, une catastrophe imprévue la jettera dans l'abîme de la guerre ou de la révolution.

“Et ainsi, je serai vengée de n'avoir pas été appelée, comme les autres fées, à son berceau.

“Qui es-tu donc ? cria-t-on de toutes parts à la fée qui se vengeait.

“Elle était déjà à la porte, elle se retourna sur le seuil et dit d'un ton solennel et railleur à la fois :

“Je suis la Sagesse.¹

“La France aura eu à son berceau toutes les bonnes fées ; mais, comme elle n'aura pas eu la sagesse, tous les autres dons seront annihilés.”

While voting was going on at Versailles, great excitement reigned in Paris, and there was a dense crowd all the afternoon at the St. Lazare station, waiting anxiously for news. Many present went so far as to portend another revolution, and the air seemed charged with electricity and highly explosive. In the evening, Lord Lyons, in accordance with custom, gave a large dinner in honour of the Queen's birthday, and when we sat down to table, we had still no news from Versailles. At dessert, the Ambassador rose and pro-

¹ *Sage* in French has several meanings. Historians are not agreed as to why Charles V. of France was nicknamed “*le Sage*.” Was it because he was wise or learned ? A child is *sage* when good. A virtuous woman is *une femme sage*, and a midwife a *sage femme*. M. Thiers by *la Sagesse* probably meant common-sense or the mother wit, an ounce of which is said to be worth a pound of clergy.

posed her Majesty's health, and the splendid band of the Garde de Paris, which was stationed in the garden, treated us to a few bars of the National Anthem. Lord Lyons, before rising again to propose the ruler of France, turned to me and said, in an "aside"—"I hardly know which to propose, President or King." However, he proposed "the President," the band struck up the *Marseillaise*, and at Versailles it was determined to replace M. Thiers by another President, and not by a monarchy just yet. A new Ministry, under the Duke de Broglie, who took the Foreign Office, was at once formed.

Marshal MacMahon had no idea of the honour in store for him. It was not until late in the evening of the 24th that he was informed that he had been named President by the National Assembly, owing to the resignation of M. Thiers. The Marshal was much astonished, and at once paid M. Thiers a visit, and implored him to reconsider his determination. Nothing could have pleased M. Thiers better, but he saw that such a step would be futile. On reaching home the Marshal found M. Buffet, the President of the Chamber, who had arrived, not to offer him, but to confer the Presidency on him. At first the Marshal refused, but in the end he yielded to the pressing supplications of M. Buffet. He had hoped to see the Count de Chambord on the throne, and had quite believed in another Restoration after the Commune.

In July the Shah arrived, and was received here with all the pomp and circumstance of glorious war. Marshal MacMahon in full uniform, at the head of a large and brilliant staff, received the Eastern potentate at the Porte Maillot, and rode with him up the Avenue de la Grande Armée, and through the Arc de Triomphe to the Elysée. It was a splendid day, and if Sol was not so brilliant as

“In that delightful province of the sun,
The first of Eastern lands it shines upon,”

it was a good imitation of the real oriental article.

The Shah appeared highly pleased with his reception, and certainly the Republic, under Marshal MacMahon, did things on a handsome scale ; his Majesty was first treated to a *fête* at Versailles, and a few days later to a gala performance at the Opera. People were rather disappointed with his diamonds, and certainly they did not appear to be of the first or second water, and were quite eclipsed by those of Madame Musard, who occupied her usual box.

August 15.—So long a holiday here now recalls only better *souvenirs*. All that Napoleon III. did for France, and it was enormous, is forgotten, buried with him. Poor monarch, he was just crowning the edifice when the whole structure came to the ground. However, it seems that the day is to be celebrated at Chislehurst.

On September 5, the last instalment of the war indemnity was paid ; a few days later we learned that

Verdun had been evacuated, and on the 16th that there was no longer a German soldier in France. The territory was at length free.

The Comte de Chambord was now able to return to France, and to pay a visit to the château which had been "thrown into his cradle" shortly after his birth by a loving nation, and when he bore the title of Duke de Bordeaux, and was generally spoken of as the "infant of a miracle," for the Duchesse de Berri had gone to the shrine of Ste. Anne d'Auray to pray that she might become a mother, and when, in answer to her prayer, a son was born, her husband had been dead for seven months, assassinated by Louvel, who, not reckoning on the mysterious ways of Providence, had thought that he was exterminating the Bourbon race. The hopes of the Legitimists beat very high at this moment; the leaders of the party were confident that they could make a cat's-paw of Marshal MacMahon, and secure all the chestnuts, and the new President was frequently spoken of as Monk. Then Madame la Duchesse de Majenta¹ belonged to *la haute noblesse*, and was known to be a devout Catholic, and the Republic would not be tolerated much longer.

¹ It is strange to remark that none of the French Marshals made use of, or were known by, their grand titles. MacMahon was never addressed as the Duke of Majenta, except in some official document. How few people now remember that Massena was Duke of Rivoli, Prince of Essling ; Ney, Duke of Elchingen, Prince of Moscow ; and Soult, Duke of Dalmatia.

Marshal Bazaine was arrested in September, and was brought to trial at the Grand Trianon in the park at Versailles on October 6th. My good friend Dr. Russell asked me to write an account of the court-martial for the *Army and Navy Gazette*, and by way of instructions said, "Pitch into that brute Bazaine." I replied that I should prefer to hear the evidence before forming an opinion. I was perhaps rather prejudiced in favour of the Marshal, who I knew was to be made a scape-goat of. When the Emperor had made a hopeless mess of the campaign, and several of his lieutenants had been beaten, the cry was universal in Paris that Bazaine should be given the command-in-chief, and his Majesty retired in his favour. When Bazaine assumed the command of the army of the Rhine, the French troops had lost much of their confidence, and when the Marshal was forced to take shelter in Metz, the demoralization was soon complete and insubordination terrible. This I was told by officers who were there.

There was much difficulty in forming the court, as nearly all the officers eligible to sit in judgment on the Marshal had either been with him at Metz, or had taken part in the campaign. However, in the end one was patched up, having for President the Duke d'Aumale, who had not been allowed to take part in the war. I must say that I was very much astonished at the appearance of the court; the only

soldier-like-looking member was the President; the others resembled fossils in their faded old uniforms, which had become "a world too wide for their shrunk shanks."

I did not attend the court every day, but went there pretty often. The prisoner was a short, stout, vulgar-looking man, who had made a great mistake in confiding his defence to an "old Bailey" lawyer of some celebrity, called Maître Lachaud. The choice was deplorable. Maître Lachaud was very powerful when appealing to a jury not to send an assassin, who had a mother, to the guillotine; but he was nowhere at a court-martial where the sentiments had long ceased to exist. The trial dragged along from day to day, from October 6th until December 10th, the court being always crowded. The Duke d'Aumale was courteous enough in speech, but was evidently much prejudiced against the prisoner, who explained himself in clear, terse, and military fashion. There was a great deal of excitement when the end came, and the court retired to deliberate; night had closed in before they re-appeared, and it was by torch-light that Marshal Bazaine was condemned to military degradation and death for having capitulated without doing everything prescribed by duty and honour to avoid such a catastrophe. The whole blame of the capitulation fell on his shoulders, and yet he had constantly summoned councils of war, and acted on their advice,

but there was no word of blame for Marshals Canrobert and Lebœuf and the Generals of division who sat in those councils. On October 7th, when the army was reduced to eat horses, and horses were slaughtered because there was no forage, Marshal Bazaine directed the commanders of army corps to assemble their Generals of division and to ask them for their advice in writing on what should be done. Marshal Lebœuf wished to attack the enemy at once. General Ladmirault said that his men were already very weak for marching, and that the cavalry and artillery horses were unfit for service. However, his corps might be relied on to make a last effort. General Desvaux, who commanded the Imperial Guard, thought that, seeing their want of success up to the present, and that they had no horses, the only thing to be done was to hold out as long as possible. General Coffinières, Commandant of Metz, said that the provisions would not last beyond the 19th. He said that in the opinion of the army a last effort should be made. Marshal Canrobert and his Generals were of opinion that, seeing the numerical superiority of the enemy, the works that he had thrown up, the exhaustion of their horses, and the impossibility of escaping an obstinate pursuit if they did go out, the best thing to do was to try and obtain honourable terms. General Frossard thought it impossible that an attack on the enemy could succeed.

Marshal Bazaine then held a council of war, at which the above-named Marshals and Generals, and also Generals Soleille and Lebrun, were present, and put these four questions:—1st. Ought the army to remain under the walls of Metz until its provisions are exhausted ? The reply was unanimous—Yes. 2nd. Ought further attempts to be made to obtain supplies in the neighbourhood ? No, was the unanimous answer, as it was not probable that serious resources could be obtained. 3rd. Ought negotiations to be opened up with the enemy ? Yes, was replied unanimously, provided this be done within forty-eight hours, lest the negotiations should drag on until provisions were completely exhausted. 4th. Ought another battle to be delivered ? There was a majority against this. Of course in the event of the terms of the enemy being unacceptable, the French army could try to cut its way out. The terms offered were considered very hard, and several efforts were made to induce the Germans to modify them, but in vain, and Metz had to capitulate on October 27th, and three Marshals, 50 Generals, 6000 officers, and 170,000 men became prisoners of war.

A short time before the capitulation was signed, there was a sort of conspiracy among a number of officers in Metz to go out and fight, one of the chief conspirators being Captain Rossel of the Engineers, who afterwards joined the Commune and was shot.

He told me that he went to see Changarnier, and try and persuade him to join this forlorn hope, but the General replied that, were it not for the gout, he would kick him down-stairs. A very distinguished officer, General Clinchant, however, promised to head the sortie if a sufficient number of men could be found willing to go out, but they were not found.

Altogether I somewhat palliated the crime of Marshal Bazaine, and the fact of his sentence having been commuted is some proof that I was justified in so doing.

When the trial was over I was gratified by receiving a letter, dated Carlton Club, December 13, 1873, from W. H. Russell, which thus commenced—

“You have fought a deal better battle for Bazaine than that poor devil made for himself, even with Maître Lachaud. A man like you or Pourcet (General who prosecuted) would have done better than the grand advocate. Did you not tell me B—— had disposed of Mrs. B—— No. 1 in order to wed a rich *Mexicaine*, Mrs. B—— No. 2? If you didn’t, some one else did. Is it true?”

Certainly Bazaine did wed a rich Mexican lady when he was in command of the French army in Mexico, and thought, aided by her wealth and influence, to become Emperor, for French Generals, when at a distance from the mother country, have a trick of acting on their own account; but how Mrs. B—— No. 1 died I know not.

One thing about the sentence of the court-martial astonished a good many of us. No mention was made of the great political crime laid to the charge of the Marshal, who was accused of wishing to spare his army so that he might be in a position to upset the Republic and restore the Empire, or perhaps get himself proclaimed Emperor by the troops like another Vitellius or Vespasian. He had seen service in Spain in his youth, and, no doubt, knew something of *pronunciamientos*. It was fortunate for France, as it turned out afterwards, that the army of the Rhine was not led out to the shambles to make a last effort. The slaughter would without doubt have been enormous, and the men were soon required to restore order in Paris by putting down the Commune.

On November 19, 1873, the Assembly voted the Septennat after a rather stormy debate, and Marshal MacMahon found himself elected President for seven years. No one opposed this measure with more violence than M. Grévy. He spoke with a warmth and vigour very unusual to him. He said—"You want to establish a monarchy which you are unable to found. The country will not acknowledge the right which you arrogate to yourselves," and he protested against "a usurpation which was replete with dangers and calamities." M. Grévy had opposed the election of Louis Napoleon—had wished even to see the office

of President abolished. No wonder a seven-years Presidency was hateful to him, for he could not see into the future.

In July 1874, the Comte de Chambord issued a manifesto, dated from Salzburg, which was like signing the death-warrant of the Legitimate Monarchy; he adhered to his white flag, and would have nothing to say to the tricolor, which had seen Louis XVI. guillotined and Charles X. chased from France. But if the three colours were those of the Revolution, they were also those of the Moderate Republicans, the Imperialists, and the Orleanists. The white flag had driven the three colours from the field for a while after Waterloo, but it had vanished with the last Bourbon king in a rather ignominious manner. Now France holds to her tricolor, which has floated over nearly every capital in Europe. See what Béranger, translated by my old friend Father Prout, says—

“Comrades, around this humble board,
Here’s to our banner’s bygone splendour.

* * * * *

For every drop of blood we spent
Did not that flag give value plenty ?
Were not our children as they went,
Jocund, to join the warrior’s tent,
Soldiers at ten, heroes at twenty ?
France ! who were then
Your noblemen ?
Not *they* of parchment-must and mould,
But they who bore the tricolor
Through Europe uncontrolled !

Leipsic hath seen our eagles fall,
Drunk with renown, worn out with glory ;
But, with the emblem of old Gaul
Crowning our standard we'll recall
The brightest days of Valmy's story !

* * * * *

O my old flag ! that liest hid
There where my sword and musket lie—
Banner, come forth ! for tears unbid
Are filling fast a warrior's lid,
Which thou alone canst dry.
A soldier's grief
Shall find relief ;
A veteran's heart shall be consoled—
France shall once more
Her tricolor
Triumphantly unfold ! ”

And when poor Béranger, who did so much to keep the Napoleonic legend alive, wrote as above, it was treason to fly the tricolor.

M. Thiers had hardly descended from the Presidential chair when Paris learned with surprise that M. Rocher-Ripert had been arrested at Caen on the charge of having defrauded the Western Railway Company, in whose service he was employed, of the sum of £36. Now M. Rocher-Ripert was the nephew of M. Thiers, and the general opinion was that the ex-President of the Republic ought to have paid the money and hushed up the affair for the honour of the family. But M. Thiers never had any family pride. He had once before shown himself extremely callous in this matter. When Louis Philippe was king, and he was first Minister of

the Crown, he refused any aid to his sister who was in straitened circumstances. The consequence was that Madame Ripert was obliged to go into business. She set up a restaurant on the Boulevards, and had painted on her signboard in large letters—*Sœur du président du conseil des ministres*. I don't know if Guizot ever dined at the *table d'hôte* over which Madame Ripert presided, but it became the rendezvous of the Opposition. M. Thiers, when driven from office, passed a good deal of his time at his house in the Rue St. George, not the tumble-down residence which had existed before the Commune, and which Citizen Henri Rochefort had kindly seen demolished, but a new house built by a grateful country. In this M. Thiers held a small court, and if he monopolized the conversation almost entirely, it was always amusing or instructive to listen to him. He was rather too fond of flinging epigrams at his successor in the Presidential chair, and it struck me as amazing that Ministers in office should appear at these *levées* and report what was going on. It also seemed remarkable to me that every one should address him as M. le President—a title which I believe usually expires with office. But ordinary rules did not hold good with the ex-President. For example, he was never called Thiers—people spoke of Guizot, Lafitte, Casimir Périer, Dufaure, &c., but it was always Monsieur Thiers.

St. Germain was a favourite country resort of the

aged statesman and historian. A very intelligent gentleman told me that he met him walking in the park there, and in course of conversation introduced the subject of wild-flowers, of which he had made a special study. What was his astonishment to find that M. Thiers knew more about them than he did; and in fact he seemed quite at home on every subject, and would no doubt have been able in an emergency to take command of the Channel fleet.

After the Salzburg manifesto the Comte de Chambord went to Versailles incognito, stayed at the house of one of his adherents, the Count de Vanssey, and sent M. de Blacas to ask Marshal MacMahon for an interview. To his great regret the Marshal felt bound to refuse. Having accepted the post of President of the Republic, he very properly conceived that it would be disloyal on his part to listen to any propositions on the part of the Pretender. The Assembly having upset the Duke de Broglie, who was replaced by General de Cissey, now set to work to make a Constitution, which resulted in the formation of two Chambers, Senate and Chamber of Deputies, who were to meet together to elect the President, who was to remain in office for seven years. This Constitution was carried by a majority of one—353 to 352. It was presented in the form of an amendment known as the Wallon amendment. The Chamber had just rejected an amendment proposed by M. Laboulaye, very similar to that of

M. Wallon. It, however, contained these words—"The Republic consists," which was to proclaim the Republic; whereas the amendment voted merely prolonged the existing order of things for seven years. Having accomplished this business, General de Cissey was removed from office and replaced by M. Buffet, who handed back the chair to M. Grévy.

The French have often been joked upon the multiplicity of their Constitutions during and since the Revolution. I took up the *Mélanges* of Prosper Mérimée the other day, and at page 148 read—"We no longer live in the days, thank God, when on Monday a certain legislator wrote these celebrated lines to a librarian—'My dear friend, send me the Laws of Minos; I have a Constitution to draw up for Thursday.'" This tickled me. I wondered if it were true, and made inquiries. Result.

On February 7, 1793, the following letter was written—

"DEAR FELLOW-CITIZEN,

"Charged, with four of my colleagues, to prepare the plan of a Constitution for Monday, I beg of you, in their name and mine, to procure us, without delay, the Laws of Minos, which ought to be found in the collection of Greek laws. We are in urgent need of them."

And this letter was signed by no less a person than Hérault de Séchelles, who had been a Counsellor of

Parliament and Attorney-General under the ancient monarchy, and who was guillotined under the Republic.

It appears to have struck some people at the time as curious that modern and renovated France should go back to ancient Greece for her Constitution, that *Marianne*,¹ even in Phrygian cap, begotten of the Revolution, should appeal to the son of Jupiter and Europa for laws which he gave his subjects 1406 B.C.; but there was no time to be lost, and it was easier to plagiarize than to invent.

Since then France has had the Convention with Girondists, Committee of Public Safety, and Reign of Terror; the Directory, Constitution of Year III., three Consuls; Constitution of Year VIII., one Consul, Empire, Restoration, Constitutional Monarchy, Republic, Empire, and Third Republic, with varieties.

Naturally a general election took place shortly after the voting of the new Constitution. Senators as well as deputies had to be elected. The result was a small Conservative majority in the Senate, and a Republican majority in the Lower House. M. Buffet, having failed to obtain a seat, handed over the premiership to that old hand, M. Dufaure, in February 1876. My old school-fellow, Mr. Waddington, was made Minister of Public Instruction and Beaux Arts.

M. Dufaure had a very unpleasant time of it with the Republican majority, which wanted an amnesty

¹ The Republic.

and other Radical measures. It was a treat to see this rugged Minister defending himself like a wild boar driven to bay. Gambetta was the leading spirit on the left. M. Dufaure at last disheartened threw up office, and on the advice of the Duke Decazes, Marshal Mac-Mahon consented to go as far left as M. Jules Simon. The Cabinet was merely modified. The Opposition continued its attacks. Suddenly a Papal *allocution*, as it was called here, made its appearance, in which Pius IX. implored the aid of the French bishops to help him in his difficulties with the Quirinal, and in obedience to the Vatican the French bishops published pastorals which were anything but agreeable to Italy. This created a great sensation here. The conduct of the bishops was denounced in the most violent manner in the Chamber in a debate which lasted for two days—May 4th and 5th. Gambetta made himself conspicuous in his attack on the clergy. “Le cléricalism voilà l’ennemi.” To bring an irritating debate to a close, M. Jules Simon accepted an order of the day in which the bishops were stigmatized as having compromised the security of the State both at home and abroad. Marshal MacMahon was highly indignant, and assured his friends that on the first opportunity he would form a Conservative Cabinet.

Monseigneur Dupanloup, the eloquent Bishop of Orleans, Senator and Academician, made this rather startling statement one day, that most of the priests in his see

would die of starvation but for the masses which were received from South America. It appears that in the American Republic south of the equator so many masses are required that the clergy of Chili, Peru, and other parts cannot get through them, and so send the surplus over to France, where they are said at the rate of one franc apiece. And it is with these francs that the French priests eke out existence. When Henri IV. changed his religion, he declared Paris to be worth a mass, and when questioned about purgatory, in which he did not much believe himself, he said—"We must leave the clergy that, for it is their bread," or words to that effect. Paris would be worth a good many masses now. It is consoling, however, to find that, although cheap, they keep so many good fathers alive. Poor clergy! Always being attacked by the Radicals. They are paid, as are Protestant pastors and Jewish rabbis, by the State, but in a niggardly way. The salary of the Cardinal Archbishop of Paris is not equal to that of our Bishop of Sodor and Man. Such were the reflections which occurred to me when I heard the apostrophe of the unbelieving Gambetta, which was intended for all Bunkum.

I went to call on Admiral Lambert, who had not long before married a lady of my acquaintance. He told me that when a middy he had served on board one of the ships which was charged with keeping watch and ward over St. Helena, where Napoleon was then undergoing captivity. He exculpated Sir Hudson Lowe, whose

name is still hateful to French ears, of any harshness, and said that he found it extremely difficult to get on with the fallen Emperor, who attributed to him everything that went wrong. As an instance, he told me, that while the trade wind blew from a certain quarter they caught a most delicious fish, and every day sent a basketful to Longwood. When the wind changed no more fish were to be caught, and Napoleon had to go without. Nothing would persuade him that Sir Hudson Lowe was not at the bottom of this. The French forgot that Napoleon was not the prisoner of England, but of the Allies, and that all the great Powers—including the French Monarchy—had representatives in the lonely isle where the eagle was chained.

Since so many Americans have taken up their residence here, numerous bars have been established. I entered a very small one the other day in the Rue St. Honoré, and whom should I see there? An Italian duchess whose name is well known, or rather that of her husband's family, in connection with a certain event in the career of Nelson; a Polish prince, whose grandfather served Napoleon I. with devotion, and was drowned in the Elster; a French count, of very ancient and Breton extraction, devoted to Bacchus and the fine arts; and an Englishman, high up in the diplomatic service. Quite a family party. The duchess, who was young and lovely, told me that she and some of her friends visited the bar every day before dinner. She

is a resident—prefers living with her mother in Paris to living with her husband in Italy.

When I first went to Paris I used sometimes to see Prince Jérôme Bonaparte, ex-king of Westphalia, who had given his brother much trouble in marrying Betsy Patterson, walking up and down a terrace at the back of the Palais Royal. Jérôme afterwards married the very plump daughter of the King of Wurtemburg, who was so stout that when he dined he had to sit at a table scooped out to admit his abdomen. He died, and was buried with much pomp.

Many years later I often met his son and his grandsons in the Champs Elysées, which was a favourite promenade of Prince Napoleon, who used to stride rapidly along with his hands folded behind him like his uncle, and he greatly resembled the first Napoleon, but was of much larger build; he had the same Roman head and keen glance. He many times and oft gave Napoleon III. much trouble, and there was no love lost between them. Prince Napoleon looked upon his cousin as a usurper, and considered that he had been defrauded of the Imperial crown; and to look at the two men, one could understand this, for there was nothing of a Bonaparte about Napoleon III. The Prince with all his capacity was never popular; and, strange to say, in the eighties the three most able men in France—Prince Napoleon, the Duke de Broglie, and M. Jules Ferry—were also about the three most unpopular

men in the country, and they were all three of Italian origin.

Prince Napoleon earned for himself two sobriquets — “Plon-Plon,” by which he was very generally known after the Crimean war, and “Jérôme Egalité.” The first, which really should be written Plomb-Plomb, was given to him because he asked to be recalled before Sebastopol fell, being, so said the wits, afraid of lead, or bullets. However, he had behaved very well at the Alma, and had been at Inkerman. He thought that when St. Arnaud died he ought to have been made Commander-in-Chief. I believe that he had no military training. Born at Trieste, his youth had been spent in wandering about from his birthplace to Vienna, then to Rome, through Spain and England. When Louis Napoleon became Emperor he made his cousin a French Prince; then gave him a seat in the Senate, the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour, made him a General of division, and gave him a handsome allowance. To continue the list of benefits heaped upon him, the Prince had the Palais Royal for a town residence and the beautiful château of Meudon for country quarters.

With regard to his nickname of “Jérôme Egalité,” that was applied to him owing to his political resemblance to Philip Egalité. From an early age he professed very advanced ideas. In 1845 he had been permitted to return to France, whence the Bonapartes

had been expelled after Waterloo, but was soon ordered to leave the country for joining in a democrat conspiracy. Under the Empire, while enjoying the luxuries of the Palais Royal, he pretended to be a Republican and gave himself Republican airs. A friend of mine who went to see him told me that the Prince received him in his shirt-sleeves, seated straddle-legs on a chair, on the back of which his arms were folded. Once in Corsica and another time in the Senate he made speeches which astonished both Court and city, and so highly irritated the Emperor that he reprimanded Egalité. However, these family jars were soon patched up.

In 1859 Paris was surprised to learn that this Prince, who frequented freethinkers and was accused of having eaten pork on Good Friday, was going to marry the Princess Clothilde, the pious daughter of Victor Emmanuel. This match had been arranged between Napoleon III. and Cavour when they met at Plombières in July 1858; it was not to the taste of either of the principals. The Princess is reported to have said some time afterwards, alluding to her marriage and to the cession of Savoy, that as the cradle had been sold, it was only natural for the child to be sold too. The war with Austria quickly followed—a war due to the fear the Emperor entertained lest his career should be cut short by an Italian dagger. In this war Prince Napoleon commanded the reserve, and was much chaffed

for arriving just too late to take part in the battle of Solferino. Two sons were born to Prince Napoleon and the Princess Clothilde. I often saw them drive up the Champs Elysées in an open carriage just before the fall of the Second Empire; their resemblance to the first Napoleon was astonishing, and they wore their hair like their grand-uncle, a lock falling over the forehead.

Shortly after the Italian campaign Prince Napoleon excited the indignation of the army by declining to meet the Duke d'Aumale in single combat; he had attacked the Orleans family in the Senate, and the Duke had sent him a challenge. It was perhaps well for all parties that the Prince spent much of his time in travelling, the Government having placed a large steam yacht at his disposal. When the war of 1870 broke out, he asked for a command in the field, but the Emperor said that he might make himself more useful in trying to obtain the aid of his father-in-law, which he nearly succeeded in doing—would have done but for the rapid series of reverses which overtook the French army at the outset of the campaign. Little was heard of the Prince for some time; his château of Meudon was destroyed during the war, and the Palais Royal had a narrow escape during the Commune. He returned to France in '72, but was bundled out of the country in a very unceremonious manner by M. Thiers.

H. I. H. afterwards became so unpopular with a large section of the Imperialists owing to his anti-

clerical views, that they refused to acknowledge him as the head of their party, and set up his eldest son Victor in his stead. This split amongst the Bonapartists was all in favour of the Republic, which has had a wonderful run of good luck owing to the frequent disputes which have weakened the forces of its enemies.

In the autumn of 1874 Paris was astonished to learn that the poor scape-goat, Bazaine, who had been undergoing captivity in the Isle Ste. Marguerite, had made his escape. It was broadly hinted that the Government had connived in this flight, and I believe it was glad to be rid of the ex-Marshall. It afterwards became known to a few how the evasion was accomplished, and I received a very funny letter from the second Duke of Wellington on the subject, which I am afraid I cannot publish. I had related all the circumstances to him. Suffice it to say that the rotund Marshal was enabled to slip past a sentry, and was let down into a boat in which his plucky little Mexican wife was waiting for him. The whole affair was very well managed, and not a hitch occurred, and the Marshal got safe to Spain, in which country he had commenced his military career, and where he was not unkindly received, although his offers of military service were declined.

Henri Rochefort made his escape from New Caledonia about the same time, and it was one of the many absurd stories told of Marshal MacMahon, that, on learning the convict had gone to Melbourne, he exclaimed,

"We must write to Washington at once." Upon this, his private secretary having informed him that Melbourne was not in America, but in Australia, he said—"Ce diable d'Harcourt, il connaît tout!"

Mrs. Hore, the wife of Captain Hore, who was for many years naval attaché here, having written me a note on the subject of the tomb of Sidney Smith, which required repairs; I wrote the following article to the *Army and Navy Gazette* in February 1876, asking for funds—

On May 26, 1840, Admiral Sir Sidney Smith died in Paris, and he was buried in the cemetery of Père la Chaise, where several of his old messmates and friends erected to his memory a remarkably handsome tomb. This monument, injured during the fighting which took place when the Versailles troops entered Paris and stamped out the Commune, is now falling into complete ruin. One side has already given way. Surely the services rendered by the Admiral were sufficiently brilliant to warrant his tomb being regarded as an object of national interest, and we feel certain that a grateful country will soon repair the damage done by time and civil war. Sidney Smith devoted his whole life to the service of his country and humanity. At twelve years of age he left Tunbridge School to serve as a midshipman under Lord Rodney on board the *Sandwich*. His bravery and good conduct were soon rewarded by promotion. In 1780 he was a lieutenant, in 1782

a commander, and in 1783 a post-captain. The American war having been just brought to a close, the young captain (not quite twenty years of age) left his ship, the *Nemesis*, and entered the service of the King of Sweden, where he saw some sharp work, and specially distinguished himself in an attack upon a Russian flotilla. He was again thrown out of employment by peace, and was travelling when he heard that Lord Hood had got possession of Toulon; he hastened thither, offered his services, and was charged with the destruction of the French fleet when the town was evacuated. It was here that Sidney Smith first came into collision with Napoleon Bonaparte. The young Major of artillery, on his way from Avignon to Nice, passing by Toulon, went to pay a visit to his compatriot, Salicetti, who was following the operations as Civil Commissioner. General Carteaux showed him the batteries with which he was about to destroy the English fleet, and Bonaparte had little difficulty in proving to the Commander-in-Chief that his guns would not carry a third of the way to the nearest English vessel. Bonaparte took the command of the Artillery, and soon the English had to clear out, and Sidney Smith with them. The tables were afterwards turned. After the Toulon affair Sidney Smith received the command of the *Diamond*, thirty-eight guns, in which he did some good service. However, in an attempt to cut out a flotilla at Havre he was

betrayed by fate, or, rather, a dead calm, and fell into the hands of the enemy. On the pretence that he had violated the law of nations by landing assassins in France, he was confined in the Temple in Paris. In another cell was Josephine Beauharnais, whose husband had been guillotined, and who was herself destined to be Empress. From the Temple Sidney Smith made his escape, thanks to the aid of an intrepid young engineer named Phelippeaux. He managed to cross the Channel in an open boat, and was soon afterwards gazetted to the *Tiger*, of eighty guns, and assumed a distinct command as Commodore on the Egyptian coast. In March 1799 he went to St. Jean d'Acre, captured a French flotilla, and armed the place with the guns he had taken. Hardly had Acre been placed in a state of defence before it was attacked by Bonaparte with remarkable obstinacy. In sixty days there were fourteen assaults and twenty sorties. Kleber, who was a fire-eater, remonstrated against attacking a place fortified by Europeans after the manner of Turks. In the end, Bonaparte, who had no more ammunition, was obliged to give way and withdraw. "That man," said Napoleon, speaking of Sidney Smith, "*m'a fait manquer ma fortune*," and he often repeated afterwards, "If St. Jean d'Acre had fallen, I should have changed the face of the world; I should have made myself Emperor of the East." And Napoleon would add, bitterly, that a grain of sand had caused the failure of his project. He called

St. Jean d'Acre a grain of sand, as he spoke contemptuously of the English Channel (which he could not cross) as a ditch. Writing about the Syrian campaign, a French historian talks of Sidney Smith as a man of an adventurous and chivalrous character, a skilful and enterprising officer, of indefatigable activity, who understood the importance of holding St. Jean d'Acre, and who incessantly stimulated the energy of the garrison, &c. Of course in the successful defence of Acre the services rendered by Phelippeaux must not be forgotten. An old school-fellow and rival of Napoleon, he served against his country; he did the engineering work, and fell struck down by a sunstroke. Afterwards Sir Sidney Smith co-operated with Sir Ralph Abercromby, and was wounded in the battle where the gallant General lost his life. On his return to England he received a sword and the freedom of the city from the Corporation of London. He was sent up to Parliament for Rochester, and received other honours; became a full Admiral, and succeeded William IV. as Lieutenant-General of Marines. In 1814 he endeavoured to get the Congress of Vienna to abolish the slave trade, and to order an attack on the piratical States of Barbary; but in this he failed. The Admiral then formed in Paris an anti-piratical association, which helped to render the subjugation of Algiers popular in France. The Dey struck the French Ambassador on the cheek with

his fan, and his kingdom soon passed away from him. The career of Sir Sidney Smith and his character bear no little resemblance to that of the Earl of Peterborough, the Mordanto who "filled the trump of fame" during the War of Succession in Spain, and who, according to Swift, was

"In councils bold and fierce in war,
A land commander and a tar."

Mr. Howard, the biographer of the Admiral, says of him that "all his public actions seem to have been less the offspring of mere military calculation and naval science than of the intuition of the most romantic courage and the highest moral feeling, always controlled by prudence. No danger, however sudden, could surprise; no difficulty, however menacing, vanquish him." Many gallant Englishmen have fallen in battle or have died in France, and been buried in Paris. Not many years ago Napoleon III. merited our thanks and esteem for repairing the tombs of our soldiers who fell at Orthez. At Fontevrault may be seen the tombs of heroes of a more distant epoch—the tomb of Henry II. and that of Richard Cœur-de-Lion. The latter left his blood, brain, and entrails to Poitiers, and his heart to Rouen. Another great warrior was buried at Rouen, John Duke of Bedford, Regent of France; but the Calvinists, in 1562, destroyed his tomb and many others. It is said that when Louis XI. was asked to commit a similar act, he replied:—"What

honour would result for me or for you were we to destroy this monument and drag from the earth the remains of him who, during his life, neither my father nor your ancestors, with all their power, could drive back a single step; of him who, by his force, his policy, and prudence, knew how to maintain himself against the French in the principal provinces of France, and in the noble Duchy of Normandy?" The example of the French King, in his respect for the dead, is deserving of imitation. To return to our subject. We may mention that a subscription for repairing the tomb of Sir Sidney Smith has been opened in Paris, and that remittances or money orders for carrying out this good work should be addressed to the offices of *Galignani's Messenger*, 224 Rue de Rivoli, Paris, and made payable either to Mrs. L. A. Milner Gibson or Madame J. M. Barrot, the daughter of an English admiral (Admiral Manby) who served with Sir Sidney. We shall be happy to receive and forward subscriptions.

It is astonishing how many commissions I am asked to execute here, often costing me time and money. I constantly receive letters asking me to discover and send across the Channel, governesses, ladies'-maids, nurses, and cooks, all but the latter to be Protestants—it does not matter what road to heaven a cook takes so long as he or she can dress a dinner. Some of the cooks I sent over were sad failures, the fact being that

they were all astray in an English kitchen with its large blazing open fire instead of a small stove. I generally fail to get the governesses, maids, and nurses, and have to explain that there are only about 700,000 Protestants in France, and that most of them are, if not wealthy, well-to-do, and unwilling to go abroad. Sometimes I was importuned to procure poodles, angora cats, and even horses. I was constantly asked to get cheques cashed, and naturally had "to get up behind," which was anything but exhilarating at times. One American gentleman wished me to put a novel he had written about the "Scesh" war into French, and take half the profits for my pains. It would have taken me three months to translate the book, and I do not suppose that a dozen copies would have been sold. No French editor would have given £20 for it. I was asked at different times to submit the Henry barrel and another rifle to the Government. The Henry barrel was tried with others and was marked A 1, but the chassepot had just been adopted, and the expense of a change was considered too great. I was also requested, through a friend, to get a knapsack adopted. I showed it to Marshal St. Jean d'Angely, who commanded the Imperial Guard, who put it on himself and had it tried, but nothing came of it. One day I received a pressing letter to obtain some costumes of a certain period for a fancy ball. After trying at half-a-dozen places without success, an honest tradesman

said—"We get all those things from Covent Garden"—and he gave me the name of the house, which I transmitted to my fair friend. An immense amount of trouble was entailed on me in despatching a French refrigerator to India. I was charged at one time to look after a young lady in a convent—not a cloistered convent—and often paid her a visit. One day, however, we got into sad trouble; she happened to be at an open window when I arrived, and we said a few words to each other. This was considered highly improper, and my visits ceased. It was very common to be asked to take rooms for friends, or their friends, at hotels, and afterwards to reclaim things which had been left behind or mislaid. For Lord and Lady Clanricarde I used to take rooms in hotels twice a year, when they were going to and returning from some German spa.¹ Lord Clanricarde was one of our country neighbours, and indeed related to both my father and my mother, and I had known him since I was a lad. Both were so charming that I was always delighted to see them and be of service to them, and I felt their loss deeply when they died one shortly after the other.

On one occasion I received a letter from Major

¹ Lady Clanricarde was Canning's only daughter; she was a great reader, and, as well as serious works, devoured any number of French novels, and in return for one she sent me a valuable edition of the *Anti-Jacobin*, which coming from her was all the more valuable.

Yelverton asking me to meet his wife,¹ who was about to start from Cherbourg, and would arrive in Paris at 4 a.m., to give her some tea, and take her to the Northern Station. I sat up all night, got the tea ready, went to the Mont Parnasse Station, and at 4 p.m. the Cherbourg train arrived, but there was no Mrs. Yelverton. Some time afterwards, my cousin, the Major, wrote an angry letter to know why I had not met his wife as I had promised to do. It then turned out that two trains from Cherbourg arrived at the same hour, but at different stations, and that while I was patiently waiting at Mont Parnasse, Mrs. Yelverton had arrived at the St. Lazare Station.

Not long afterwards my eldest brother wrote to me to meet him and family at the Orleans Station at 5 a.m., and to accomplish this I had to trudge from one extreme of Paris to the other, no cabs being procurable at that early hour. I afterwards performed a similar journey, only to the Lyons Station, to see the late Lady Brassey, who was passing through Paris, or rather round Paris by circular railway, on her way home after a voyage in the East. We had just time

¹ The House of Lords had just decided that the Major, who afterwards became Lord Avonmore, was not married to Miss Theresa Longworth. Of course I had been asked to find out some French officer who had accompanied Miss Theresa Longworth in her voyage home from the Crimea, where she and the Major first met, and whose evidence was required on a point of character.

for five minutes' conversation ; but I was very much attached to her, and glad to be able to press her hand. Just after the train had started, which carried Lady Brassey away, a young Englishman came rushing out of the refreshment-room and ran after it. To my utter surprise the engine-driver saw him, pulled up, and gave him time to get into his carriage.

While speaking of Major Yelverton I ought to have mentioned that when his sister Adelaide, such a pleasant woman, married General Lyons—an uncle of Lord Lyons—who was greatly her senior, the happy pair came to Paris, and of course I had to meet them at the station, see them to a hotel, and show them Paris. The first place they desired to visit was Père la Chaise. The idea of spending the first portion of one's honeymoon amongst the tombs was, to say the least of it, quaint.

On another occasion I received a letter from a friend who was hurrying home from the East on urgent private affairs, leaving his wife behind to follow by easy stages as she was about to become a mother—would I kindly see her through Paris ; conduct her from one station to another ? I naturally consented, and duly met Mrs. M—— ; but my alarm was great when I beheld her, and increased as we jolted along the ill-paved streets through which our cabman took us. I could not help remarking that at every 300 yards we passed the dwelling of some midwife, for the French midwife,

or *sage-femme*, hangs out a signboard, just like a publican does in Old England—signboards portraying angels extracting cherubs from cabbages or roses, or some such devices. Mrs. M—— was a brave little woman, and laughed at these artistic horrors. “If I had only known it was as bad as this,” I groaned, “I should have got my wife to see you to Calais.” However, there was no accident. Mrs. M—— got safely across the Channel, and was confined a few hours after landing. I wrote to Mr. M—— afterwards, and begged him if ever the same thing occurred again to employ the Parcels Delivery Co., as I had been frightened beyond conception.

It often struck me as curious that the French should so persistently represent John Bull in their caricatures as a very lean individual with very projecting front teeth, red hair, and attired in Scotch plaids. Generally, too, he appears in the comic prints as the dupe of some designing French lady of questionable character. This *ad nauseam*. One might infer that in the Gallic mind all Englishmen are idiots, and all Frenchwomen harlots. It was once explained to me that Englishmen’s teeth project because, in the pronunciation of the “th,” the tongue has to be pressed against the upper teeth, which are thus pushed forward. One day I received the visit of a very charming lady, who wrote both in French and English under the pseudonym of the Countess de Paula, and who for some time edited a fashionable paper in London, or

paper of fashions. She called to inform me that she had just produced a new work. On asking what the title was, she smiled, blushed slightly, and then acknowledged that she could not pronounce it! When she handed me the volume in question, I was not very much astonished. It was entitled, *Thoughts and Things*, which she of course called "Toughts and Tings." It was very clever and pleasant, and the Countess was one of the most agreeable and handsomest women I ever met.

Strange to say, I once took a great dislike to an Englishman because he resembled in a slight degree the caricatures in question, and we afterwards became bosom friends; he was known as the Abbé Hamilton, and his career had been a very chequered one. He had been born and bred a Protestant, and had turned Roman Catholic. This, he explained to me, was in the blood—hereditary. For centuries his ancestors had all changed, the Catholics becoming Protestants, and the Protestants becoming Catholics. After his perversion the Abbé went to Rome, and there ran through a considerable fortune without obtaining the rank of "Monsignor," as he had desired. Shaking the dust of the Eternal City off the soles of his feet, he crossed over to Africa, and for a time became a student of the Koran, a follower of the Prophet, and lived in tents. He then settled at Tunis, and from that city journeyed to Cairo, and an eventful time he had of it, as may be

seen in his *Wanderings in North Africa*.¹ His knowledge of Arabic probably saved his life. He was a wonderful linguist, and wrote French perfectly. I remember him rushing into my room one day to tell me that he had just discovered some new African dialect with thirty letters, and that he had already mastered the irregular verbs. I used to meet several French journalists of talent at his house during the "Scesh" war, for he had something to do with bribing the French Press to write up the Confederates. Although we became very familiar, there was one subject which he always avoided. I could never tell why. It appears that when he was at Tunis he meddled in political affairs, and, in an attempt to upset the existing order of things, was arrested and condemned to death. The Bey, however, not liking to incur the responsibility of taking away Hamilton's life himself, determined to send the culprit to Constantinople for execution. With this intention he was put into a barrel and duly shipped on board a craft bound for the Golden Horn. Fortunately for the incarcerated Abbé, he was able to hold communion with one of the sailors, and to bribe him to go ashore when they reached the Dardanelles and inform the British Consul of his piteous condition. The Consul boarded the vessel and insisted on searching

¹ I asked Hamilton for this work, after having tried in vain to get it in London, but he was unable to procure a copy. A few years afterwards I found one at a book-stall on the quays; price one franc; uncut.

her. He could find no trace of the poor Abbé, and was just leaving the hold when he heard a plaintive voice issuing from a bung-hole and exclaiming—"Calvert, Calvert, I'm here," and Calvert had the cask opened and the prisoner released. It was after this disagreeable experience of Eastern politics that the Abbé settled in Paris, where he spent many years, and eventually died at Pau. To return to buck-teeth. We English had our revenge. For some time there existed a Frenchman very well known on the Boulevards, whose teeth projected to the most extraordinary extent, and this individual did we dub the Grand Duke of Tuscany.

The well-known French publisher, Calmann-Levy, used often to send me new books to review, and one day passing his establishment I looked in and asked if he had any novelty. Upon this he handed me a volume entitled *La Jeunesse de Byron*, from the pen of a lady of talent—the Comtesse d'Hausonville. I opened this new publication at random, and what was my surprise to find therein not only *The Burial of Sir John Moore*, but a statement that she, Comtesse d'Hausonville, had discovered this remarkable poem written by the author of *Childe Harold!* "Oh! M. Levy," I exclaimed, "what have we here? Why there's not a school-boy or girl in England who does not know *The Burial of Sir John Moore* by heart." By the way, Lord Byron is highly appreciated in France,

and there is a street called after him in the neighbourhood of the Arc de Triomphe, running into the Champs Elysées. It adjoins the Rue Chateaubriand, a circumstance which I mention because that rather vain if brilliant French writer once visited Harrow, and wondered what the author of *Lara* would think if he only knew that the author of *Atala* had visited the scenes of his boyhood.

By the way, I was acquainted with the Comte d'Haussonville, member of the Academy, and author amongst other works of *Le Premier Empire et l'Eglise Romaine*, over which I gloated. Unfortunately the Count was very deaf, and had to be addressed through an ear-trumpet; but his conversation was exceedingly sparkling, and he was wonderfully quick at repartee. I remember him one day, to the great amusement of a small circle of friends at the club, shutting up a brother Academician, M. John Lemoinne, who had deserted the Royalists and adhered to the Republic. When the Count left the room, the President of the club exclaimed—"En voilà un qui n'a pas l'esprit de l'escalier,"¹—and in fact he was noted for his ready wit. In his own house he was charming to listen to.

Another very amiable man, who was hard of hearing, and whose acquaintance I made, was M. Ravaission. Many years ago he discovered, in the library of the

¹ One who thinks, while going down-stairs, of a good thing which he might have said.

Arsenal, a mass of papers which had been rescued from the Bastille before that old fortress-prison, after opening its gates to the sovereign people, was destroyed. It took M. Ravaission thirty years to arrange these papers, which filled seventeen closely printed 8vo. volumes. From this work I derived many of the materials employed in writing my *History of the Bastille*, and I often consulted the author personally. Being deaf, he told me one day that I might write down any questions I had to ask, and that there would be no necessity to write the words in full. This, of course, was more convenient than shouting to him at our club in the Rue Volney, where we usually met. M. Ravaission, who, strange to say, both in appearance and manner resembled the Comte d'Haussonville, was very fond of whist. One day, having forgotten whether he had written seventeen or more volumes, and being desirous to know, I stole behind him as he was indulging in a rubber, and between deals slipped a piece of paper over his shoulder with this query traced upon it—"Combien de vols avez vous fait?" Poor fellow, he gave such a start, turned indignantly round, and then, when his eyes met mine, burst into a merry peal of laughter. I had abbreviated the word *volumes* as it is usually abbreviated in France, and at first sight he had imagined himself accused of *vols*—thefts or cheating. I was so sorry when, a short time after this incident,

the valet who had charge of the club library said to me—"You will see no more of M. Ravaission, sir." He died quite suddenly, much regretted, and just as he was on the point of terminating his great work.

I remember another little incident in connection with another gentleman, Vizetelli the elder, who was at all events temporarily deaf. By the way, he dropped his "h's" always. At the time of the Fenian rising he went to Ireland for the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and wrote a series of capital letters under the appropriate heading, "In the wake of Rory." I met him one morning at Galignani's after his return, and was astonished to find that I had great difficulty in making him hear. He explained that when in the wake of Rory he had been thrown off an Irish car, and, as he said, had lost "is earing." I could not refrain from observing that it was only natural that on quitting Ireland he should leave Erin behind. I don't think that he saw the joke. Vizetelli afterwards wrote another series of charming letters for the *Pall Mall*, called "Through the Vineyards," and to accomplish his task visited every vineyard in France.

By the way, a friend of mine once told me the story of the famous Château Yquem vineyard. About half a century ago it was a warren, and belonged to a sportsman whose chief delight was to knock over

rabbits. His steward strongly advised him to banish the rodents and plant the vine, but he obstinately resisted. At last he married, had a large family, and reluctantly followed his steward's counsel, much doubting the result, and much lamenting his bunnies. He did not doubt long ; the vines thrived, and to-day if you ask for a bottle of Château Yquem at the Café Anglais or Bignon's, you will probably find it marked down in the bill 40 f.

How France ought to bless and honour the memory of Brennus for introducing the vine!—for does not Béranger, translated by Father Prout, sing—

“When Brennus came back here from Rome,
These words he is said to have spoken :
We've conquered, my lads, and brought home
A sprig of the vine for a token.”

Then follows a description of the planting of the vine by the old heroes of Gaul.

It has often struck me that as a rule the people in Switzerland are rude, while the officials are polite ; while in France it is just the reverse. In 1875, after a tour in the former country, I started from Geneva on my road home. At the frontier town of Bellegarde, the baggage was pulled out for examination, and a very small but fierce-looking Custom House officer, with formidable mustachios and *barbiche*, or tuft of hair on the chin which came to a fine point, asked in the most abrupt military manner, “*Où allez-vous?*” The

way in which the interrogation was addressed startled me out of a rather somnolent condition, and I languidly replied à *Paris*, upon which the small man with the *barbiche* made me jump by curtly shrieking, “*Vous mentez!*” My first impulse was to seize him by the aforesaid *barbiche*, and to drag him over the sort of counter which separated us. Fortunately prudence prevailed over anger; then, the little man all bristles made me laugh. I replied, “You are quite right, I am going to Dijon.” “*Vous voyez!*” was his triumphant rejoinder. I was bound for Paris, but had determined to break the journey, and to sleep at Dijon. Had I gone straight on to Paris, my trunk would not have been overhauled at Bellegarde. However, to be told that I lied was rather rough, and I might have got my little friend into much trouble had I reported the matter, especially as I was a member of the “Cercle des Chemins de Fer,” one of the best clubs in Paris, to which all the Directors of the great lines belonged. However, I let the matter drop.

Now, about a week before this incident, I met an American gentleman—Pleasanton, I think, was his name—who was travelling with two most agreeable ladies. The General was a sad invalid, having suffered much in the civil war in America, during which he commanded a cavalry brigade with great distinction. We became such friends by the time we reached Lausanne, where I was going to stop, that I begged of

them to come and dine at the Beau Rivage Hotel, situated on the shore of the lake of Geneva. "But," said the General, "our luggage is booked to Geneva." I said, "I'll soon arrange that." And so, when the train stopped at Lausanne, I said to a youthful porter, "Here are two ladies and a gentleman who want to stop here instead of going on to Geneva, you must get their trunks out for them." "Certainly," was the reply. The General pointed out the luggage, which the porter was engaged in removing to the platform, when up rushed the station-master. I explained matters, and he helped at once with the trunks, and I had a merry dinner that evening with my American friends.

By the way, a friend told me of a pleasant incident which took place at one of the frontier stations. When the train stopped, the passengers were roughly ordered to alight in order to have their papers examined. It was pouring with rain; the office of the Commissioner of Police was about a couple of hundred yards from the station, and the road to it horridly muddy. A superb gendarme, who was engaged in marching up and down alongside of the deserted train, suddenly spied a *voyageur* who was comfortably coiled up in a corner. The culprit was called upon to descend. "Mais, pourquoi?" he asked.—"Pour montrer vos papiers, parbleu!"—"Mais je n'en ai pas!"—"C'est bien heureux pour vous par le temps qu'il fait!" Upon which Pandore continued his march, and the *voyageur*

who had no papers remained ensconced in his carriage, quietly awaiting the return of his fellow-travellers, who were *en règle*, and who came back with woe-begone faces, dripping garments, muddy boots, and wet feet, and must have been very sulky and uncomfortable for the rest of the journey.

Frenchmen of the upper classes ride much better, and are much better sportsmen, than they were when I came to France, but the *bourgeois* has not made any progress. One September evening I was sitting at my *café*, when a citizen entered, arrayed in all the paraphernalia of the *chasse*—shooting-jacket, hunting-cap, cross-belts, game-bag, gaiters, &c., and his gun over his shoulder. He appeared so pleased with himself that I asked him if he had had good sport, upon which he showed me the contents of his bag, revealing to my astonished gaze a pike and an owl! The pike he had discovered basking in the waters of the Marne, and the bird of wisdom blinking in a tree.

By the way, I heard a gentleman at my club the other day explaining to an admiring knot of friends how they hunt the fox in merry England. It appears, from his account, that a *chasseur* rides on in front and breaks down the fences, and then the field gallop through—nothing so terrible about it. Now the sister of this gentleman had married a M.F.H., and the probability is that when he went a-hunting she took the precaution of having things made easy for him.

The tramway-cars here have all a longitudinal seat outside, to which you ascend by a spiral staircase on the left of the platform. On reaching the top of the stairs you can go straight on, or can cross over to the right. While seated on one of these vehicles, waiting to start, the following amusing little episode occurred. A gentleman ascends and goes straight before him; his wife follows, and crosses over to sit on the right hand. "Come this side," she called to her husband. "Why?" asked he. "Because you'll have the sun in your eyes there," was the answer. "But the sun's gone down!" urged the stronger vessel. "That's no matter," was the reply of the weaker one. And the husband crossed over.

A serious crisis in the affairs of the French Protestant Church has long been threatening, and it seems to have come at last. The Reformed Church is, be it remarked, authorized; its consistories are allowed to possess property, and its ministers are paid by the State. It is the same with the Roman Catholic religion and that of the Jews, but of course all these forms must be bound by certain rules, and the State cannot recognize schisms. For some time past the Reformed Church has been torn by dissensions between the orthodox and Liberal Protestants—the first being the Conservatives of their Church, the latter the revolutionary party. This antagonism led some little time ago to a demand for permission to hold a

general meeting to settle matters, and leave being granted, a Synod, consisting of members of the various consistories, assembled in Paris, on June 6, 1872, with the view of preventing a schism. The French Protestants are not so powerful as they used to be when they held La Rochelle and a number of other free towns, but they have a great deal of political influence, and all the moderate Republican party, although remaining Catholics, verge on Protestantism, the *Débats*, *Temps*, and other Liberal organs dealing with the concerns of the Reformed Church in a most friendly and sympathetic spirit. On their side the Protestants are nearly all moderate Republicans, especially the Liberal Protestants, and M. Pressensé, the eminent pastor of the Rue de Provence, returned for Paris, sits on the left bench. This is only natural, for the Protestants owe much to the Revolution, which swept away all the disabilities under which they laboured. Mirabeau was one of their champions, and obtained for them the rights of citizens at the same time that those rights were accorded to Jews, actors, and public executioners, who up to that period were outside the pale. Directly the Royalists came back to power they revenged themselves on the Protestants. They could hardly accuse them in 1815 of Republicanism, so they fell on them and massacred them as Bonapartists. "At Nismes, Uzes, and other places," says the French historian Bonnechose, "assassins peram-

bulated the streets in open day to the cry of ‘Death to the Protestants!’ Some monsters, led by Trestaillore, a Truphemi, massacred the Calvinists even in their prisons with a refinement of cruelty, outraged their wives, and burned their houses and their temples, and these atrocities remained unpunished. When Deputy D’Argenson stood up in the Chamber and demanded an inquiry into the horrible crimes, he was called to order with frantic transports, and the cry of justice and humanity rose from a foreign tribunal. The illustrious Brougham invoked in favour of the Protestants of France the intervention of his Government, and the English Parliament was moved by the accents of his indignant voice.” This will explain why the French Protestants are not Royalists.

To return to the immediate subject of these remarks. The convocation of the Synod was demanded by an immense majority of the consistories, but it had no sooner assembled than divisions broke out. The Liberals declared that the interpretation of the Bible should not be regulated by a sacerdotal hierarchy, but should be left to individual reason. They denied to the Synod all dogmatic jurisdiction and all authority in the matter of defining articles of faith. The discussion soon showed that there existed a wide divergence between the ideas of the orthodox and the Liberal parties. The Liberals, too, were divided amongst themselves upon so grave a matter as the Divinity of Christ, which

was denied by some. However, all the efforts of the revolutionists could not prevent the Synod from proclaiming its authority in matters of faith. Having re-affirmed this authority, which is quite in keeping with the spirit and the letter of the law of the 15th Germinal of the year Ten of the Republic, which law is the true constitutional statute of Protestantism in France, the Synod passed on to the definition of the dogma. The Assembly decided that no one could take any part in the consistorial elections—that is to say in the administration of the Reformed Church—unless he subscribed in writing to a dogmatic formula, that of La Rochelle, proclaiming the Divinity of Christ and the authority of the Scriptures. The decree of the Synod was approved of by the Council of State, and consequently a number of Liberal electors were deprived of the right of voting. In forty-two consistories out of one hundred and three the elections had to be annulled by the Minister of Public Worship in consequence of electors not subscribing to the formula above mentioned. This annulment has caused a great deal of excitement at Nismes, Lyons, Montauban, Niort, Montpellier, &c., where the Liberal Protestants are in a majority. In Paris the orthodox party is much the stronger of the two. The presidents of the Liberal consistories met here a few days back and addressed to their dissenting brothers, and also to the Minister of Public Worship, a kind of sermon, in which they adjure

the Minister to cancel his decision. It is almost needless to say that after the decision of the Council of State, M. de Cumont is powerless to change what already exists, and the Liberals will be bound to respect the decrees of the Synod. Otherwise anarchy would be introduced into the bosom of the Church, and the Government would find itself exposed to paying Pantheists, deists, freethinkers, &c., out of the funds of the State. If the Government were to do this, other schisms would demand salaries for their ministers—the Old Catholics for example. It remains still to be decided whether the Government will go on paying the Liberal pastors. It may be added that the Synod expressed the conviction that no form of worship should be subsidized. The delegates of the Reformed Church did not offer to refuse any further stipend by way of setting a good example to the Catholics and the Jews, but they said they would willingly submit to a general measure for making the Churches independent of the State as far as money is concerned.

At the beginning of May, France learned with a feeling of mortification that the Emperor of Germany had paid a visit to Strasbourg, where he was said to have been well received by the majority of the population. Of course any display of the tricolor is strictly forbidden in that recently annexed city, but there was a story current in Paris that three patriotic ladies, devoted to France, eluded the police regulations, and

paraded the streets arm-in-arm, one dressed all in red, the second in white, and the third in blue !

On May 16, Paris was startled to learn that M. Jules Simon had been dismissed in an off-hand manner by Marshal MacMahon, who, it was complained, had written to that Minister as he might have done to a non-commissioned officer. There can be no doubt that the Marshal was much irritated, and that M. Jules Simon had broken faith with him in allowing the laws on the Press passed in '75 to be abrogated without saying a word in their defence, as he had promised in council; these laws were meant to curb the virulence of the Press. Two days later the Duke de Broglie formed his second administration, which was nicknamed the "fighting cabinet." At the earnest request of the Marshal, the Duke Decazes remained at the Foreign Office, over which department he had presided, first under the Duke de Broglie in 1873; then under General de Cissey in 1874; then under M. Buffet in 1875; then under M. Dufaure in 1876; and under M. Jules Simon also in 1876. On changing his Ministers the Marshal had prorogued the Chambers, and against this act 348 Republican deputies protested. Things looked very serious, and many of us anticipated a riot.

In June the President of the Municipal Council of Paris was condemned to fifteen months' imprisonment and a fine of £80 for insulting the Marshal in that nest

of Red Republicans, St. Denis ; and three months later Gambetta was sentenced to three months' imprisonment and a fine of £80, which sentence was confirmed on appeal.

On September 3, M. Thiers died at St. Germain, where he had been residing for some time, and on the 9th his remains were placed in the family vault at Père la Chaise. The funeral was not largely attended, but then rain fell in torrents—fell as when Madame de Pompadour was buried, and Louis XV., the well-beloved, looking from a window of his palace of Versailles and seeing the *cortège* go by, exclaimed, “The poor Marquise has bad weather for her last voyage”—rained as when the body of Voltaire was borne to the Pantheon, and all the paint and tinsel of that ghastly pageant were washed away.

And a few days after M. Thiers had been laid in the grave, there appeared a posthumous manifesto traced to his hand, and reiterating his opinion that a Republic was the only Government possible in France.

A short time before this, Marshal MacMahon had dissolved the Chamber, and in October we had new elections, which resulted in all the Republican candidates being sent back to Versailles. A month later Ministers resigned, and in despair Marshal MacMahon had to replace his “fighting cabinet” by Ministers chosen outside Parliament. General de Rochebouet

formed the new administration, which of course could not last. The Chamber refused to vote supplies, and after less than a month in office the General and his colleagues disappeared, and were no more heard of. A Cabinet of reconciliation was then formed under the auspices of that veteran, M. Dufaure, who gave M. Waddington, who had served under him in 1876 as Minister of Public Instruction, the Foreign Office. This Cabinet was very remarkable for one thing; five out of the nine Ministers were Protestants. This was our third Cabinet in 1877.

With the fall of the Duke de Broglie's Cabinet the Duke Decazes disappeared from the Foreign Office, his chief work having been the establishment of friendly relations with the Russians, who in 1877 were at war with Turkey, and having a very severe time of it in the Balkans. It entered the French brain that Russia would one day aid them to recover their lost provinces of Alsace and Lorraine, and they were willing to let the Czar have Constantinople, which the great Napoleon had called the key of his house. However, an able article on the subject appeared the other day in the *Débats*, which pointed out that Germany would always be able to outbid France in the matter of a Russian alliance. Another journal, after remarking that—"in the difficult position in which Russia finds herself since her check at Plevna, the Press of that country has been appealing to Germany, and the Slavophiles are most

anxious to be agreeable to their neighbours," pointed out that the *Golos* had recently celebrated in these terms the Russo-German alliance—"In all her wars and her misfortunes Germany has up to the present found only one ally invariably faithful—Russia. That power is the only one which ever came to her aid. Germany cannot have already forgotten the conduct of Russia in 1870, when, thanks to the intrigues of Count Beust, Austria and England were preparing to take part in the war so as to force Prussia to sign a disadvantageous peace. All the efforts of the Austrian and English Governments to draw Russia into this coalition were in vain. Russia roundly declared that peace could only be concluded between the conqueror and the conquered, and that if Austria intended an armed intervention she would find a Russian army on her frontier to paralyze her movements. This conduct has united the sovereigns of Germany and Russia with the bonds of indissoluble friendship."

In January 1879, considerable excitement was caused by the resignation of Marshal MacMahon—two Presidents, and both forced to lay down office after frequent changes of Cabinets! Is this the Republic which divides us the least? Before coming to a final resolution, the Marshal had entrusted M. Batbie, an eminent juris-consult and senator, to try and form a Cabinet composed of members of the Upper House, but after negotiations which lasted nearly a month he gave up the task, and

M. Dufaure once more formed an administration. However, the Republican tide was rising so fast that the Marshal, like another King Canute, was forced to yield to its onward sweep. The Marshal had wished to retire as early as March 1878, and had even drawn up a message announcing his resignation, but at an extraordinary council held at the Elysée he allowed himself to be persuaded to remain yet a while at his post. It was the unanimous opinion of his friends and advisers that he should not lay down office at that moment, with the Exhibition to be opened in May, and when both the army and foreign policy demanded his presence at the helm. We were then in the days of the San Stefano treaty.

The Republicans would not give the Marshal and his Ministers a moment's tranquillity, and busied themselves in getting all their political opponents removed from office and replaced by their own friends. At last they touched the army, and for political reasons demanded the removal of five commanders of Army Corps. It was rather too much to expect that the Marshal would sacrifice his old comrades in this abominable fashion. The Republicans reigned supreme in the Chamber of Deputies, and had now a majority in the Senate. The Marshal was powerless, and resigned. At the age of eighty-one years he withdrew from office, admired by all who knew him, and respected by friend and foe; he retired quietly to his small house in the Rue Bellechasse,

a poorer man than when he assumed the reins of power.¹

The Marshal's resignation was a matter of great grief to the friends of law and order, alarmed at the rapidity with which the country was drifting Left. He had what is termed here a good Press; few papers ventured to impugn his character and motives, although at one time he had been suspected of contemplating a *coup d'état*, which was quite foreign to his opinions. The *Figaro* wrote of him that—"he never received a speck or a splash. The President of the Republic may have made mistakes, have displeased parties, and have been angrily criticized by the Press: the soldier who headed the assault on the Malakoff, who won the day at Magenta, who was wounded by a shell at Sedan, and who vanquished the Commune, remains immaculate." He is said to have done more for the Republic than either M. Thiers or Gambetta, by giving it a tone of respectability. By the way, he might have allied himself with the latter. Gambetta wished it. A secret interview at the Elysée was proposed, or in the Bois de Boulogne at midnight—such interviews as Mirabeau had with Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette; but the Marshal would not hear of such underhand work.

¹ M. Thiers feathered his nest while in office, and M. Grévy afterwards saved enough money to construct a sumptuous residence. But neither the President who preceded, nor the President who succeeded, Marshal MacMahon, enjoyed the respect which was due to the gallant old soldier and his stainless career.

There was perhaps no act in the career of Marshal MacMahon which won for him greater esteem than his conduct after the Orsini attempt to blow up the Emperor. The Government presented a law of *sûreté générale*, which handed over to the arbitrary power of the Government and the police certain categories of French citizens, and this for a crime committed by Italians, twenty-seven of whom were arrested. The law was accepted without hesitation by the Council of State and the Chamber of Deputies, and no one expected that it would meet with any opposition in the Senate. To the astonishment of his colleagues, however, General MacMahon stood up and protested. He said—"Sirs, I experience a certain emotion in opposing a law which has already been voted by the Council of State and the Legislative Body, and which appears to me about to be adopted by a large majority among you; I must even acknowledge that, in order to persist in this resolution, I was obliged to call to mind this adage of our fathers—'Fais ce que dois, advienne que pourra.' On my conscience I believe this law unconstitutional, susceptible of unfortunate consequences. I think that the results proposed might be obtained without any violation of the Constitution; consequently as an honest man who has sworn fidelity to the Constitution, as an independent man, as we all are in our quality of legislators, I feel myself obliged to vote against it. I have not made a

special study of the law; but in reading the Constitution and the principles which it proclaims, it appears to me impossible to admit that this law is not unconstitutional.

"Art. I of the Constitution says—

"The Constitution recognizes, confirms, and guarantees the great principles proclaimed in 1789, which are the basis of the public rights of Frenchmen."

After a few more observations, the General called the attention of the Senate to—

"Art. 13.—The law can never be applied for acts anterior to its publication.

"Art. 14.—To ensure the proper application of the law, the legislative, executive, and judicial powers should remain distinct. Their union in the same hands would place those who dispose of them above all law."

After quoting several other articles laying down similar principles, he said that the law before them would give some colour to the assertions made by the enemies of the Government, who pretend that we are marching in the direction of a purely despotic *régime*.

"It is unfortunate for the Judicature," he added, "as leading one to suppose that the Government has no confidence in its impartiality and its energy to punish criminals."

I regret that the General's speech is too long to be given in full, for it is worth reading. I have long kept

a copy of it by me. In those days the debates in the Senate were not reported, so the General did not speak for the sake of notoriety.

On another occasion when Governor of Algeria he wrote an admirable letter to Bishop Lavigerie, who wished to baptize and receive into the bosom of the Roman Catholic Church the children of indigent parents who had died of starvation. I have unfortunately mislaid this letter, but it was a model of good taste and good feeling, and breathed an amount of religious toleration and sound political maxims which rather astonished the proselyting prelate.

With regard to General MacMahon's opposition to the law of general safety, he may have remembered what happened after the attempt made to blow up Napoleon in the Rue St. Nicaise. The First Consul pulled out his "black book," made a list of his enemies, and ordered their wholesale arrest. When it came to trying these persons, it was found that one had been dead for more than a year, and that another was a Judge in the West Indies, where for three years he had been engaged in administering justice. However, a whole batch of transportations took place.

All the time Lord Lyons was Ambassador it was of course a drawback for the fair sex that he was not married. I often looked in at the Embassy either to see his Excellency or his most obliging private secretary, George Sheffield. One day, during a visit

to Lord Lyons, in 1881, I remarked—"Your Excellency must surely be fatigued with these frequent ministerial changes, and having to go over the same ground so often." The fourteenth Ministry since the conclusion of the peace with Germany had just been formed. "Yes," replied Lord Lyons, "but thank goodness we have a strong man now." This strong man was Gambetta, who, three months later, was replaced by his old colleague, M. de Freycinet, who had been turned out of office in 1880 by M. Jules Ferry, who, in his turn, had given way to M. Gambetta.

A very short time after his fall, Paris was startled by the news that Gambetta had died suddenly at his country villa, not far from Versailles, and for some time the cause of his death was enshrouded in mystery. His intimate friends were extremely reticent. It was rumoured that he had met with a violent death, and this turned out to be true. In trying to shield one lady from the revolver of another, he had himself received a dangerous wound, and after lingering a few days, expired. The bullet which struck him, however, only hastened his end. It was well known to his friends before this incident occurred, that his days were numbered. He had become immensely stout, and continued to eat ravenously. In fact, what finally killed him is said to have been a surfeit of truffles. I met him in the Champs Elysées about a month before his demise, and hardly knew him, to

such an extent had he "run to grease," as they say here. It was quite clear to me that he was not long for this world.

Strange that Gambetta should have been struck down by a bullet not intended for him, after escaping one that was. A couple of years before, after a sharp altercation in the Chamber, the ex-Dictator went out with M. de Fourtou, Minister of the Interior, and shots were exchanged without effect. It is true that the duel was fought at a very early hour, that the morning was bitterly cold, that a dense fog prevailed, and that the seconds had considerably placed their men, one of whom had only one eye, at thirty paces from each other. This distant meeting excited a good deal of hilarity in Paris.

A very wonderful man, poor Gambetta, considering his early training, and that he was the son of a grocer at Cahors—a rowdy young barrister, one speech in court made his political fortune; then a Member of Parliament, next Minister, afterwards a Dictator, directing the movements of armies, President of the Chamber, Prime Minister, and then the grave—

"When he had wandered all his ways,
Shut up the story of his days."

Paris was very much concerned some years ago to learn that the house of General Schramm, the oldest officer in France, had been sacked. The General had served in the big wars of the first Napoleon, and was

desperately wounded at Friedland. It is related that he was found on the field of battle by the Emperor bathed in tears. Being asked what he was crying for, he replied that it was because he was dying before having gained his epaulettes. To soothe his last moments, the Emperor made him a captain. Schramm's last moments were long ones. Not only did he live to fight another day, but he became War Minister under Napoleon III. When he retired at last from public life, he settled at Courneuve in the vicinity of Paris, and there it was that he was plundered of nearly all he possessed. The thieves appear to have caught the old soldier napping, for they took his cash-box, containing, it was said, about £40,000, without awaking him. So the General had feathered his nest well since Friedland. The thieves before taking their departure regaled themselves in the kitchen, and emptied several bottles of champagne, no doubt to the health of the unconscious veteran.

This affair created all the more interest because the police could find no trace of the burglars, who must have been half-a-dozen in number. At last, however, a woman betrayed the gang—*notumque furia quid fæmina possit.* A man called Contesenne planned the *coup*, and afterwards went to America, taking with him most of the spoil and the wife of a French officer as mistress. Getting tired of exile, and thinking the Courneuve affair forgotten, he returned to France, and

falling in love with a second woman was betrayed by the first. He was arrested, tried, condemned to ten years' hard labour, and sent to New Caledonia, from which penal settlement he made his escape. He then settled in Belgium, organized a band of robbers, was arrested, tried, condemned to twenty years' imprisonment, and sent to Charleroi, from which place he also escaped. He returned to France, robbed, was arrested, tried, condemned this time to hard labour for life, and sent to Cayenne, from which dreaded place he soon took his departure, and has not since been heard of.

It was a wild day, January 6, 1883, when the funeral of Gambetta took place. I stood and watched it as it passed through the Place de la Concorde, and reflected how many men of Italian origin have played prominent parts in France. I afterwards investigated this matter, and found that Charlemagne, who paid three visits to Rome, on each occasion returned to France bringing with him Italian professors. And the author of the Capitularies and of the Caroline Books was himself unable to write. Charles VIII. followed in the footsteps of Charlemagne. Francis I. encouraged a number of Italians to his Court, and among them Benvenuto Cellini. With Catherine de Medicis, who built the Tuilleries and was the mother of the three last kings of the Valois line, and with Marie de Medicis, who was the second wife of the first of the Bourbons, crowds of Italians flocked into France, many of them settling

here and distinguishing themselves. Foremost amongst them, Julius Mazarin. In every branch of art they were prominent. Lulli founded the French Opera, and Goldoni taught the French how to act. Piccini, Bellini, and Rossini all lived in France. Louis XIV. not only attached Italian artists and savants to France, but gave pensions to some who remained in their own country. Many other great names might be mentioned, such as those of Mirabeau and the Bonapartes in recent times. Napoleon ordered the pension of Canova to be paid, after the great sculptor had returned to Italy. In the list of French Marshals one finds no less than sixteen Italians — Ornanos, de Broglies, Strozzis, Gonsagues, Massena, &c. At a very early date a French school of art was founded in Rome at the expense of the Government. Perhaps we were rather before the French in this matter, for it appears that Offa, King of Mercia, who departed this life in 794, opened a Saxon hostelry in Rome for the use of students. The French school still exists at the Villa Borghese, and young artists who have distinguished themselves at home are yearly sent there to study the old masters, but where is Offa's hostelry ?

The Press has been discussing, not so much a letter as the date of a letter written by his corpulent Majesty Louis XVIII. when the Allies occupied Paris in 1814. The Prussians had declared their intention of blowing up the bridge of Jena, upon which the King wrote to

Blucher announcing that if he persevered in this idea he would seat himself on the said bridge and be blown up with it. This "fine letter" may be read in the memoirs of Talleyrand, but the question still to be solved is, whether it was written before or after the Prussians had consented to spare the bridge? The letter is dated "Saturday." Was this Saturday the 8th or Saturday the 15th of July? That is the question. On the 7th the Prussians commenced mining the bridge; on the 10th there was a slight explosion which did very little damage; on the 11th Blucher renounced his evil designs. As the letter bore no day of the month, Talleyrand added "15th"; but Talleyrand is said to have made a mistake. This matter is not of much importance, as the letter is merely a piece of bombast; then Louis is long dead and gone and the bridge still stands. It, however, reminds me of an anecdote which was told me by Charles Austin, who acted as *Times* correspondent during the Abyssinian campaign. The troops had been obliged to halt and get under cover. Hour after hour the rain fell in torrents, and there was a general feeling of depression. In the tent he occupied the last joke had long sputtered out and a mournful silence reigned, when some one turned to the "Old Shikari" and, random shot, asked him if he was at Varna during the conflagration of that city. "I was seated on the powder magazine," was the prompt reply, which elicited a roar of laughter. Alas! the "Old

Shikari," if not "a red-haired youth," was certainly "fonder of purl and skittle-grounds than truth." But on that damp evening in Abyssinia it was the rapidity of his imagination which excited hilarity and restored suspended animation.

Met R. . . in the Rue de Rivoli walking excitedly up and down. He had been married a little more than a year. Asked what was the matter, and learned that he had been driven out of his hotel by the screams of his baby. I told him that I knew a remedy; that all he had to do was to scream louder than the infant. He replied with a gesture of despair that he had resorted to that method, with the result that he had broken a small blood-vessel in his throat. Another illusion dispelled. Went on to pay a visit to the Comtesse de N. . . and asked to see her little girl. Was told that she was not visible, as she had been crying and her eyes were red. What a vale of tears! The motive of Gabrielle's grief, however, made me laugh. She had for companion Lisa, the daughter of the lady's-maid. Now, Lisa had offended her young mistress, and had been condemned to eat her bread and jam with the jam underneath! This made her weep bitterly, and when Gabrielle found it impossible to stop the tears of her companion she set to work crying herself, and the Countess had left the little pair with "panting hearts and tearful eyes."

1885. JEWS

A GENTLEMAN called Drumont has recently (1885) been writing the most virulent attacks against the Jews—not pamphlets, but thick in-quarto volumes, in which the Twelve Tribes are accused of every crime under the sun. These books, thanks as much to the vigour of their style as to anything else, have been extensively sold,¹ and have created a deep impression among the lower order. A gentleman told me that not long ago he went to a ball at the mansion of a Jew magnate, and on leaving put a lady into a cab, the coachman muttering something not very complimentary about that “pig of a Jew.” On getting into the next cab himself he asked the driver why his comrade had spoken of M. Chernuschi as a pig. The reply was—“They are cursed pigs, those Jews; they turned the Sisters of Charity out of the hospitals; we know them all, and they will lose nothing by waiting.” So in the event of another Commune we may expect to see the Chief Rabbi suffer instead of the Archbishop of Paris, and Baron Rothschild riddled with bullets instead of Senator Beaujon. In fact the people very much wish to squeeze the sponge which has so long been imbibing the Pactolian stream. The wealth of the

¹ *La France Juive* on my table is marked—137th edition.

Jews here is enormous,¹ and they have pushed their way into every class of society, with the exception perhaps of the Faubourg St. Germain, which is too Catholic as a rule to touch their gold. However, there have been intermarriages, but only a few, between the daughters of the chosen people and the sons of the select Faubourg, and, just before they were banished, the Comte de Paris and the other princes of the House of Orleans were present at an entertainment offered to them by Baron Hirsch in the superb mansion which was formerly the Austrian Embassy.

Under the Second Empire a Polignac married a daughter of the banker Mirez, and since then members of the families of Richelieu, Noailles, La Panouse, and the Prince de Lucinge have married Jewish maidens. The Jews have also formed alliances with the aristocracy of the First Empire. I read the other day in the *Figaro* that—"The Duchess of Rivoli, *née* Heine-Furtado, has been safely delivered of a son. This event has a great family importance, since the Duchess had up to the present given birth to daughters only. The male heir who has now been born will therefore save from extinction the titles of Prince of Essling and Duke of Rivoli.² A curious detail with regard to this birth.

¹ M. Drumont makes out that they own half the capital in circulation throughout the world, and that the wealth of France is estimated at about 150 milliards (£6,000,000,000), of which 80 milliards are possessed by the Jews.

² Bestowed by the first Napoleon on Massena.

The daughter of Madame Heine-Furtado, now Duchesse de Rivoli, had two sons by her first marriage, one of whom will some day be Prince de la Moskowa, and the other Duc d'Elchingen.¹ Thus through her will be perpetuated four of the most brilliant titles of the Empire."

I must notice one curious alliance with the world of letters. Not even Shakespeare in the *Merchant of Venice* had been harder on the Jews than had Victor Hugo. In *Marie Tudor* Fabiani says to Gilbert—"Ils sont tous ainsi, ces Juifs. Le mensonge et le vol, c'est tout le Juif." And yet Victor Hugo gave one of his daughters to the Hebrew Lokroy.

What a change from a century ago when the Jews had to bury their dead at La Villette in the back garden of an inn called the Soleil d'Or, and "paid 50 f. for the body of a grand person!" And Matard, the landlord, used to shed the blood of oxen and horses in this place of sepulture, and defile their graves. The Soleil d'Or still exists, though no longer an inn but a commercial house, and the cemetery is a kind of dust-bin in which pieces of old iron and broken bottles predominate, and where weeds grow apace. Some old tombstones show that Jews were buried there under the First Empire, and it appears that in 1878 the body of Jacob Pereire was removed thence to some other place of burial.

¹ Titles conferred on Ney by Napoleon I.

The following is, I think, a pretty correct list of the principal Jewish bankers in Paris:—The Rothschilds, Pereire, Erlanger, Comondo, Fould, Sterne, Reinach, Porgès, Dreyfus, Cremieux, Gunzburg, Levy, Ephrussi, Oppenheim, Bamberger.

In the political world they are numerous, including such well-known persons as Jules Simon, Léon Say, Lokroy, Ernest Picard, A. Proust. Then Gambetta was decidedly of Jewish origin.

In the sporting world the Jews occupy a prominent position. The Rothschilds, the Foulds, and the Ephrussis possess large racing establishments, and several of the great horse-dealers in Paris are Hebrews.

Many of the cleverest writers on the Press are Jews. M. Thiers said that what upset him were the moderate articles in the *Débats*, written by Weiss, a Hebrew. The *Figaro* teems with them. In the way of composers they are represented by Halévy and Offenbach. On the stage we have had such actresses as Rachel, her sister Dinah Felix, the two Brohans, and Sarah Bernhardt. I might add dozens of names to the above.

Looking into Sismondi's *History of France* the other day I came across this—date, 1016—"At Toulon it was the custom every Easter Day to box the ears of a Jew in front of the principal church of the town." And the author relates how, on one occasion, a powerful priest struck a Jew so hard that he killed him on the spot.

Tempora mutantur—but the Jews, if not persecuted as of old, are not liked, and are of course very distasteful to the clericals. I was one evening dining at Bignon's, when the question arose as to whether a Jew could be honest. I shall never forget the reply made by a gentleman, whose name escapes me, for it was several years ago, but whose face, I well remember, was beaming with wit. He deliberately delivered this opinion, which made us all laugh—“*L'honnêteté d'un Juif n'indique que l'inconduite de sa mère!*”

A Baron N. de Rothschild from Vienna, who was lately in Paris, came to see me lately, and we exchanged several visits. I one day asked if he approved of these constant intermarriages between members of the Rothschild family—His answer amused me—“No!” he said, “we are all becoming idiots.” Not long afterwards a Mlle. Rothschild, a great heiress, whose father was dead, announced her intention of marrying a Swedish Count engaged in the coal trade, and this she did in spite of the opposition of the head of the house and all the other Rothschilds in Paris. She went so far as to threaten to remove her vast fortune from the firm if they persisted in their opposition, and they yielded. The report was that Mlle. de Rothschild had refused several offers on the part of members of the French nobility, as she had made up her mind not to marry a Catholic. She and her mother lived in a beautiful mansion with extensive gardens, at the top of

the Faubourg St. Honoré, built by the celebrated marine painter Gudin.

By the way, my hatter, who is by no means mad, but a sensible fellow who advertises on a much more extensive scale than most tradesmen here, and is making a large fortune, belongs to one of the Twelve Tribes. He now not only informs the public that he has invented a hat lighter than air, but what was my astonishment the other day, when passing his shop, to see one of these marvellous articles displayed in his window. I could not resist the temptation of entering his premises, and saying—"Are you not aware, M. Léon, that if that hat was possessed of the quality which you claim for it, instead of remaining where it is, it would take unto itself wings and fly up to the ceiling," and after a little banter I strongly recommended him to place a weight upon it so as to retain it in its place on the shop-board. He had not quite sufficient effrontery to do this, but he did remove the label—*plus léger que l'air*.

This reminds me that I knew one of the directors of the Magasins du Louvre (also a Hebrew), where for some time every one who made a purchase was offered a little captive balloon with the word "*Louvre*" on it in large letters. These balloons were the delight of small children, who cried to be taken to the big warehouse, and were to be seen all over fashionable Paris, but they produced several accidents, as, when brought into

contact with fire, they exploded. A friend of mind was one day quietly sauntering down the Champs Elysées when one of these aërial toys flew up against his cigar, with the result that an explosion ensued which knocked him flat on his back. Fortunately this occurred close to the English chemist's, and Mr. Hogg soon brought him round, but his eyes were considerably damaged, and he had first to wear blue spectacles and then a green shade. Who the *teterrima causa* was he never knew, only that she was a small girl.

ALPHONSE KARR AND HIS TIMES

THE death of Alphonse Karr, the author of *Les Guépes*, *Sous les Tilleuls*, and a quantity of other charming works, is a sad loss for French literature. He was a naturalized Frenchman, having been born a German. His autobiography—and amusing it is—is to be found in four volumes entitled *Le Livre de Bord*, or Log-Book, which were published in 1879. Alphonse Karr began life, like Guizot, as a tutor, and a hard time he had of it. At his first place he received no pay. The master of the establishment was an ex-sous-officier, and he and his spouse resembled not a little Mr. and Mrs. Squeers. One evening in a drunken fit the ex-sous-officier threatened his tutor with a pistol. Alphonse Karr knocked him down with a chair, fled, and had to pass the night

in the open air. He was more fortunate in his second place, where he got fairly paid, well fed, and had leisure to write. He began by sending a number of articles to the *Figaro*, but week after week passed by without any of them being published. One Sunday, however, he was astonished on asking for the paper at his *café* to find in it not only one of his articles but three! He could hardly believe his eyes. On reaching home he discovered a letter from the editor, which had been slipped under the door, asking him to call and bring more articles. He sent more articles, called, and found two editors—Victor Bohain and Nestor Roqueplan, who were very complimentary. They asked him to write some political articles, and Nestor, seeing his alarm, added—"It is not so difficult as you appear to think. The *Figaro* is an Opposition paper: that admitted, the rest is simple: you attack, you blame, you chaff all that the Government does; its measures are bad, the Ministers are idiots, their mistresses are old and ugly; either their raiments are covered with gold—and the celebrated *Timon*¹ pretends that this gold is made out of the sweat of the people—or their raiments are simple, and then they are rags; their horses are screws, and they don't know how to write French." Such were Alphonse Karr's instructions, and he tells us that a short time afterwards he alluded to the intemperate

¹ Baron Cormenin, who wrote *Orateurs de la Restauration*, and other works.

habits of one of the Ministers of Charles X. Questioned on the subject, he informed Nestor Roqueplan that he had derived his information respecting the love of the Minister for strong drink from the columns of the *Figaro*. The following instructive conversation ensued—

NESTOR R.—“Do you think that your *collaborateurs* know any more about this than you do? As for the unfortunate habit in question, you might just as well have invented it as Brucker, for it is probably not true.”

ALPHONSE K.—“How? . . . it is not true . . . what?”

NESTOR R.—“After all, to declare that it is not true would perhaps be going too far; what is true is that we know absolutely nothing of the matter.”

What Alphonse Karr tells us concerning the way in which journalists were paid when he went on the Press is highly interesting. He was not aware of the reason of his first literary success until some time after the insertion of his three articles in the *Figaro*. He afterwards learned that the staff had struck for higher wages, and that Jules Janin, Romieu, Léon Gozlan, and a number of other stars of considerable magnitude, had asked to be paid seven francs instead of only five francs, or less than a half-penny a line, for their articles.¹ Their demand had been rejected, and being in want of “copy” the editors fished the articles of Alphonse Karr out of the waste-paper basket to which

¹ The increase was afterwards conceded, and George Sand joined the staff.

they had been consigned, unread. And but for this strike we might never have heard of one of the most witty and charming writers of his day. He says that very few journalists at that epoch were able to gain more than six pounds a month. When fifteen of his articles had appeared he learned, on asking to be paid, that he had earned the sum of three pounds. To-day the scale of pay is, of course, very different, and the "extras" are very important.

Alphonse Karr tells us that the real founder of the *Figaro* was an ex-Trappist, called Maurice Alhoy, who started at least twenty different journals, who was often incarcerated in Ste. Pélagie for Press offences, and in Clichy¹ for debt. He sold the *Figaro* for £12 to a man who afterwards let Victor Bohain have it for £1600. To-day the *Figaro* makes about £40,000 a year.

In those days, by the way, journalists easily got into trouble. One unfortunate man suffered fine and imprisonment for reporting that a celebrated oculist had been to the Tuileries. He was told that this was equivalent to saying that the King was going blind !

On the one hand were journalists making statements for which there was no foundation, and on the other an over-sensitive Government. This reminds me of a page in Baron Munchausen, who narrates that when

¹ The old prison for debtors, which disappeared about the same time as the Queen's Bench Prison in England.

passing through a certain country he was astonished at seeing a number of persons hanging from trees. On asking for an explanation he was informed that they were journalists who had been guilty of reporting things they had never heard, and of describing scenes they had never witnessed. And the veracious Baron said that it served them quite right !

Of course even recalcitrant journalists here are never visited with the extreme penalty of the law, but their life is made a burden to them by means of fines, imprisonment, and suppression. A curious instance of tyranny is reported to have taken place under the First Empire. The lexicographer Boiste, author of the *Universal Dictionary of the French Language*, was arrested one morning and taken before the terrible Minister of Police, Fouché, who accused him in the most violent terms of having insulted the Emperor. Boiste declared that he was nothing but a poor grammarian, and never meddled with polities. To confound him Fouché placed under his eyes the following quotation from his dictionary—" *Spoliateur, qui dépouille, qui vole ;—trice : loi, Bonaparte.*"

Poor Boiste was so taken aback by this accusation that he could not reply, and was at once sent to prison. Fouché had been persuaded that Boiste had applied the term *Spoliateur* to Bonaparte, *inde iræ*. Nothing would convince him to the contrary, and he refused to let Boiste go. At last two members of the Institute—

to which the Emperor belonged—went to see Napoleon in all his glory, and explained matters so satisfactorily to their *confrère* that orders were at once given for the unfortunate lexicographer to be set free. What did it all amount to? Boiste after explaining the meaning of *spoliateur* (one who despoils and robs), added—*trice : loi, Bonaparte*. *Trice*, standing for the feminine gender; *loi*, for example, and *Bonaparte* for an authority, his Majesty having employed the word in the sense indicated by Boiste when framing his Code. The next time the Emperor saw Fouché he complimented him publicly on his “enlightened zeal.”

Alphonse Karr was an intimate friend of Victor Hugo, and some of his observations concerning the great poet are exceedingly interesting. He tells us that Victor Hugo was extremely fond of titles, that he was proud of being a viscount, that he was highly delighted when Louis Philippe made him a peer. He exhibited, he says, great perseverance in his efforts to enter the Academy, having been rejected half-a-dozen times before being received.¹ On succeeding at last, Alphonse Karr wrote to him—“The nightingale sings alone in the bushes; geese fly in flocks. . . . It was

¹ Rejected as the founder of the Romantic School, the Academy being the home of the “classics.” And thus Victor Hugo saw many candidates preferred to him, of whose works one might say as Porson said of Southey’s *Thalaba the Destroyer*—“They will be read long after Homer and Virgil are forgotten ; but not till then.”

hardly worth while to make yourself Victor Hugo to become one of Forty. . . . From one success to another you will attain perhaps the honour of being one of the 33,000,000 of which the French nation is composed."

Two things seem to have fretted the poet very much—"that he should never have been anything but a simple chevalier of the Legion of Honour, and that the name of his father should not have been inscribed on the Arc de Triomphe."

I believe the explanation of those two "slights" to be that Victor Hugo wished, contrary to regulations, not to pass gradually through the various grades of the Legion of Honour, but to attain the summit at a bound, and become Grand Cross. And this very exceptional favour none would grant.

As regards the Arc de Triomphe, the reason given for not engraving thereon the name of Joseph Leopold Sigismond, Count Hugo, with those of the other generals of the First Empire, was that he had served Joseph Bonaparte, first when King of Naples, then when King of Spain, rather than the Emperor Napoleon. However, if the chief military exploit attached to the name of General Count Hugo was the capture of the celebrated bandit, Fra Diavolo, and his band, he not only distinguished himself on other occasions, both in Spain and Naples, but rendered good service in France in 1814 and 1815. He was charged with the defence of

the important frontier place of Thionville by the Emperor, and when summoned to surrender, haughtily replied that he would rather bury himself under the ruins of the town than deliver it to the Prussians.¹

Strange to say, when Victor Hugo died (1885), his remains were placed beneath the Arc de Triomphe before being conveyed to the Pantheon. The arch was hung with black and illuminated with torches, while the coffin was smothered in flowers. There was a dense crowd round the Arc de Triomphe the whole night long which preceded the removal of the body, but the solemnity of the scene was greatly marred by disorderly conduct and discordant cries. The next day, however, ample justice was done to the memory of the dead poet, whose funeral was attended by deputations sent up from all the departments and chief towns of France, and an impressive sight it was to see them march in procession through Paris, bearing gigantic wreaths to be deposited on the tomb of the deceased. For the moment all party spirit was hushed, and in spite of his recent Radical tendencies, even fervent Royalists and Imperialists joined in doing him honour.

Of the political opinions of his friend, Alphonse

¹ In the days of the First Revolution, when Thionville was besieged by the Austrians, the inhabitants put a wooden horse on the walls with a bundle of hay hanging from his neck, and this inscription—"When I finish my hay, you will take Thionville." In the Franco-German war of 1870-71 Thionville fell once more.

Karr says—"I cannot understand how it came that Victor Hugo was a partisan of Louis Napoleon (before he was elected President), and consequently a Bonapartist; it is true that he had to choose between the different opinions which he had successively expressed on this subject." Here Alphonse Karr quotes the magnificent ode to the column in the Place Vendôme (which will be found further on), and then a scathing quatrain concerning the same column, saying that if the blood shed by Napoleon could be heaped round it, he would be able to drink without stooping.

"Si le sang qui coula pour assouvir ta rage,
 Autour du monument se pouvait amasser,
 On le verrait bientôt atteindre ton image,
 Et tu boirais sans te baisser."

This was written prior to 1840, and before the ashes of Napoleon were brought back to France to repose, according to his desire, on the banks of the Seine, in the midst of the French people he loved so much. I mention this, because on returning home from the funeral of the great soldier, Victor Hugo wrote in the copy of his *Retour de l'Empereur* which he kept for himself—

"Ciel glacé ! Soleil pur ! Oh ! brille dans l'histoire
 Du funèbre triomphe, impérial flambeau !
 Que le peuple à jamais te garde en sa mémoire,
 Jour beau comme la gloire,
 Froid comme le tombeau."¹—V. H.

¹ Thackeray, in the graphic and humorous account which he wrote of the ceremony, several times refers to the fearful cold which prevailed on December 15, 1840.

How Victor Hugo afterwards turned round upon Prince Louis, who did not make him a Minister; how he hid himself on the occasion of the *coup d'état*; how he wrote *Napoléon le Petit*, and *Les Châtiments*, supposed to be a satire superior to any written by Juvenal; and how he sulked in exile long after he might have returned to his native land and *La Ville Lumière*, as he delighted to call Paris, are matters of history.

Alphonse Karr explains how it came that Lamartine was so superior to Victor Hugo as an orator. The former said what he felt and spoke from his heart, while the latter said what he considered the finest.

By the way, the arrogance of both these poets was extreme. Lamartine, when going to take his seat in the Chamber, on being asked where he intended to place himself, replied, "*Au plafond.*" Victor Hugo, quite as bad, had more of what Southey in his *Devil's Walk through London*, calls "the pride that apes humility," and this caused his death. He was fond of proving that he was one of the people, and of going about Paris on the top of an omnibus. During one of these rides he caught a cold which terminated fatally.

Alphonse Karr was also on intimate terms with that open-hearted, improvident Dumas, and tells more than one characteristic anecdote concerning him. When he went to work, he says, "Dumas took off his coat and waistcoat, and in his shirt-sleeves looked like a man about to fell timber, and he did fell it." "Often

persons whom he hardly knew would bring others to sup at his house, and Dumas, letting them eat and drink, would remain in his study, working to gain the supper which they were so joyously devouring."

"One day I paid him a visit at the Maison d'Or, where he was living—

"‘Ah! Alphonse! You arrive *à propos*; have you any money?’

"‘Yes.’

"‘Are you quite sure? Because I have some if you have not.’

"And he went and opened a drawer.

"‘It is true, I have sufficient for my voyage.’

"‘How on earth comes it that we have both money at the same time? ’Tis a pity. It would have been so much saved, for it will be quickly gone.’”

Could anything better paint the author of *Monte Cristo* than this simple anecdote? He couldn't keep his money. I remember hearing, that finding himself one day without a sou, which was not uncommon, he called on a friend. The friend was out, but his wife was there; and when Alexander Dumas had exposed his situation, she offered him all the money she could put her hand upon in the absence of her husband—two louis. She also told her maid to put a plant, which the great man admired, into his cab. Alexander found the abigail pretty, chucked her under the chin as he went down the stairs, gave her a couple of louis

(the two he had just borrowed) for her trouble, and drove away!

Alas! one day Alphonse Karr received the following letter—

“MY DEAR KARR,

“My father died yesterday evening, December 5, 1871, quite quietly, without the least struggle. You are the last person of whom he spoke; and I may add that of all his friends, you are the one who exhibited the greatest anxiety concerning him.

“I embrace you with all my heart.

“A. DUMAS (*fils*).”

And Alphonse Karr adds—“This great mind went peacefully asleep, once his task was finished, gradually separating himself from human affairs: during his two last days he noticed nothing but flowers, and the setting sun, as if nought else existed. He died without having learned the cruel destiny of France.”

On April 17, 1872, I sent the following paragraph to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, in my usual correspondence—

“The body of Alexander Dumas was laid in its last resting-place yesterday, in the little village of Villers Cotterets, where the wit, novelist, dramatist, and open-hearted Frenchman was born. M. Dumas fils, as he is still called, explained in a short and touching speech how it came that the ceremony had not taken place before. For a long time the department was occupied

by the Prussians, and when they retired winter came on, and it had been his desire to bury his father amid sunlight and flowers. He wished, he added, the present reunion to resemble more a *fête* than a funeral, a resurrection than a burial."

Alphonse Karr was also on friendly terms with Cavaignac, who was made Dictator, and who saved society in 1848, but was beaten in the presidential election by Louis Napoleon.

During the "three days of June" the fighting in the streets of Paris had been terrible, and the gutters had literally run with blood. Shortly after the conflict the General sent for Alphonse Karr, and quite heart-broken pointed to a pile of papers about two feet high, saying, "There are some of the petitions I have received asking for the Legion of Honour." He disapproved of decorations, he said, which kept alive the *souvenir* of civil war, and perpetuated the idea that people of the same nation were divided into victors and vanquished.

Alphonse Karr recommended the creation of a special cross with a black ribbon and a civic crown, with this device, *Ob cives cæsos*, "For having killed fellow-citizens."

Delightful stability of things in France. To-day Louis Napoleon is a prisoner at Ham, and Eugene Cavaignac is Dictator of France. On the morrow Louis Napoleon is Emperor of France, and Eugene Cavaignac is a prisoner at Ham.

Alphonse Karr refers to some of the manœuvres to

which the friends of Louis Napoleon resorted to procure his election. For example—"It was said and printed that the Prince once elected President of the Republic, France would no longer have to bother herself about taxes, which would all be paid out of the privy purse. The truth being that at that very moment the debts of the candidate amounted to £40,000."

Along the shores of Normandy, so dear to Alphonse Karr, it was given out that the herrings which had deserted the coast since the downfall of the great Emperor, would reappear in unheard-of shoals under the Presidency of the nephew, which seems to prove the truth of the song which says—

"And the mute little fish,
Though they can't spake, they wish." ¹

Alphonse Karr was naturally opposed to the subversive theories of that very fine writer, Prudhon, who

¹ Speaking at Aberdeen on September 26, 1873, Mr. Gladstone said—"I have looked in vain for the setting forth of any practical scheme of policy which the Imperial Parliament is not equal to deal with, or which it refuses to deal with, and which is to be brought about by Home Rule. I have seen nothing, except that it is stated there is a vast quantity of fish in the seas that surround Ireland, and that if they had Home Rule they would catch a great deal of these fish. . . . Can any sensible man, can any rational man suppose that at this time of day—in this condition of the world—we are going to disintegrate the great capital institutions of this country for the purpose of making ourselves ridiculous in the sight of all mankind, and crippling any power we possess for bestowing benefits through legislation on the country to which we belong?"

thereupon accused him of not being able to understand them. The rejoinder was very neat—

MONSIEUR.—“I belong to the University of France, and you may see my name in the list of prizes awarded at the general competitions. I have been professor at the College Bourbon; I have studied, and know something of literature. How dare you sell for a sou to the people theories which, according to you, are above my comprehension ?”

“ You count for success, then, upon the Latin of the *Médecin malgré lui?* ”

SGANARELLE.—“ Do you understand Latin ? ”

GÉRONTE.—“ No.”

SGANARELLE.—“ You don’t understand Latin ? Well then, listen : Cabricius arci thuram, catalamus, singulariter, nominativus,” &c., &c.

JACQUELINE.—“ Ah ! what a clever man.”

LUCAS.—“ It is so fine that I don’t understand a word of it.”

At the same time Alphonse Karr admitted that Prudhon was a man of talent. But “ he was a superior type of that malady of our epoch : a great number of demolishers, no architects or masons. . . . His pen was a weapon of war, a hammer, a hatchet, a pickaxe.” In fact he described the eloquent author of *La Propriété c'est le Vol*, as Macaulay described Voltaire in his essay on Frederic the Great, when he wrote—“ Voltaire could not build : he could

only pull down : he was the very Vitruvius of ruin."

Alphonse Karr was strongly opposed to the candidature of Louis Napoleon, and he relates how, shortly before the Presidential election, the Deputy Anthony Thouret ascended the tribune, and proposed that no pretender should be eligible. Louis Napoleon rose to reply, and Alphonse Karr, who had never seen him before and who never saw him again, says—"I cannot say if his awkward air, his stiff, embarrassed, ungainly attitude, his melancholy physiognomy and his lustreless eye were a comedy played after the example of Sixtus V. To these 'advantages' he joined the most disagreeable Alsatian accent that it is possible to imagine. . . . It was his first time of speaking in the Chamber, and the stupefaction was general. This was succeeded by hilarity. Louis Napoleon complained of the *inchustes soupçons* entertained against him, said that he had no other ambition than *te servir la replique*, and renewed the oath of fidelity which he had already taken."¹

The effect of the speech of Louis Napoleon was so deplorable that Anthony Thouret reascended the tribune and said—"After what we have just heard I must admit that I formed an exaggerated opinion of the danger which threatened the Republic. I withdraw my motion."

¹ The first Napoleon knew nothing but Italian when he landed in France.

Alphonse Karr acknowledges that he took the same view of the matter as did Anthony Thouret and the Assembly. And in this way were the destinies of France decided.

As to the pen-and-ink sketch of Louis Napoleon, it was no caricature. To the last he had the melancholy appearance of one who had passed through the cave of Trophonius.¹

Alphonse Karr tells some anecdotes of the Ministers of the epoch. He says that Vaulabelle, the author of a French history, who was Minister of Public Instruction, always looked upon himself as a sentry who might be relieved at any moment, and never took up his abode in his official residence. Every morning an old housekeeper brought him a false collar and a pocket-handkerchief from his lodgings, and every second day a shirt and pair of stockings.

¹ It was usual in those times (of Pausanias) when any one carried a more than ordinary gloominess in his features, to tell him that he looked like one just come out of Trophonius's cave.

Addison says, in the *Spectator*, No. 598, that he dreamed one night that he had come into possession of this cave, and that he tried its effect upon several people with great success—on a Merry-Andrew, on a laughing fop, on several coquettes, on some French Protestants lately arrived in Great Britain, on a comedian. All these were perfectly sobered by a visit to the cave, which in one instance only produced no effect. “I afterwards,” says the *Spectator*, “put in a Dutchman, who had a great fancy to see the kelder as he called it; but I could not observe that I had made any alteration in him.” Now, Louis Napoleon is said to have had far more Dutch than any other blood in his veins, and he certainly looked like it.

Ministerial instability is evidently a chronic complaint in France. Between the years 1756—1763, twenty-five Ministers were called to power and dismissed, which caused Voltaire to say that they tumbled head over heels like the figures in a magic-lantern. However, there were and are some Ministers who constantly recovered themselves. Alphonse Karr mentions the case of M. Dufaure, a very rugged and unsociable lawyer, who was Minister first of all under Louis Philippe in 1839. When the Constitutional Monarchy perished, M. Dufaure took office under Cavaignac, and laboured hard to procure his election as President, imploring the electors to vote not for a name, but for a man. M. Dufaure was the last Minister of Cavaignac, and the first Minister of Napoleon III., and since Alphonse Karr wrote M. Dufaure has served other gods. He was Minister of Justice under M. Thiers in 1878. He became Prime Minister in 1872, when M. Thiers was created Chief of the Executive Power, retaining the Ministry of Justice. He resigned in 1873, to re-appear once more as Minister of Justice under M. Buffet in 1875. In 1876, when M. Buffet retired, M. Dufaure succeeded him as Premier, being at the same time Minister of Justice and of Public Worship. He fell in May 1877, but returned to office as Premier and Minister of Justice in December of the same year. So M. Dufaure, after having served under Louis Philippe, was not only the last Minister of Cavaignac and the

first Minister of Louis Napoleon, but he was afterwards the first and last Premier of M. Thiers, and the last Premier of Marshal MacMahon.

The story of the Panama affair which resulted in the disgrace of M. de Lesseps and other celebrities is too recent to require comment ; nor have we yet heard the end of it. Among the wounded is M. de Freycinet, who, having been accused of taking money from Cornelius Herz for electioneering purposes, has been obliged to resign his post as War Minister, and is not likely to re-appear on the political stage on which he has so long played a prominent part. His has been a singular career from the time that he acted as Gambetta's right-hand man during the Franco-German war, and, though only a civil engineer, took to planning campaigns. After a partial eclipse of several years, M. de Freycinet was appointed Minister of Public Works in 1877 in the last Administration formed by M. Dufaure. When M. Dufaure resigned, on the retirement of Marshal MacMahon, he was succeeded by M. Waddington, who persuaded M. de Freycinet and two other Ministers to remain at their posts. Between 1877 and 1893, M. de Freycinet has held office ten times. He has been four times Premier ; four times Foreign Minister ; four times War Minister ; and twice Minister of Public Works. When Premier he also acted as either Minister of Foreign Affairs or of War. Now he has fallen, fallen, fallen from his

high estate, and will never more be Minister. He had such very limited confidence in ministerial stability that he never during tenure of office ceased to inhabit his private apartment, using his official residence on the Quai d'Orsay, or in the Rue St. Dominique, merely for official dinners and receptions.

Much might be written on the subject of ministerial instability in this country, which appears to act like a sedative, and to prevent more serious complications. These frequent changes of Ministers keep up a certain amount of excitement, and do not seem to do the country much harm. Next to M. de Freycinet comes M. Tirard as the most frequent holder of office. Never since Beaumarchais has a watchmaker risen to such fame; nine times has he held office, twice as Prime Minister. M. Cochery was Postmaster-General in seven successive Administrations.

It is interesting to note that while we have had thirty-six Ministers of the Interior under the Third Republic, we have had only eighteen Foreign Ministers. M. de Freycinet, as mentioned above, was four times Minister of Foreign Affairs, the Duc Decazes five times—five successive Administrations—M. Flourens three times—three consecutive Ministries. This shows that under the Third Republic the Chamber can appreciate the value of stability in the direction of their foreign if not of their domestic affairs.

The Administration which lasted the longest since 1871 was the second, formed by M. Jules Ferry, which

endured for twenty-six months. This was the only Cabinet which held its own for two years. That formed by M. de Freycinet in 1890 lasted for twenty-three months. The Cabinet formed by M. Fallières lasted only fifteen days, and that formed by General Rochebouet, twenty. There were three different Administrations in the years 1877, 1885, and 1893.

If this does not say much in favour of Parliamentary institutions under the present form of government, it must be remembered that there was the same instability under the Constitutional Monarchy. Four of the Cabinets formed when Louis Philippe was King lasted only four months each, and the Bassano Administration only three days! The work of destruction is very pleasant to the Gaul. The only wonder is that Ministers are found willing to play the part of Aunt Sally.

As I write I see that M. Cavaignac, son of the Dictator, has just resigned his post as Minister of Marine, and been replaced by M. Burdeau. This makes sixty-nine Ministers of Marine in the last hundred years. As a general rule the naval department is confided to a naval man, but there have been a good many exceptions, especially of late. M. Cavaignac, for example, is an engineer, and M. Burdeau a Professor of Philosophy. Among other civilians who have presided over the French marine was Monge, the celebrated mathematician, who accompanied Bonaparte to Egypt; Malouet, a poet and historian; the Count de Jaucourt, a Colonel of Dragoons; Marshal Gouvion St. Cyr; the

Marquis de Clermont Tonnerre, a Lieutenant of Grey Musketeers; Baron d'Haussez, a Prefect;¹ François Arago, the astronomer; and, immediately before M. Cavaignac, M. de Mahy, doctor.

¹ The Baron d'Haussez was Minister of Marine at the end of the reign of Charles X., and prepared the naval part of the expedition destined to punish Hussein, Dey of Algiers, and deprive him of his kingdom—675 ships in all. It was in vain that England protested. At an interview with our Ambassador, Baron d'Haussez had the insolence and vulgarity to say to Lord Stuart—" *La France se f--- de l'Angleterre*," and then to tell him the date upon which the expedition would sail, where rendezvous, and where the troops would be disembarked, so as to save England trouble should she wish to interfere. The "Billingsgate" employed by Baron d'Haussez met with immense success. Every one knows how the expedition, which it had taken three years to prepare, succeeded, and how dearly Hussein paid for striking the French consul Duval with the handle of his fly-flapper. But, cruel irony of fate, the first thing that the unfortunate Dey learned on landing in France as a prisoner, was that the monarch who had dethroned him had himself seen his kingdom pass away from him. Charles X. had gone to England, whose power he had so recently defied, and Baron d'Haussez, who had bearded us on the high seas, followed in the wake of the last of the Bourbon kings. The Baron, by the way, had to cross the Channel in a fishing-smack, and one can imagine what his feelings must have been, or ought to have been, as he stepped ashore. What! he, Baron d'Haussez, who had recently lorded it over a force of 675 vessels, and used foul language to the British Ambassador, land in England in so pitiable a plight, come in a mackerel boat to demand our hospitality!

And to think that the land forces which conquered Algeria were commanded by the Bourmont who deserted Napoleon on the eve of Waterloo!

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